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THE

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THE

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THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE THEATRE.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

I HAVE often heard people deny the moral influence of the theatre, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it.

We all know that a single illustration is worth more than a hundred axioms, and if only from this point of view the theatre is a potent school of morality; and the awakening of sympathy by seeing the drama of the lives of others prevents the stultification arising from a self-centred life.

In spite of the tendency of certain *littérateurs* to lower this sublime art, it remains erect, alive, poetic, enchanting, evoking, and instructing. Yes, I maintain it is, above all, instructing, for the theatre is not only a delightful pleasure—it is vivid and conclusive—vivid by force of the *mises en scène*, which intensify the emotions, and conclusive with the action, which marks a fact so much more than merely reading of it.

The theatre is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theatre by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing.

To me the theatre seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving

facets show an attentive public the baseness, t
vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of c
the absurdities of society. And it is this same m
whilst showing the evil shows the cause of th
such a fascinating feature of the theatre. Thus
being brought face to face with his conscience,
lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered

It is quite certain that all spectators do not
teaching of the theatre to the same degree. The
posed of heterogeneous elements; there are the i
sceptics, the simple, the material, and the impe
I maintain that all find some instruction. T
experience from the beginning a real pleasure in un
idea of the author, in studying the philosophical sid
They seek to understand the state of mind of t
presented to them, and they precede the course of
arrive at the *dénoûment* with the author. Howev
sometimes takes a different turn, and then the i
taken aback at finding himself faced by a solution
logic had not prepared him. It is then quite an ef
the author's conclusions. But as the intellectual m
independent, and not one-sided, he sees that the a
tended his subject beyond what he had thought po
feels that it is only a case of a march having been sto
Then he gives all the force of his intelligence to th
sion of the new view, he diligently weighs all the
of the case, and after deep study of this other side of
he acknowledges the justice of the author's conclus
thereby learnt a lesson. The sceptics are perha
interest themselves most in fresh ideas for the pur
utterly refuting them, and then contesting them. Bu
do their part in the progress of art, for the very
opposition forwards the fruit of success, and the ze
they oppose an original idea proves propagating to t

Nothing is so chilling to art as neglect, and at lea
do not sin in this respect—their interest is very
unsympathetic. In spite of what sceptics may th
that they learn a lesson even in the struggle agains
they cannot accept, and useful as they may belie
to be in combating unfamiliar ideas their very object
old points of view often serve but to throw fresh li

new. They illustrate the truth of the old German prover
'One man's opinion is no opinion, we must hear that of two.'

The *naïfs* are a more simple class. They take all for Gosp
truth; they see nothing of the philosophy of the work, but th
reflect the same emotions; and they vow to avoid the circumstanc
which would put them in a similar situation—they have lear
their lesson, and it is a refreshing one.

The uncultured only see the brutal fact, they ignore the *wh*
they are oblivious of the *because*, they do not reason about t
conclusion, they have simply been struck by the fact. And as
blow leaves its mark, the fact leaves a recollection, and the less
is in proportion to the power of the mind. Everything is relati
is it not?

Then there is the public, so impersonal and impulsive wh
it is a question of art that it never errs. Pliable and easily l
in matters of politics or religion, it is incapable of discovering tru
for itself, it has no capacity for search, but it has a true instin
for the recognition of what is presented as true, and this recog
tion, I repeat, is unerring with respect to art. Hence it is t
public which profits the most by the benefits and the evocati
instruction of the theatre. It harnesses itself to the chariots
the elect and transports them through the winds and storms
opposition to the peaceful plains of approbation. The pub
represents the mind in its natural condition—generous, ingenuo
susceptible, and open to every noble and idealistic appeal. F
of all *arrière-pensées* of jealousy or malice, it responds at once
the appeal of a fine sentiment. The public is always the first
recognise a great actor, and the way in which it enters into
piece is so pure, so amusing, so perfect. The evidence of
acceptance of the lesson of the drama is seen in the simple way
hisses vice, applauds virtue, and bewails misfortune.

Then what intense pleasure we have in seeing an histori
piece well played! Not only do the characters act, walk, and t
before our eyes in the costumes they wore at the time, but we
them surrounded by the objects which were dear to them, a
moving about amid furniture familiar to their age. Seeing
historical character represented thus in his own atmosphere
naturally of tenfold more interest than merely reading in a histo
a bald account of the life of the person in question. T
mere mention of the deed which made him celebrated makes b
little impression on us, and it would require much research

form a correct idea of his habits, character, and ta
the immediate insight given thereto on the stage mak
feel in sympathy with him.

The historical characters in such well-known play
'La Patrie' and 'Les Premières Armes de Figaro,' s
stage in the environment of their period, have a v
upon us.

Do not, however, think that I mean that the te
theatre is superior to the teaching of classes and
simply mean that the dramatic art is the supplem
and philosophy, and it is a powerful aid to the devel
love of the good and the beautiful to which history a
introduce us.

To the intensely intellectual the appeal to the
alone may be sufficient in history, but it is an undoub
the characters theatrically represented by Shakespe
Goethe, and all the other great dramatists are of a m
living interest to us than when we only read of them.

Philosophy, moreover, is valuable, valuable in
reflective, and valuable as the base of human morality
only the studious who seek the truths in the works o
thought; whereas all are interested in the represe
piece which illustrates the truth of a philosoph
philosophy without 'Faust' would have been known
few, whilst now his philosophy and the lesson to be
from are of world-wide repute.

Sight and hearing are such aids to the power of
that one piece theatrically represented is of mor
volumes of written truths. It is not so easy to mak
a human being's intelligence surrender by appearing
of one sense as it is by storming three.

The theatre is a temple in which the adepts cher
fire of art—Art under all its forms, Art in all its m
Art, and her younger sister Science, seem to me the
creations of the human race—the sublimest manifest
goodness of the Creator.

Art and science seem to me as necessary to life
and sun. Science prolongs life, and art intensifies an
What pleasure would there be in living a few more y
years were not enriched a hundredfold by our faculti
tion? Art gives the joy of life. Science withdra

death. Joy gives health, and health gives good will. Science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence. Let me now enlarge a little upon these axioms, which may not commend themselves to all.

Yes, art gives the joy of life. Art opens the door of the ideal without which this life of ours would be so *terre à terre* that it would signify little to us if we lived or died. Art is the faculty of realising sentiments and representing beauties which transport us beyond this world of ours, and this faculty is the elixir of life. Not long ago I heard that a man well known in political life, and not without fame as an author, wrote to a friend saying:

> When I see how perfectly you are in accord with my sense of duty to my country, and with my ideal of life, I am happy, in spite of all that the materialists may say. But I sometimes fear that we may be but two fanatics for the ideal. However, is not our ideal the life eternal, sweet, enriched, and full of joy?

All art, I say, which echoes sentiments as exalted as that of this writer is fine, for is it not in the representation of such sentiments upon the stage that the faith is strengthened, and one no longer feels alone? Is it not, as this man evidently means, enough to make one think oneself mad if one's ideas are never echoed and one speaks a language that is not understood? Then it is that art plays her part, when she proves that, even if misunderstood in this world, patriotism and self-sacrifice still belong to the things everlasting.

Then are we not indebted to science for lessening the fear of death? Is it not true that it is thanks to science that we need not think we are going to die directly we find ourselves upon a bed of suffering? And even when it comes to a question of death science can reduce the acuteness of agony. It is, moreover, no mere figure of speech to say that joy gives health. How often have we seen this miracle performed by joy! Was not the English poetess, Mrs. Barrett Browning, always an invalid on the sofa until the joy of being loved by the man who became her husband utterly transformed her and made her capable of living an ordinary life? I think all my readers will agree in my statement that health induces kindliness, for is it not very difficult to be sympathetic and good to others when suffering any pain?

So when I say that science and art are the beneficial sources of human existence, I mean that they have the moral influence upon humanity which helps them to the good and the beautiful of life.

I myself am passionately attached to all the arts—would that

I had more time to pursue them! But the theatr
my life, for I find the theatre the meeting place
As a complete human being represents the facult
senses, so a good theatre represents the service o
I first realised my taste in this direction when I was
girl at school, for when there was any talk of one
representations common to a convent *pension*, I felt
heaven of delight. The drawbacks and difficulties
vanished. I lived only in the character I had to re
another being. I know now that these sentiments
signs of my innate love for the stage, for indeed my
have been innate, as it received no encouragem
family. Quite the contrary, and it was rather with th
of my people that I made my *début* as Iphigénie at t
Française with Madame Devoyard as Clytemnestr
nobody in the company beyond Coquelin, who was as
then as he had been at the Conservatoire. I do
experiencing any strong emotions beyond that of gr
I remember that when I held up my long thin a
sacrifice the audience burst out laughing.

Even now when I play I feel nervous, particularl
a new piece. For there is something terrifying in
have to gain the sympathy of a whole audience by sh
will. The applause is then a real tonic to my power,
by the feeling that my sentiments are shared, I p
fresh courage, and my fear of failure vanishes. W
member the thrilling feeling of my first real theatric
It was at the Odéon, when I was Zacharie in 'Atha
part appealed to all the religious and patriotic sentim
soul. The glow of my enthusiasm kindled the audie
burst into a very fire of sympathetic applause, which
heart and made it beat with satisfaction at having
sensation. Such success irradiates many days of wor
there ever must be for an actress, without always an
certainty of success. Filled with enthusiasm for the *rôl*
Damby in Alexandre Dumas' 'Kean,' then in preparati
Odéon, I learnt the part, and then at the suggestion of D
one of the managers of the theatre, I bearded Dumas i
to ask him for the *rôle*. The great man listened, look
and said I would do very nicely, but unfortunatel
promised the part to another, and even to another in

her. Then I said: 'As you have promised the part to two, y
may just as well promise it to three.' Knowing the part we
I then proceeded to recite it to him, and I begged to be allowed
least to rehearse the part, if only for a week. Finally Dum
relented sufficiently to let me rehearse the *rôle* for a few day
That was my chance, and, as fortunately my conception of the pa
produced quite a sensation at the rehearsals, I was finally engag
for the run of the piece, and I was declared to be a great succe

The theatre is a necessity—it has existed from all time und
different aspects. As all souls feel the need of praying to God
to a god, so all minds need an expression of their dreams, legend
and past history. We have to go very far back to find
antiquity the first vestiges of the theatre, for even amid sava
folk we see the need of expression.

I was once at a *fête* given in my honour by the wild Iroquo
in Canada. Nothing could have been more expressive than th
war-dance, with its cries, howls, shouts of victory, sobs, wails
the vanquished, and feints of slaughter and butchery. The whc
was accompanied by awful sounds from the most primitive music
instruments, but the music was expressive even in its frightfulne
lugubriousness, and stridency. . . . All those who were with r
at this savage *fête* seemed, like me, to have a sudden vision of
struggle between Europeans and Iroquois, in which of course t
Europeans were vanquished, tortured, and finally massacred.

Well, this savage mimicry was so effective, there was so mu
hostility in the *danse Macabre* of these poor creatures, it was
expressive of the past, the dark and lowering glances of this ba
of savages betrayed such a deep hatred of us, that the pity wi
which they inspired me soon took a higher and a nobler form. Hc
these poor Indians must have suffered to hate so much! And
that I knew of the dreadful war waged against them, the robberie
oppressions, and perjuries of their conquerors, rose up befo
me until the revenge of their hatred seemed to be but just.
was thus that I learnt a lesson from the artistic, albeit coar
representation of these unhappy creatures.

The theatre has been instructive from all time, and it is ev
the scene of progress, revolutionary, artistic, and poetic.

The theatre is the most direct and simple medium of fre
ideas on philosophy, morality, religion, and society.

I believe that this century, which seems to be the era of libert
has many surprises in store for us, and the theatre will be t

medium of such surprises. When the time is ready for the fruition of an idea which has been slowly and silently circulating in the hearts of reformers, it is the stage which is the scene of its exhibition to the world.

'C'est le ridicule qui tue,' and this power of presenting the ridiculous as well as the baneful side of a system is a sure means of gaining the support of the public for its reform. Victor Hugo said, 'Never should the people leave the theatre without taking away with them some profound moral lesson.' This thought is the inspiration of all idealists, for the stage should be the great school of morality in which the lessons of life appeal to all.

If writers were more in accord with Victor Hugo's ideal, we should not see so many pieces which do so much harm, as they familiarise the mind with vice without showing its immorality.

The immorality does not, in my mind, consist in what it represents but in the confusion of ideas which it causes. When an young man says at the close of a piece: 'I end by not being ab to distinguish vice from virtue,' you can be sure that it is a b piece, for is it not the duty of art to show the moral teaching?

Jean Jacques Rousseau appears not to have liked the the But Jean Jacques Rousseau was a philosopher who adored and dramatic literature, until this latter taste paled under rot's cold and deadening influence.

The theatre is a need of all nations, of all races, of all One must love the theatre. All young and vigorous re it. Look at young America—she adores the theatre theatre loves her.

All celebrated artists, all *littérateurs* and interpreters to that land of liberty, beauty, and life. I know ma say that when there we pick up more dollars than la they are mistaken, it is quite a false idea. The Am good judges and reckoners, and they do not cast money recklessly upon *littérateurs*, musicians, and dra out an adequate return for their money; and they the theatre. They are the ever-rejuvenating public endless audiences. The great cities are countl towns are larger than our great towns—and they youth, the enthusiasm, and the force of fresh bloo hesitate to rush at a new emotion—they never wei the 'against.' The fact is everything—they see afterwards; and they return constantly, or never according to whether they have been ple

English people, this race of strength and reserve, they also love the theatre, and they take it very much *au sérieux*. They give themselves some trouble to go and see a piece of particular interest, they discuss it, they think about it, and they really consider it an important matter.

No country has been more sympathetic to me than England, and in spite of the coldness of which the English are accused, I have had no cause to complain of any want of warmth in my receptions. The English too are faithful in their attachments, and once they discover power in an artist they are true to their admiration for this power, and speaking from my own experience England always seems with regard to me to exhibit the perfect *entente cordiale* between the French and English which the Society of that name strives to express, at whose *soirée* I assisted in London. Nothing is more touching than the proud and ardent affection of the English for Shakespeare. This fine race never hesitate to class their poet with all the great men of all nations, and doubtless they are right, and I myself am one of his greatest admirers, for was he not the great initiator of the present power of the stage? 'Shakespeare is often felt to be the invisible and latent link between us and other lands,' said a well-known Englishman to me one day, and I think that this superior man was right. It is sad, very sad to have to say that the Latin races are those who have the least love for the theatre, and it may be due to the indisputable fact that these same races are struggling against decadence.

The Spanish, French, and Italians do not take the theatre seriously enough. Personally I like the Spanish, but I cannot say that they take a *serious* interest in the theatre. Spain always had a great attraction for me, and suddenly, when I was quite a girl, I determined to go off there to escape the dull *rôle* of a Russian princess, who had nothing to do but eat and drink, in 'Un Mari qui lance sa Femme,' by Raymond Deslandes, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. It was the day following the first performance. I had a maid as my companion, and I locked my mother in her room to prevent her stopping my departure. I was wild to see Madrid and its wondrous picture galleries. Want of funds obliged our return home at the end of two months, but that visit to Spain always remains in my mind as a pleasant recollection. Subsequently I have been to the Peninsula professionally, and always have I been charmed with the courtesy of the Spaniards and the beauty of their country.

purely personal interest in it.

Nevertheless, France retains the place of hon
works, albeit the sowers of fresh ideas have often
of their seed in other lands.

With regard to the want of dramatic interest s
t must be remembered that the attention of the F
distracted these latter years by what is called th
he Realistic Theatre, and the Naturalist Theatre
Theatre 'Rosse.'

The Realistic Theatre is not worth talking
beneath consideration. The mere affectation of
hat it wishes to be a theatre of scandal, and it only
worst and lowest passions.

Moreover those who supply this demand are not re
no, indeed, they are degenerates. They cast up
ecretions of their narrow minds and their co
Fortunately their divagations die soon, killed by th

But I must touch upon the Naturalist Theatr
ot despise, certainly not; I even think it has been
he exhibition of much literary and dramatic talent.
ot the theatre that I prefer, but first-class work
om this new school, which will not live as it is; ne
hool has contributed to the renovation of the thea
ieux, De Goncourt, Lucien Descaves, Octave Mirbe
d Courteline are all men of power, and their wor

written a really dramatic work which the public would have gone to see, and from which it would have drawn the admirable lesson contained in it.

Ah! the beautiful theatre! it is there that our educators should be sent, for it is there that they would see the mistakes into which they too often fall. What a lesson might they not learn from the evolution of the character of 'La Fille Sauvage'! And to go from France to Scandinavia, could not a useful lesson be drawn from 'The Doll's House,' by Ibsen? How powerfully does the great master portray the evolution, or rather the want of evolution, in a young girl always treated as a child, and brought up with mere doll's-house ideas! Ignorant of the dignity of morality, is it a wonder that the forgery of a signature suggests no question of moment? Her ideas have been so dwarfed that she can see nothing beyond the superficial facts of life—their consequences are unexplored, so the logical consequence of such an unevolutionary education is the laxity of the moral sense which leads to criminality.

And it is this power of showing the rational outcome of environment which gives such force to dramatic art. It has a thousand facets, each one more interesting than the other.

Then is it not to dramatic art that we owe the revelation to the public of characters who would otherwise have remained hidden in the musty archives of history?

Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père* have all resuscitated heroes whose past existence would only have been made known to us by a few hasty lines. What should we have known of Macbeth, had not Shakespeare made him a living being for us? And to come to the great dramatist and poet of our own time and my own land, what did we know of the Duc de Reichstadt before Edmond Rostand vivified him for us in 'l'Aiglon'? This son of the great Napoleon was a mere name, a cipher, and it was with almost a sigh of contempt that we thought that the 'King of Rome' had given no sign of inheriting his great parent's character. But as we see Rostand's piece all is changed. We see a delicate lad pining like an eagle with clipped wings in his enforced inactivity, our hearts beat with sympathy as he kindles at his first hearing of his father's brave deeds, we understand his keen desire to escape from Austria and be with his own dear French; we tremble with eagerness as he tries to effect his escape to his own country, and we feel he is a worthy son of his father when, implored to save himself at the expense of another,

ch fresh fields of thought. Literary discussions
ghts were thrown upon these pastures, and all this
We all remember the debates on the question of th
got, or slang. Many contested the right of an aut
ce modern terms of speech unknown to past times
cient date. But true to his doctrine that all is
nduces to the better comprehension of the spirit of
rdou gained the day, and in his well-earned place a
s Art he now holds undisputed sway.
There are minds distorted enough to think t
moral—but nothing is more untrue.
The theatre, on the contrary, as I have tried to
oral Influence. It makes us realise the roads of virtu
though there are some who even think it wrong to t
ls to see certain pieces—'La Dame aux Camélias,' *po*
One day when I mentioned this to a charming l
ubourg Saint-Germain, she said, 'Oh! but my daug
piece——'
'How, Madame?' I asked; 'has she read it?' 'O
reply in a shocked tone, 'but she has heard "La
t,' I returned, 'it seems to me that is just
deed, it is not,' was the rejoinder, 'for the music
realism of the piece that my daughter did not r
t she heard sung could really take place.'
Could anything be more mistaken than this lady

than to find the impossibility of being one with the man she loved? What greater advocacy can be given for purity than the proof of how the want of it shut the portal in the face of happiness? Can any young girl see the agony of mind, and the distraction between love and duty, induced by the past life without seeing the canker which must ensue from such a course?

Then, again, with 'Fédora.' What more powerful sermon against revenge, blind unreasoning revenge, could Sardou have preached than that given in 'Fédora'? Could any pages of philosophy equal the power of the page of life exposed to us in this tragedy? The poignard which struck at the real pure passion of her life was the poignard of her own mad passion for revenge—revenge superfluous upon one who was unworthy. Can such appeals to the heart, head, eyes, and hearing be of no avail?

There are people, moreover, who maintain that religious things should not be put upon the stage—oh! what a mistake! And how fortunate it is that great minds have not been arrested by the false ideas of the narrow-minded! Nothing is more propagative than the theatre. It is the reflection of the ideas of a nation. It marches incessantly to the conquest of the true and the beautiful! Sometimes it goes too quickly. It has hoped too much from the minds and hearts of the public. The time has not arrived, and then retrogression is necessary, and it was thus with the religious question in the theatre, scarcely twenty years ago. And yet many attempts had been made in the same direction before in France. But a superior force retarded the march of events, and the stream of opposition had to go by. Now the opposing spirits are more reconciled; and they have to confess that all that has appeared for the past ten years as religious work is of perfect beauty, grandeur, and faith.

I well remember when Edmond Harancourt came to read me his 'Passion,' I was struck with admiration, and I exclaimed, 'That must be played, it is splendid. I must, indeed, I must have that work introduced to the public.' But what struggles, what rebuffs, what senseless objections, what cowardly attacks had we to endure. We could not manage to give the piece that year in its proper form, but the author and I clung to the idea, and I determined '*Quand même*' ('*Quand Même*' is my motto) to carry it through and make the public share my passionate feelings of admiration for this piece of infinite beauty. After a thousand difficulties, some funny, some discouraging, we finally arranged for a reading of the piece on a Good Friday

ne.' But it was indeed before a very chilly au
sponsive faces that I commenced reading this wor
auty. Ill-natured whispers accompanied the n
nes. But, thanks to my being a woman, I was not
owever, when it came to the artist's turn to read the
Jesus, the audience broke loose—cries, cat-calls,
ld-beast roars filled the air. But we went on in
changing the phrases. But at last, in a momen
rceur cried out in the tone of a clown: 'We are at
e want miousic! miousic!' And the audience, tired of
gan to laugh with the sudden comprehension that
ore discouraging for the artist than hisses. For one
ought all was lost. But then Edmond Harancourt
s place, and dashing on to the platform with his face
ssion, he cried: 'You came here knowing that a pie
led "La Passion" would be read, you have paid
l you shall hear it to the end, or you shall go,' and
d he said: 'Merci, Madame, merci.'

The effect was magical. The public, restrained by
cowed by this faith, was silent, and listened witho
ifestations. The trial was made, the deed was don
This bold venture was much talked of. The nev
h disputed, but the work was beautiful and fo
hed an atmosphere of grandeur and faith. Victor
the victors. Three years later 'La Passion' was r
e theatre with all fitting *mise en scène*, costumes,
same time Edmond Rostand's '

The public, transported, echoed every line with their sympathy. Catulle Mendès, who will shortly publish an admirable work in verse called 'Sainte Thérèse'—Catulle Mendès stood uttering cries of enthusiasm. And the day was indeed a memorable one for me. For if it took me back for a moment to the recollections of my childhood, when I raved in mystic and ignorant adoration for '*le petit Jésus*,' it showed me more than ever the forcible power of the literary works represented in our Temple, for, indeed, the Theatre is a very Temple of Art, as the Church is the Temple of Faith.

Our Roman Catholic religion has always had an immense charm for me, and I am still a very sincere member of the faith, although I have not time to follow all its practices. It appeals to me both emotionally and æsthetically, and as a young girl I had serious thoughts of becoming a *réligieuse*. It seemed an outlet for my soul, overflowing with exalted sentiment, in spite of my wayward and passionate temperament.

Saint Augustin, the patron Saint of the Convent, was my Ideal, and that and my devotion to the Virgin made my religion very real. Moreover the artistic beauties of the Church and its cult were and are still an abiding charm to me. It is for this reason that pieces of a mystic or religious nature, like 'La Passion' and 'La Samaritaine,' commend themselves to me as illustrative of religious facts which appeal to our deepest feelings. They thus evoke my keenest sympathy and demand all that is exalting in dramatic art.

Of course such a piece could not be represented on the stage without being met with objections. But I remained true to the idea of the moral influence of the stage, and what could be more moral than the lesson seen in the story of the Samaritan and our Lord?

The great lesson of love and repentance, drawn with the power of the poet's pen and delivered with all the accessories of art, appealed to the audience with the threefold force of heart, eye, and ear, and I maintain that the influence of the theatre in such a representation is one of a high and pure morality, for I make bold to say that if any person of the audience remained untouched by the beauty of the story and the grand lessons to be drawn therefrom, he must have been dead to the power of dramatic art. What a Gospel of Hope is seen in such lines as:

> Vous n'avez qu'à vouloir et le règne commence!
> Pour tous! pour tous! Un peu d'amour, un peu de foi
> Et vous verrez quel beau royaume.

... I went in a very unsympathe
went to hear the work, not yet obtainable in
anxious to write a violent attack on this work
for I deplored this attempt to enthrone reli
piece. But I went back absolutely converted
Madame, for near me there was an unhappy
of the performance he could not help speaki
fiding to me his doubts and indecisions, a
joyous and transfigured, he exclaimed that h
renovated. I am glad, Madame, that all my
against you and M. Rostand have now vanishe
only actuated by a grateful recollection, for wh
accept my thanks.'

These few lines made me very happy, and m
at rest for the remaining representations of 'La
had it not proved the truth of my theory that
Moral Influence?

Paris: December 1902.

* * * *

As it fell to my lot to be deputed by the CORNHI
tain and translate the above article from Madame
may perhaps be permitted to add that if I
be the ambassadress

her brilliant and various theatrical representations. The Provinces of France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Germany have all seen the proofs of her power. The accounts given of her performances in Germany read like a fairy-tale, for with the single arm of her genius she conquered the whole city of Berlin. The country had not pardoned the antipathy she exhibited after the War of 1870, *when her country suffered so much, and when the loss of Alsace and Lorraine pierced her very heart. Is it not her device* 'Quand Même' *that we see floating on the ribbon of the wreaths always adorning the statuary representation of these Provinces on the Place de la Concorde? But all the Germans' prejudice vanished in the presence of her transcendent power. The Public as well as Royalty figuratively fell at her feet. Her 'Tosca' of that night produced, as the papers said, a perfect sensation, and the Germans are very genuine, not given to exaggeration. But neither fame nor success made Madame Bernhardt forget the call of philanthropy in the German capital, for I saw a silver escutcheon in her drawing-room engraven with words of gratitude to the great actress for having given a gratuitous theatrical representation in aid of a German Society for Public Health. But all who know this genius, this star of the age, know that she is practical as well as philanthropical when necessary.*

People in Paris still talk of the wonderful way in which, at her own expense, she fitted up the Odéon as a hospital in the time of the Franco-German War, in 1870. *Twenty-two beds were erected in the theatre; portières were hung at the windows; linen, drugs, and remedies all had their respective places. Day and night found Madame Sarah Bernhardt at work with her aides-de-camp; and not only did the great actress take her share in the nursing, but she noted all the particulars of the patients admitted and discharged, and kept the accounts with accuracy.*

One of her first patients was M. Porel, who was slightly wounded by a fragment of shell. He became the husband of Madame Réjane.

This incarnation of poetry and dramatic art, 'cette gloire Française' *(as Armand Bourgeoise puts it), gained a victory over the Germans which will live in the annals of dramatic art, and with such a tour, so dazzling and triumphant in its success, the famous actress seems to have reached the summit of Fame.*

The French, fully alive to the glory of her victory, accorded her a reception at the Gare du Nord on her return such as Royalty might envy. Flowers and music filled the air, and the crowds trampled on each other to get a sight of the great actress. A few days' rest might

have been expected after such an eventful and fatiguing time, fo a glance at the programme of itinerary was enough to make on giddy. But no; twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he original-looking little carriage was at her door, and her chestnu soon deposited her on her favourite scene of activity—her ow theatre. There I found her under the electric light in her beautifu rooms of cream and gold, showing no sign of fatigue, and evidentl the mainspring of the many matters incidental to the opening of th theatrical season on the morrow.

As I watched her in her long white clinging ermine-trimme dress, calm and collected, giving orders on every point, I could be recognise that the genius which is surrounded by adoring heart flowers, jewels, and rich draperies has also its practical part to play She forgets nothing; even whilst interviewing person after person, sh did not forget to pat the terrier and the greyhound that solicited he attention. Sympathy seems to be the keynote of her power. Madam Sarah Bernhardt is not one person—she is a hundred persons.

And this I say not because of her talents, which rank her a sculptor and painter, as well as actress, nor in virtue of the man rôles *she takes with such perfection, be it that of 'Fédora,' 'Tosca 'Reichstadt,' 'Hamlet,' etc., but by reason of the countless facets her character. The enthusiasm of the French at her first represen tion of 'Fédora' after her return from her great tour showed that France did not wish to be surpassed by foreigners in enthusia for her great actress.*

Never shall I forget that night, the storms of applause that from the audience at the end of each act, when all hearts he swayed in sympathy for the great waves of emotion which su the life of Fédora. Revenge, love, remorse, were all individu the genius of the great actress, and nothing but summoning teen times before the curtain during the performance seeme the furore *of the French at her success.*

The sight of Monsieur Victorien Sardou, in the salon Sarah, seemed a fitting frame to this great tableau of success, and as the great actress graciously received the applause from her friends, between the acts, the fir rugged face of the great author also expanded in gratefu ment to the grand interpreter of his artistic pen.

The magnetic power of her personality is increa fold by these facets which reflect so sympathetically others, whilst the whole, like a precious stone beyond p peculiar to itself which distinguishes it from the rest

Incomparable, that is the word which renders in some degree the power which has made this woman an electric force in the whole civilised world.

As Théodore de Banville says :—'One cannot extol her for knowing how to render a poem—she is the muse of poetry herself. Intelligence and art count for nothing in the matter, she is led by a secret instinct. She recites verse as the nightingale sings, as the breeze blows, as the water murmurs.'

As Edmond Rostand writes :—'It seems to me that the life of Madame Sarah Bernhardt will perhaps form the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century. It will develop into a legend. To describe her tours round the world with her ever-changing scenes and actors, their beauties and absurdities, to make the locomotives and steamers speak, to portray the swelling of seas and the rustling of robes, to fill up the intervals of heroic recitative with speaking, singing, shouting choruses of poets, savages, kings, and wild animals : this would need a new Homer built up of Théophile Gautier, Jules Verne, and Rudyard Kipling.'

Gener, a well-known author of Madrid, writes of Madame Bernhardt in the same strain after her visit to Spain, and the number of people waiting to see her at her house every day will show the wondrous variety of the calls upon her time and interest.

Her drawing-room is a picture story of her cosmopolitanism. An image of Buddha ; a bronze of Christ on the ass entering Jerusalem —saints, poets, artists all have their shrines in her sanctum ; and in her study an autograph photograph of our Queen and the many similar souvenirs from artists, poets, and writers from all quarters testify to the breadth and width of her sympathies, whilst the books lining the room show the extent of her studies.

How then with such a character, so multiform in interests, so occupied in time, was it possible to get an article ?

'Never, never has Madame done such a thing,' said the Secretary with truth ; 'articles have been written on her but never by her—it is impossible in her busy life for her to find the time to write herself.' For the moment my sympathy for the strain on her powers made me waver, but when I represented to the great artist the disappointment that the non-appearance of the article would cause, the pleasure it would give to many, and my willingness to be at her service, sympathy gained the day, and the article, as we see, was produced 'Quand même.'

RACHEL CHALLICE.

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

I.

ALL C[illegible]'S DAY.

Il faut devoir lever le[illegible]garder ce qu'on aime.

A FEW children had congre[illegible]e steps of the Marienkirche at Dantzig, because the d[illegible]pen. The verger, old Peter Koch—on week days a loc[illegible]ad told them that nothing was going to happen; had [illegible]iscreet enough to bid them go away. So they stayed, fo[illegible]ere little girls.

A wedding was in point of fact in progress within the towering walls of the Marienkirche—a cathedral built of red brick in the great days of the Hanseatic League.

'Who is it?' asked a stout fishwife, stepping over the threshold to whisper to Peter Koch.

'It is the younger daughter of Antoine Sebastian,' replied the verger, indicating with a nod of his head the house on the left-hand side of the Frauengasse where Sebastian lived. There was a wealth of meaning in the nod. For Peter Koch lived round the corner in the Kleine Schmiedegasse, and of course—well, it is only neighbourly to take an interest in those who drink milk from the same cow and buy wood from the same Jew.

The fishwife looked thoughtfully down the Frauengasse where every house has a different gable, and none of less than three floors, within the pitch of the roof. She singled out No. 36 which has a carved stone balustrade to its broad verandah and a railing of wrought-iron on either side of the steps descending from the verandah to the street.

'They teach dancing?' she inquired.

And Koch nodded again, taking snuff.

'And he—the father?'

'He scrapes a fiddle,' replied the verger, examining the

[1] Copyright, 1902, by Henry Seton Merriman, in the United States of An

basket of fish in a non-committing and final way. For a locksmith is almost as confidential an adviser as a notary. The Dantzigers, moreover, are a thrifty race and keep their money in a safe place; a habit which was to cost many of them their lives before the coming of another June.

The marriage service was a long one and not exhilarating. Through the open door came no sound of organ or choir, but the deep and monotonous drawl of one voice. There had been no ringing of bells. The north countries, with the exception of Russia, require more than the ringing of bells or the waving of flags to warm their hearts. They celebrate their festivities with good meat and wine consumed decently behind closed doors.

Dantzig was in fact under a cloud. No larger than a man's hand, this cloud had risen in Corsica forty-three years earlier. It had overshadowed France. Its gloom had spread to Italy, Austria, Spain; had penetrated so far north as Sweden; was now hanging sullen over Dantzig, the greatest of the Hanseatic towns, the Free City. For a Dantziger had never needed to say that he was a Pole or a Prussian, a Swede or a subject of the Czar. He was a Dantziger. Which is tantamount to having for a postal address in these wordy days a single name that is marked on the map.

Napoleon had garrisoned the Free City with French troops some years earlier, to the sullen astonishment of the citizens. And Prussia had not objected for a very obvious reason. Within the last fourteen months the garrison had been greatly augmented. The clouds seemed to be gathering over this prosperous city of the north, where, however, men continued to eat and drink, to marry and to be given in marriage as in another city of the plain.

Peter Koch replaced his snuff-stained handkerchief in the pocket of his rusty cassock and stood aside. He murmured a few conventional words of blessing, hard on the heels of stronger exhortations to the waiting children. And Désirée Sebastian came out into the sunlight—Désirée Sebastian no more.

That she was destined for the sunlight was clearly written on her face and in her gay, kind blue eyes. She was tall and straight and slim, as are English and Polish and Danish girls, and none other in all the world. But the colouring of her face and hair was more pronounced than in the fairness of Anglo-

Saxon youth. For her hair had a golden tinge in it, and her skin was of that startlingly milky whiteness which is only found in those who live round the frozen waters. Her eyes, too, were of a clearer blue—like the blue of a summer sky over the Baltic sea. The rosy colour was in her cheeks, her eyes were laughing. This was a bride who had no misgivings.

On seeing such a happy face returning from the altar to-day the observer concludes that the bride has assuredly attained her desire; that she has secured a title; that the pre-nuptial settlement is safely signed and sealed.

But Désirée had none of these things. It was nearly a hundred years ago.

Her husband must have whispered some laughing comment on Koch, or another appeal to her quick sense of the humorous, for she looked into his changing face and gave a low, girlish laugh of amusement as they descended the steps together into the brilliant sunlight.

Charles Darragon wore one of the countless uniforms that enlivened the outward world in the great days of the greatest captain that history has seen. He was unmistakably French—unmistakably a French gentleman, as rare in 1812 as he is to-day. To judge from his small head and clean-cut features, fine and mobile; from his graceful carriage and slight limbs, this man was one of the many bearing names that begin with the fourth letter of the alphabet since the Terror only.

He was merely a lieutenant in a regiment of Alsatian recruits; but that went for nothing in the days of the Empire. Three kings in Europe had begun no farther up the ladder.

The Frauengasse is a short street, made narrow by the terrace that each house throws outward from its face, each seeking to gain a few inches on its neighbour. It runs from the Marien kirche to the Frauenthor, and remains to-day as it was built th hundred years ago.

Désirée nodded and laughed to the children, who interes her. She was quite simple and womanly, as some women, to be hoped, may succeed in continuing until the end of She was always pleased to see children; was glad, it seemed they should have congregated on the steps to watch her Charles, with a faint and unconscious reflex of that grand r which had brought his father to the guillotine, felt in his for money, and found none.

He jerked his hand out with widespread fingers, in a gesture indicative of familiarity with the nakedness of the land.

'I have nothing, little citizens,' he said with a mock gravity; 'nothing but my blessing.'

And he made a gay gesture with his left hand over their heads, not the act of benediction, but of peppering, which made them all laugh. The bride and bridegroom passing on joined in the laughter with hearts as light and voices scarcely less youthful.

The Frauengasse is intersected by the Pfaffengasse at right angles, through which narrow and straight street passes much of the traffic towards the Langemarkt, the centre of the town. As the little bridal procession approached the corner of this street, it halted at the approach of some mounted troops. There was nothing unusual in this sight in the streets of Dantzig, which were accustomed now to the clatter of the Saxon cavalry.

But at the sight of the first troopers Charles Darragon threw up his head with a little exclamation of surprise.

Désirée looked at him and then turned to follow the direction of his gaze.

'What are these?' she murmured. For the uniforms were new and unfamiliar.

'Cavalry of the Old Guard,' replied her husband, and as he spoke he caught his breath.

The horsemen vanished into the continuation of the Pfaffengasse, and immediately behind them came a travelling carriage, swung on high wheels, three times the size of a Dantzig drosky, white with dust. It had small square windows. As Désirée drew back in obedience to a movement of her husband's arm, she saw a face for an instant—pale and set—with eyes that seemed to look at everything and yet at something beyond.

'Who was it? He looked at you, Charles,' said Désirée.

'It is the Emperor,' answered Darragon. His face was white. His eyes were dull, like the eyes of one who has seen a vision and is not yet back to earth.

Désirée turned to those behind her.

'It is the Emperor,' she said, with an odd ring in her voice which none had ever heard before. Then she stood looking after the carriage.

Her father, who was at her elbow—tall, white-haired, with an aquiline, inscrutable face—stood in a like attitude, looking down

'He seemed to see everything, but he
she answered. For a moment they all
looking towards the Langemarkt wher
Rathhaus rose above the high roofs. T
horses' feet and the carriage wheels slowly
clothes.

It was Désirée who at length made a m
their way towards her father's house.

'Well,' she said with a slight laugh, 'h
my wedding, but he has come all the same.'

Others laughed as they followed her.
church-door, or a judge on the bench, or
scaffold-steps, need make but a very small j
ment. Laughter is often nothing but the fr

There were faces suddenly bleached in
wedding guests, and none were whiter than th
of Mathilde Sebastian, Désirée's elder sister
had frowned at the children, and seemed
wedding too bourgeois for her taste. She c
an air that told the world not to expect that
content to marry in such a humble style,
church in satin slippers like any daughter of

This, at all events, was what old Koch
have read in her beautiful, discontented face.

'Ah! ah!' he muttered to

were the houses of friends. Others were silent and still behind their lace curtains, where there doubtless lurked peeping and criticising eyes—the house of a neighbour.

The wedding guests were few in number. Only one of them had a distinguished air, and he, like the bridegroom, wore the uniform of France. He was a small man, somewhat brusque in attitude, as became a soldier of Italy and Egypt. But he had a pleasant smile and that affability of manner which many learnt in the first years of the great Republic. He and Mathilde Sebastian never looked at each other: either an understanding or a misunderstanding.

The host, Antoine Sebastian, played his part well enough when he remembered that he had a part to play. He listened with a kind attention to the story of a very old lady, who it seemed had been married herself, but it was so long ago that the human interest of it all was lost in a pottle of petty detail which was all she could recall. Before the story was half finished, Sebastian's attention had strayed elsewhere, though his spare figure remained in its attitude of attention and polite forbearance. His mind had, it would seem, a trick of thus wandering away and leaving his body rigid in the last attitude that it had dictated.

Sebastian did not notice that the door was open and all the guests were waiting for him to lead the way.

'Now, old dreamer,' whispered Désirée, with a quick pinch on his arm, 'take the Gräfin upstairs to the drawing-room and give her wine. You are to drink our healths, remember.'

'Is there wine?' he asked with a vague smile. 'Where has it come from?'

'Like other good things, my father-in-law,' replied Charles with his easy laugh, 'it comes from France.'

They spoke together thus in confidence, in the language of that same sunny land. But when Sebastian turned again to the old lady, still recalling the details of that other wedding, he addressed her in German, offering his arm with a sudden stiffness of gesture which he seemed to put on with the change of tongue.

They passed up the low time-worn steps arm-in-arm, and beneath the high carved doorway, whereon some pious Hanseatic merchant had inscribed his belief that if God be in the house there is no need of a watchman, emphasising his creed by bolts and locks of enormous strength, and bars to every window.

The servant in her Samland Sunday dress, having shaken her fist at the children, closed the door behind the last guest, and, so far as the Frauengasse was concerned, the exciting incident was over. From the open window came only the murmur of quiet voices, the clink of glasses at the drinking of a toast, or a laugh in the clear voice of the bride herself. For Désirée persisted in her optimistic view of these proceedings, though her husband scarcely helped her now at all, and seemed a different man since the passage through the Pfaffengasse of that dusty travelling carriage which had played the part of the stormy petrel from end to end of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

A CAMPAIGNER.

Not what I am, but what I Do, is my Kingdom.

DÉSIRÉE had made all her own wedding-clothes. 'Her poor little marriage-basket,' she called it. She had even made the cake which was now cut with some ceremony by her father.

'I tremble,' she exclaimed aloud, 'to think what it may be like in the middle.'

And Mathilde was the only person there who did not smile at the unconscious admission. The cake was still under discussion, and the Gräfin had just admitted that it was almost as good as that other cake which had been consumed in the days of Frederick the Great, when the servant called Désirée from the room.

'It is a soldier,' she said in a whisper at the head of the stairs. 'He has a paper in his hand. I know what that means. He is quartered on us.'

Désirée hurried downstairs. In the narrow entrance-hall, a broad-built little man stood awaiting her. He was stout and red, with hair all ragged at the temples, almost white. His eyes were lost behind shaggy eyebrows. His face was made broader by little whiskers stopping short at the level of his ear. He had a snuff-blown complexion, and in the wrinkles of his face the dust of a dozen campaigns seemed to have accumulated.

'Barlasch,' he said curtly, holding out a long strip of blue paper. 'Of the Guard. Once a sergeant. Italy, Egypt, the Danube.'

He frowned at Désirée while she read the paper in the dim light that filtered through the twisted bars of the fanlight above the door.

Then he turned to the servant who stood, comely and breathless, looking him up and down.

'Papa Barlasch,' he added for her edification, and he drew down his left eyebrow with a jerk, so that it almost touched his cheek. His right eye, grey and piercing, returned her astonished gaze with a fierce steadfastness.

'Does this mean that you are quartered upon us?' asked Désirée without seeking to hide her disgust. She spoke in her own tongue.

'French?' said the soldier, looking at her. 'Good. Yes. I am quartered here. Thirty-six, Frauengasse. Sebastian, musician. You are lucky to get me. I always give satisfaction—ha!'

He gave a curt laugh in one syllable only. His left arm was curved round a bundle of wood bound together by a red pocket-handkerchief not innocent of snuff. He held out this bundle to Désirée, as Solomon may have held out some great gift to the Queen of Sheba to smooth the first doubtful steps of friendship.

Désirée accepted the gift and stood in her wedding-dress holding the bundle of wood against her breast. Then a gleam of the one grey eye that was visible conveyed to her the fact that this walnut-faced warrior was smiling. She laughed gaily.

'It is well,' said Barlasch. 'We are friends. You are lucky to get me. You may not think so now. Would this woman like me to speak to her in Polish or German?'

'Do you speak so many languages?'

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his arms as far as his many burdens allowed. For he was hung round with a hundred parcels and packages.

'The Old Guard,' he said, 'can always make itself understood.'

He rubbed his hands together with the air of a brisk man ready for any sort of work.

'Now, where shall I sleep?' he asked. 'One is not particular, you understand. A few minutes and one is at home—perhaps peeling the potatoes. It is only a civilian who is ashamed of using his knife on a potato. Papa Barlasch, they call me.'

Without awaiting an invitation he went forward towards the kitchen. He seemed to know the house by instinct. His pro-

...ed enough to nod approval.

'On a campaign,' he said to no one i
of horse thrust into the cinders on the e
times of peace . . .'

He broke off and made a gesture towa
indicated quite clearly that he was—betwe
to good living.

'I am a rude fork,' he jerked to Désiré
the dialect of the Côtes du Nord.

'How long will you be here?' asked Dési
practical. A billet was a misfortune which
hitherto succeeded in warding off. He had
as an officer of the headquarters staff.

Barlasch held up a reproving hand. The
to think, was not quite delicate.

'I pay my own,' he said. 'Give and tak
When you have nothing to give . . . offer s

With a gesture he indicated the bund
Désirée still absent-mindedly carried against
turned and opened a cupboard low down on
hand side of the fireplace. He seemed to
usually possessed by charwomen and other
of experience where the firewood was kept
exclamation of surprise at his impertinence
He took the firewood, unk...

fierceness. But, like a dog which can express more than many human beings, by a hundred instinctive gestures he could, it seemed, dispense with words on occasion and get on quite as well without them. He clearly disapproved of Désirée's marriage, and drew her attention to the fact that she was no more than a school-girl with an inconsequent brain, and little limbs too slight to fight a successful battle in a world full of cruelty and danger.

Then he made a gesture half of apology as if recognising that it was no business of his, and turned away thoughtfully.

'I had troubles of that sort myself,' he explained, putting together the embers on the hearth with the point of a twisted, rusty bayonet, 'but that was long ago. Well, I can drink your health all the same, mademoiselle.'

He turned to Lisa with a friendly nod and put out his tongue, in the manner of the people, to indicate that his lips were dry.

Désirée had always been the housekeeper. It was to her that Lisa naturally turned in her extremity at the invasion of her kitchen by Papa Barlasch. And when that warrior had been supplied with beer it was with Désirée, in an agitated whisper in the great dark dining-room with its gloomy old pictures and heavy carving, that she took counsel as to where he should be quartered.

The object of their solicitude himself interrupted their hurried consultation by opening the door and putting his shaggy head round the corner of it.

'It is not worth while to consult long about it,' he said. 'There is a little room behind the kitchen, that opens into the yard. It is full of boxes. But we can move them—a little straw—and there!'

With a gesture he described a condition of domestic peace and comfort which far exceeded his humble requirements.

'The blackbeetles and I are old friends,' he concluded cheerfully.

'There are no blackbeetles in the house, monsieur,' said Désirée, hesitating to accept his proposal.

'Then I shall resign myself to my solitude,' he answered. 'It is quiet. I shall not hear the patron touching on his violin. It is that which occupies his leisure, is it not?'

'Yes,' answered Désirée, still considering the question.

'I too am a musician,' said Papa Barlasch, turning towards the kitchen again. 'I played a drum at Marengo.'

...trunks,' he observed casually, '
a mental note which he happened to make
better remembrance. 'This solid girl and
And you, mademoiselle, go back to your we

'The good God be merciful to you,' he a
when Désirée had gone. She laughed as sh
a slim white figure amid the heavy woodwork
by time. The stairs made no sound bene
How many weary feet had climbed them sin
For the Dantzigers have been a people of so
starved by siege, tossed from one conqueror t
beginning until now.

Désirée excused herself for her absence an
cause. She was disposed to make light of the
natural to her to be optimistic. Both she and
practice of withholding from their father's knov
worries of daily life which sour so many wome
whine on platforms to be given the larger woes.

She was glad to note that her father did
importance to the arrival of Papa Barlasch,
found opportunity to convey her displeasure
movement of the eyebrows.

Antoine Sebastian had applied himself ser
ble of host, so rarely played in the F---
courteous and quick to see - -

thoughtful. Some event of the morning had, it would appear, given him pause on his primrose path. He glanced more than once over his shoulder towards the window, which stood open. He seemed at times to listen.

Suddenly he rose and went to the window. His action caused a brief silence, and all heard the clatter of a horse's feet and the quick rattle of a sword against spur and buckle.

After a glance he came back into the room.

'Excuse me,' he said, with a bow towards Mathilde. 'It is, I think, a messenger for me.'

And he hurried downstairs. He did not return at once, and soon the conversation became general again.

'You,' said the Gräfin, touching Désirée's arm with her fan, 'you, who are now his wife, must be dying to know what has called him away. Do not consider the "convenances," my child.'

Désirée thus admonished followed Charles. She had not been aware of this consuming curiosity until it was suggested to her.

She found Charles standing at the open door. He thrust a letter into his pocket as she approached him, and turned towards her the face that she had seen for a moment when he drew her back at the corner of the Pfaffengasse to allow the Emperor's carriage to pass on its way. It was the white, half-stupefied face of one who has for an instant seen a vision of things not earthly.

'I have been sent for by the . . . I am wanted at head-quarters,' he said vaguely. 'I shall not be long . . .'

He took his shako, looked at her with an odd attempt to simulate cheerfulness, kissed her fingers and hurried out into the street.

CHAPTER III.

FATE.

> We pass; the path that each man trod
> Is dim; or will be dim, with weeds.

WHEN Désirée turned towards the stairs, she met the guests descending. They were taking their leave as they came down, hurriedly like persons conscious of having outstayed their welcome.

Mathilde listened coldly to the conventional excuses. So few people recognise the simple fact that they need never apologise

for going away. Sebastian stood at the head of the stairs bowing in his most Germanic manner. The urbane host, with a charm entirely French, who had dispensed a simple hospitality so easily and gracefully a few minutes earlier, seemed to have disappeared behind a pale and formal mask.

Désirée was glad to see them go. There was a sense of uneasiness, a vague unrest in the air. There was something amiss. The wedding party had been a failure. All had gone well and merrily up to a certain point—at the corner of the Pfaffengasse, when the dusty travelling carriage passed across their path. From that moment there had been a change. A shadow seemed to have fallen across the sunny nature of the proceedings; for never had bride and bridegroom set forth together with lighter hearts than those carried by Charles and Désirée Darragon down the steps of the Marienkirche.

During its progress across the whole width of Germany, the carriage had left unrest behind it. Men had travelled night and day to stand sleepless by the roadside and see it pass. Whole cities had been kept astir till morning by the mere rumour that its flying wheels would be heard in the streets before dawn. Hatred and adoration, fear and that dread tightening of the heartstrings which is caused by the shadow of the superhuman, had sprung into being at the mere sound of its approach.

When therefore it passed across the Frauengasse, throwing its dust upon Désirée's wedding-dress, it was only fulfilling a mission. When it broke in upon the lives of these few persons seeking dimly for their happiness—as the heathen grope for an unknown God—and threw down carefully constructed plans, swept aside the strongest will and crushed the stoutest heart, it was only working out its destiny. The dust sprinkled on Désirée's hair had fallen on the faces of thousands of dead. The unrest that entered into the quiet little house on the left-hand side of the Frauengasse had made its way across a thousand thresholds, of Arab tent and imperial palace alike. The lives of millions were affected by it, the secret hopes of thousands were undermined by it. It disturbed the sleep of half the world, and made men old before their time.

'More troops must have arrived,' said Désirée, already busying herself to set the house in order, 'since they have been forced to billet this man with us. And now they have sent for Charles, though he is really on leave of absence.'

She glanced at the clock.

'I hope he will not be late. The chaise is to come at four o'clock. There is still time for me to help you.'

Mathilde made no answer. Their father stood near the window. He was looking out with thoughtful eyes. His face was drawn downwards by a hundred fine wrinkles. It was the face of one brooding over a sorrow or a vengeance. There was something in his whole being suggestive of a bygone prosperity. This was a lean man who had once been well-seeming.

'No!' said Désirée gaily, 'we were a dull company. We need not disguise it. It all came from that man crossing our path in his dusty carriage.'

'He is on his way to Russia,' Sebastian said jerkily. 'God spare me to see him return!'

Désirée and Mathilde exchanged a glance of uneasiness. It seemed that their father was subject to certain humours which they had reason to dread. Désirée left her occupation and went to him, linking her arm in his and standing beside him.

'Do not let us think of disagreeable things to-day,' she said. 'God will spare you much longer than that, you depressing old wedding guest!'

He patted her hand which rested on his arm and looked down at her with eyes softened by affection. But her fair hair, rather tumbled, which met his glance must have awakened some memory that made his face a marble mask again.

'Yes,' he said grimly, 'but I am an old man and he is a young one. And I want to see him dead before I die.'

'I will not have you think such bloodthirsty thoughts on my wedding-day,' said Désirée. 'See, there is Charles returning already, and he has not been absent ten minutes. He has someone with him—who is it?' Papa . . . Mathilde, look! Who is it coming back with Charles in such a hurry?'

Mathilde who was setting the room in order glanced through the lace curtains.

'I do not know,' she answered indifferently, 'Just an ordinary man.'

Désirée had turned away from the window as if to go downstairs and meet her husband. She paused and looked back again over her shoulder towards the street.

'Is it?' she said rather oddly. 'I do not know—I——'

And she stood with the incompleted sentence on her lips waiting irresolutely for Charles to come upstairs.

In a moment he burst into the room with all his usual exuberance and high spirit.

'Picture to yourselves!' he cried standing in the doorway with his arms extended before him. 'I was hurrying to headquarters when I ran into the embrace of my dear Louis—my cousin. I have told you a hundred times that he is brother and father and everything to me. I am so glad that he should come to-day of all days.'

He turned towards the stairs with a gesture of welcome, still with his two arms outheld, as if inviting the man, who came rather slowly upstairs, to come to his embrace and to the embrace of those who were now his relations.

'There was a little suspicion of sadness—I do not know what it was—at the table; but now it is all gone. All is well now that this unexpected guest has come. This dear Louis.'

He went to the landing as he spoke, and returned bringing by the arm a man taller than himself and darker, with a still brown face and steady eyes set close together. He had a lean look of good breeding.

'This dear Louis!' repeated Charles. 'My only relative in all the world. My cousin, Louis d'Arragon. But he, *par exemple*, spells his name in two words.'

The man bowed gravely—a comprehensive bow; but he looked at Désirée.

'This is my father-in-law,' continued Charles breathlessly. 'Monsieur Antoine Sébastian, and Désirée and Mathilde—my wife, my dear Louis—your cousin, Désirée.'

He had turned again to Louis and shook him by the shoulders in the fulness of his joy. He had not distinguished between Mathilde and Désirée, and it was towards Mathilde that d'Arragon looked with a polite and rather formal repetition of his bow.

'It is I who am Désirée,' said the younger sister, coming forward with a slow gesture of shyness.

D'Arragon took her hand.

'I have been happy,' he said, 'in the moment of my arrival.'

Then he turned to Mathilde and bowed over the hand she held out to him. Sebastian had come forward with a sudden return of his gracious and rather old-world manner. He did not offer to shake hands, but bowed.

'A son of Louis d'Arragon who was fortunate enough to escape to England?' he inquired with a courteous gesture.

'The only son,' replied the new-comer.

'I am honoured to make the acquaintance of Monsieur le Marquis,' said Antoine Sebastian slowly.

'Oh, you must not call me that,' replied d'Arragon with a short laugh. 'I am an English sailor—that is all.'

'And now, my dear Louis, I leave you,' broke in Charles, who had rather impatiently awaited the end of these formalities. 'A brief half-hour and I am with you again. You will stay here till I return.'

He turned, nodded gaily to Désirée and ran downstairs.

Through the open windows they heard his quick, light footfall as he hurried up the Frauengasse. Something made them silent, listening to it.

It was not difficult to see that d'Arragon was a sailor. Not only had he the brown face of those who live in the open, but he had the silent attentive air of one whose waking moments are a watch.

'You look at one as if one were the horizon,' Désirée said to him long afterwards. But it was at this moment in the drawing-room in the Frauengasse that the comparison formed itself in her mind.

His face was rather narrow, with a square chin and straight lips. He was not quick in speech like Charles, but seemed to think before he spoke, with the result that he often appeared to be about to say something and was interrupted before the words had been uttered.

'Unless my memory is a bad one your mother was an English-woman, monsieur,' said Sebastian, 'which would account for your being in the English service.'

'Not entirely,' answered d'Arragon, 'though my mother was indeed English and died—in a French prison. But it was from a sense of gratitude that my father placed me in the English service—and I have never regretted it, monsieur.'

'Your father received kindnesses at English hands, after his escape, like many others.'

'Yes, and he was too old to repay them by doing the country any service himself. He would have done it if he could——'

D'Arragon paused, looking steadily at the tall old man who listened to him with averted eyes.

... where one likes, and
s disposed. It is one of the privileges of the
He made the statement lightly, seeing th
, cosmopolitan understanding, without any
oastfulness of youth. Désirée noticed that l
rey at the temples.

'I did not know,' he said, turning to her, '
)antzig, much less that he was celebrating so
Ve ran against each other by accident in the
ucky accident that allowed me to make your ac
fter you have become his wife.'

'It scarcely seems possible that it should be
)ésirée. 'It must have been the work of fate
o think of such an insignificant person as mysel
vent as my marriage in these days.'

'Fate,' put in Mathilde in her composed vo
has come to Dantzig to-day.'

'Ah!'

'Yes. You are the second unexpected arriva
D'Arragon turned and looked at Mathilde. Hi
rave and attentive, was that of a reader who ha
ting book on a dusty shelf.

'Has the Emperor come?' he asked.

Mathilde nodded.

'I thought I saw something in Charles's f
ely looking ha

'Ah!' said Sebastian, with a shake of the head that seemed to indicate an account so one-sided that none could ever liquidate it. 'You are young, monsieur. You are full of hope.'

'I am not young—I am thirty-one—but I am, as you say, full of hope. I look to that day, Monsieur Sebastian.'

'And in the meantime?' suggested the man who seemed but a shadow of some one standing apart and far-away from the affairs of daily life.

'In the meantime one must play one's part,' returned d'Arragon, with his almost inaudible laugh, 'whatever it may be.'

There was no foreboding in his voice; no second meaning in the words. He was open and simple and practical, like the life he led.

'Then you have a part to play, too,' said Désirée, thinking of Charles, who had been called away at such an inopportune moment, and had gone without complaint. 'It is the penalty we pay for living in one of the less dull parts of history. He touches your life too.'

'He touches every one's life, mademoiselle. That is what makes him so great a man. Yes. I have a little part to play. I am like one of the unseen supernumeraries who has to see that a door is open to allow the great actors to make an effective *entrée*. I am lent to Russia for the war that is coming. It is a little part. I have to keep open one small portion of the line of communication between England and St. Petersburg, so that news may pass to and fro.'

He glanced towards Mathilde as he spoke. She was listening with an odd eagerness which he noted, as he noted everything, methodically and surely. He remembered it afterwards.

'That will not be easy, with Denmark friendly to France,' said Sebastian, 'and every Prussian port closed to you.'

'But Sweden will help. She is not friendly to France.'

Sebastian laughed, and made a gesture with his white and elegant hand, of contempt and ridicule.

'And, *bon Dieu!* what a friendship it is,' he exclaimed, 'that is based on the fear of being taken for an enemy.'

'It is a friendship that waits its time, monsieur,' said d'Arragon taking up his hat.

'Then you have a ship, monsieur, here in the Baltic?' asked Mathilde with more haste than was characteristic of her usual utterance.

... as he spoke, and bowe
generation was content with the more forma
went to the door, and led the way downstair

'We have but one servant,' she said, 'wl

On the doorstep he paused for a moment.
to expect him to do so.

'Charles and I have always been like br
member that always, will you not?'

'Yes,' she answered with her gay nod. '

'Then good-bye, mademoiselle.'

'Madame,' she corrected lightly.

'Madame, my cousin,' he said, and departe

Désirée went slowly upstairs again.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HEART OF THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY; OR, LHASA REVEALED.[1]

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, F.R.G.S.

ALEXANDER, when he grieved in his ignorance that there were 'no more worlds to conquer,' could have had little conception of the feelings of the modern explorer, who gazes disconsolately at the map of the globe and reflects that soon the very name 'explorer' will cease to have a meaning. Of course there still remain regions like the Sahara, or the central wastes of Australia, where one may successfully wander from the beaten track and even find a lonely grave; but such adventures, now that everything essential is known regarding these regions, cannot be dignified by the name of exploration, and very soon the discovery of the North Pole will provide the only field for ambitious travellers. It is this speedy reduction in the number of *terræ incognitæ* which makes the condition of Tibet remarkable, though not quite so remarkable as is generally supposed. The broad facts of the case, as known to the public, are that in the heart of Asia, not very far from our Indian frontier, lies a country which is rigorously and successfully closed to all Westerners.

Attention has recently been specially directed to this region by the fact that one of the greatest explorers of modern times in central Asia, travelling under the highest protection and with every possible advantage, was not allowed to enter the closed province of which the heart is the sacred city of Lhasa, the capital of Tibet and the residence of the spiritual head of the Buddhist religion. Although this failure was only the last of many during the past half-century, the cause is not, as is generally supposed, so much the exclusiveness of the Tibetans themselves, as the jealous policy of China, the suzerain of Tibet. Unable to close their own country to the Westerner, the Chinese are determined at least to preserve this remote region, and hitherto their success has been remarkable.

[1] Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America, by Archibald R. Colquhoun. [This paper was written and in type before Dr. Sven Hedin read his recent paper before the Geographical Society.—ED. CORNHILL.]

Tibet is difficult of access for physical reasons, being bounded on the north by a range of mountains (north of which is Chinese Turkestan) and by the Gobi desert of Mongolia, while further north again are the hitherto desolate plains of Siberia; on the south by that mighty 'abode of snow,' the Himalayas; on the west by the Pamir and Hindu Kush, and again beyond by the steppes, populated till lately by nomadic tribes; and on the east by the great width of China proper with its difficult western borderland.

Notwithstanding these natural barriers the earliest European explorers of Asia found their way to Tibet and to the capital, the first visitor being Friar Odoric, who reached Lhasa from Cathay in 1328. Three centuries later the Jesuit Andrada passed through Western Tibet from India to China, and was followed by Fathers Grüber and D'Orville, who came in the opposite direction from Peking to Lhasa and thence to Nepal. To illustrate the distance from Peking to Lhasa it may be mentioned that at the present day the envoys from China to the Dalai Lama take twelve months to go and come. The Jesuit fathers left pictures of Lhasa in which the palace of the Dalai Lama, then almost new, is shown standing where it does to-day. Their maps and sketches of the city were the only ones extant until last century. During the early part of the eighteenth century the Jesuits Desideri and Freyre reached Lhasa, and the Capuchin fathers under the leadership of Horace della Penna passed from Delhi to Lhasa and back viâ Nepal. A mission was actually established in the sacred city which lasted a quarter of a century, and a second mission was begun by Della Penna, in 1741, but in less than twenty years he was forced to abandon it. In that century the country was surveyed by lamas under the superintendence of the Jesuit fathers at Peking, and their maps remained in use for centuries. The Dutch explorer Van de Putte made many journeys in Tibet, starting from India, and undoubtedly visited Lhasa and made his way to Peking, returning by the same route, but of this unparalleled journey no record remains beyond a few little sketch maps. Van de Putte wandered about Asia for many years, and on his return from Tibet to India actually witnessed the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shah, in 1737. His notes, had they been preserved, would have been of singular value and interest, for he was the earliest traveller, in Tibet at all events, qualified to give a really valuable account of the country and people. Unfortunately a too great con-

scientiousness caused him to order the destruction of all his notes on his death, since he feared that, written roughly on scraps of paper and hardly intelligible at times, they might be garbled and give a wrong impression to the world. This extreme modesty and scrupulous desire for truth are singularly rare in these days, especially among certain of the travellers in Tibet.

A crucial period for Tibet arrived in 1721, when that country came finally under the domination of China, and from that time dates the hostility to Westerners which has become so marked a feature. To this influence may be traced the failure of the first Jesuit mission which was established in Lhasa when China became the predominant power there; and to it must also be attributed the expulsion of Della Penna in 1761. Van de Putte was not expelled, because he preserved his disguise. Tibet had been closed to India by events in Nepal and other states on the Indian frontier, and with the restoration of order an attempt was made by Warren Hastings, in 1744, to send an envoy to Lhasa, but George Bogle, although he visited the second lama of the kingdom at Shigatse, was not able to penetrate to the sacred capital.

In 1811 the first Englishman, and so far the only one, to accomplish the feat reached Lhasa. This was Thomas Manning, who started from Calcutta. He was accompanied by a Chinese interpreter, a Roman Catholic convert with whom he conversed in Latin, or in the Pekingese dialect which Manning learnt at Canton, whence he had hoped to explore the far interior. Manning was a private traveller, a man of great originality and very eccentric. Finding it impracticable to penetrate to the interior of China from Canton, he conceived the bold idea of making his way from India viâ Lhasa to China. He adopted no disguise and would not even conform to the ordinary customs of the country when visiting the temples at Lhasa. His hot temper led him to resent what he thought the impertinences of the Chinese, and altogether it is a tribute to the liberality of the Tibetans that he was permitted to stay in the sacred city at all. As it was he actually stayed five months, but left very meagre accounts of what he saw and heard. On his return to India he was disgusted at the treatment he received from the East India Company, and refused to talk about his journey or write any proper account, simply declaring that he was sick of the whole subject.

This interesting and singular man was the friend of Charles Lamb, referred to in 'Essays of Elia' as 'friend M.,' and it is said

that it was he who suggested to Lamb the famous story of 'The Origin of Roast Pig,' which he had evolved in China.

Tibet and Lhasa were next visited, in 1844–46, by the Abbé Huc, with a companion Gabet, and to this intrepid traveller and keen student of men we owe the most full and picturesque descriptions extant of the Tibetans. The Abbé, who knew nothing of science and had no eye for geography, but knew how to sketch character, was extremely well received by the Regent, who governed during the minority of the Dalai Lama and King. He made no concealment of his nationality or objects, and actually fitted up in Lhasa a little chapel for worship. 'Everyone is allowed to enter Lhasa, every one can come and go,' was his opinion; but he was reckoning without one of his hosts, for the Chinese envoy, then residing as a sort of overseer at the Tibetan capital, soon raised objections, and at length compelled the two Frenchmen to leave, sending them with an escort back to China. The Abbé Huc was extremely well conversant with Chinese character and methods, and had a certain hold over this very envoy, being acquainted with unpleasant facts in his past history; but he found that his friends the Tibetan officials, who sincerely wished him to remain, were too insecure in their positions and too divided among themselves to make an effective stand against Chinese dictatorship.

After this visit Lhasa remained for nearly forty years a closed book to the Western world, save for the exploits of one or two Indian surveyors. In 1866, and again in 1873, Pundit Nain Sing visited the city, and was rewarded by the Government of India with a pension and grant of land, and by the Geographical Society with its gold medal; and in 1879 'A.K.,' or Krishna, lived there for some months and made an elaborate survey of the city and its surroundings. This he did by pacing, since it would have been fatal to betray himself by using instruments. As he paced he kept tally with the beads of his rosary which he passed through his fingers, muttering to himself as if in prayer. Thanks to this ingenious and painstaking individual, of whose identity even we are hardly aware, we have a complete plan of the 'unknown' city.

In 1882, however, Lhasa was at length visited by a man who from education and training was able to enter fully into the native life, while at the same time describing it from the European standpoint. Had this man been a European, besides possessing

all the mental equipment of one, he would assuredly have earned a great name for himself in the annals of exploration. As it is, Rai Bahadur Sarat Chandra Das, a Bengali from Darjeeling, in the employ of the Educational Department of his Majesty's Government of India, wrote a full, true, and particular account of his journeys which, printed in the shape of a confidential Government report, has so far brought him little in the way of *kudos*. It is a curious fact that, although this report was so long treated by this country as private and confidential, copies were actually to be purchased in the open market at St. Petersburg soon after it was printed at the Indian Government Press at Calcutta. The Geographical Society are now publishing an edition, edited by Mr. W. W. Rockhill; but it is to be regretted that an account of this remarkable and interesting journey was not sooner given to the public, and that even now it is not to be issued in a popular form.

The accounts of the Abbé Huc and of Sarat Chandra Das are remarkably alike in many particulars, which shows that little had altered in Lhasa during a period so fraught with changes in the rest of the Mongol world. In one respect, however, there is a notable difference. The Hindu had to be most careful to preserve his disguise, although his race is not European. He entered the city unmolested, chiefly because his dejected attitude made the guards believe him to be sick, and their fear of the prevalent small-pox made them loath to touch him. Once within the city, he found little difficulty in maintaining his character as a pilgrim, owing to his profound acquaintance with the doctrine and practices of Buddhism. His departure took place a few weeks later, not on compulsion, but because the ravages of small-pox made his servants, on whom he was a good deal dependent, as they were lent by the minister who was protecting him, unwilling to stay longer. He relates, however, many instances of the vigilance used by the Chinese to keep out foreigners; even those from the province of Bhutan, on the Indian frontier, are prevented from going to Lhasa, with which place they have traded for centuries. He found Chinese officials seizing ponies for their own use, buying provisions at their own price, and generally tyrannising over the country folk.

Sarat Chandra Das uses no artifices to enhance the interest of his story. He tells it with a naïve simplicity, coloured only by his sympathy and liking for Tibetans, with whom he is able to

establish most cordial relations. He is careful not to offend their prejudices, which do not appear to him, as they might to a European, as childish and senseless. In return he receives much consideration at their hands; for instance, in the matter of cleanliness it is always specially directed that his cooking must be done in a clean pot, since he is a stranger and accustomed to such very un-Tibetan ways. Understanding that he does not eat beef they are careful always to provide mutton, and altogether he gives the impression, confirmed by Huc, that the Tibetans are a very kind, good-natured people.

Of the hardships involved by the journey over the Himalayan passes Sarat Chandra Das speaks feelingly, and his sufferings must have been great, not only from the rarity of the atmosphere, which affected his lungs, but from the fatigues for which his spare frame, untrained in physical exercises, was unfitted. Travelling in Tibet must always be done on horseback or foot, for wheeled conveyances are unknown, and the only people in the kingdom privileged to use the sedan chair are the Dalai Lama, the Chinese Ampan, the Panchen Lamas, and occasionally the Regent.

Sarat Chandra Das was, besides, travelling as an ordinary pilgrim (a disguise which he was specially fitted to support) and consequently his outfit and attendants were as simple and few as possible. Prjevalsky, Bower, Littledale, Sven Hedin, and others attempted to reach Lhasa with escorts, camp equipages, passports, and recommendations, all of which served merely to draw the attention of the Chinese to their expeditions. Others who avoided the mistake of thus advertising their intentions made the equally fatal error of entering Tibet from the Chinese side, from which it is quite impossible to penetrate far without the knowledge of the Government. Then we have the exploits of several intrepid missionaries, including two ladies, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Rijnhardt, who, established on the Tibetan borderlands where they lived peaceably with the natives, tried to steal away into the forbidden province without any fuss. The impossibility of concealing their nationality, except for a time (as in the case of Mrs. Rijnhardt on the occasion of her escape by the connivance of the Chinese), the fact of their slight acquaintance with the language, and their natural refusal to conform to the practices of Buddhism, made it a foolhardy enterprise to attempt to reach Lhasa, and one can only suppose that the friendly attitude of the Tibetans had deceived them as to the true inwardness of the situation. It must be added

that the prevalence of robbery and brigandage in the borderlands makes travelling in small parties very risky. Finally, we have the case of a missionary equipped, as Sarat Chandra Das was, with a full knowledge of the country and language, as well as of Buddhism—the Abbé Desgodins. He also came from the China side, and was stopped and turned back by the Chinese officials. It may be added that, while the story of exploration in Tibet is full of hardships to be endured and of physical discomforts, and while the lamas as a rule are anxious to keep the foreigner out, there is nothing to indicate an unreasoning hatred of the foreigner on the part of the people, nor have travellers been treated with cruelty, except in such cases as those of Mr. Rijnhardt and M. Dutreuil de Rhins, who fell into the hands of brigands and were murdered.

Fortunately for Sarat Chandra Das, he had already a powerful friend in the country. This was a lama of high rank, a minister of the Crown, residing at Tashi-Lhunpo in the south of Tibet, whose acquaintance he had made some years previously. This minister was in the secret of his disguise, and knew quite well that he came from India and was by birth and education a 'Peling,' or British subject. The great man was extremely anxious to keep 'Pandibla' (Mr. Doctor) with him, to explain the scientific books of which he was possessed, and to show off the various instruments and contrivances he had brought with him. A watch to tell the days of the month was one of the treasures presented to his patron by Pandibla. Later on he heard that the Dalai Lama himself desired to possess such a watch, and he asked to be allowed to have it back, saying he would write for another. The minister looked thoughtful. 'It is a very handsome watch,' he remarked. 'Do you *really* want me to give it up?' Pandibla was full of tact—he assured the minister that it was a matter of no consequence.

The minister's thirst for information was insatiable, and ranged over every subject. He even began to learn English, but his religious duties gave him little leisure. Under his protection, and living in a comfortable room next his library, many months passed, during which our traveller studied hard at Buddhist lore, and his companion, a Bhutanese lama who had been trained as a surveyor, named Ugyen Gyatso, mapped the neighbouring country by means of pacing and counting on his rosary. He also brought in all the gossip of the place, whereby we get a pretty fair idea of the social and political condition of the country.

As we are chiefly concerned with Lhasa we must pass over most of Sarat Chandra Das's adventures *en route*. He was committed by his patron to the care of a Llacham, or 'king's lady' —in other words a princess, the wife of a minister of State. The picture of this great lady is the most interesting and vivid in the whole narrative. Pandibla admired her very much, mounted astride on her white pony, 'with handsome housings of embroidered cloth and beautiful Tartar saddle, held by richly dressed grooms. With her pearl-studded head-dress, her amulets of gold and ruby, her string of coral and finest amber, her dress made of finest satin, and her "kinkob" (mitre-shaped hat trimmed with pearls), she looked more like a heroine or a goddess.' Presumably Llacham did not follow the custom prevalent in and near Lhasa of blackening her face with a sort of glutinous paste before going out. This custom is said to have been instituted to prevent the lamas of the sacred city from being distracted by the beauty of the ladies they met in the streets.

With this princess Pandibla had many interesting conversations, especially on the subject of the position of women. In Tibet the fair sex occupy a very important place. The system of polyandry is in force there, and Llacham produced cogent arguments in its favour. She was evidently entirely satisfied with the arrangement, and was horrified at the account given her of the condition of Indian women. The harem, seclusion of women, perpetual widowhood, and suttee were as repugnant to her as to an English woman. As she said, the Tibetan woman is the real 'lady of all the joint earnings and inheritance of several brothers.' This is apparently literally true, for we hear from other travellers in Tibet that a man will not even conclude a bargain without consulting his wife.

Notwithstanding the superiority of their position, Tibetan women enjoy a bad reputation for morality. The Chinese say Tibet is a country of 'drabs, dogs, and lamas.' It is, however, impossible to decide as to the justice of the accusation, since their very freedom from restraint would appear improper to other Asiatics. It is no unheard-of thing for a Tibetan lady to be highly educated, and one woman occupies a unique position, being the head of one of the largest and most sacred monasteries inhabited by thousands of monks. This lady, who is supposed to be the re-incarnation of a goddess, was only twenty-six at the time of Pandibla's visit. She was own sister to the Llacham, and

when our traveller fell ill on the road to Lhasa he found an asylum at her monastery and was treated with much kindness. Among measures taken to procure his recovery by his faithful servants was the restoration to the water of five hundred fish just caught. This wholesale 'saving of life' is believed by the Tibetans to be very efficacious in 'acquiring merit,' and therefore certain to aid one's recovery. When at length Lhasa was reached, poor Pandibla was far from well. Indeed, one cannot be surprised when one reads of the way in which he took all the drugs offered him by well-meaning friends and at the same time dosed himself vigorously with medicines he had with him.

It is not difficult, by means of the descriptions of Huc and our traveller, to conjure up a picture of the sacred city; and considering that architecture in Tibet is usually of the most unornamental character, a bird's-eye view must be more impressive than might be expected. Dominating everything is the rugged mass of Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, itself some nine stories high in the centre, probably about three hundred feet high, and surmounting a conical hill. Flags and strings of coloured rags wave and flutter in the breeze from every window, and the gilt domes and roofs glitter in the sunshine. Round Potala are towers, chapels and pavilions, gleaming with gold and silver, and below lies the town, from which an avenue of giant trees leads to the palace. The centre of the city is the great temple, or cathedral, from which all the streets radiate. Here are also the Government offices. The houses are mostly of clay and sun-dried bricks, while those of the richer class are built of brick or stone, hewn into square blocks and neatly fitted. They are all given a coat of whitewash, which with the red-painted woodwork of the doors and windows imparts a fictitious air of cleanliness. Windows are sometimes glazed but more often papered in Chinese fashion, and the buildings rise from two to four stories, some having towers and gilded roofs. Within, the most striking characteristic is the dirt. Very few have any chimney or hole for smoke, which is expected to find its way out of door or window. Nevertheless the ceilings are frequently silk, the walls hung with satin or brocade and the floors glossy, but the effect is that of gaudy squalor. For furniture Tibetans have stuffed rags or flat cushions to sit on, with miniature tables on which food is set. Tea is drunk all day long, a favourite form being 'buttered tea,' a concoction of tea leaves stewed and mixed

with rancid butter and barley flour. Mutton and yak beef are eaten in great quantities, but our traveller speaks of the 'tsamba,' or barley gruel, as the 'national food.'

Out in the streets one finds the usual condition of Oriental cities—a few wide main roads well swept, and a tangle of narrow, filthy lanes. The best shops are kept by Chinese, but there are also booths belonging to Nepalese and Bhutanese traders, and there is a small mercantile community of Mussulmans, the descendants of Kashmiris. This community, having their own mosque and provost, was described by Huc, who conversed a great deal with the head-man. They displayed no desire to return to Kashmir, since they heard that their kingdom was practically under the rule of the 'Pelings.'

There is no city wall to Lhasa, for it was destroyed at the time of the Chinese conquest, and the Chinese probably prefer to leave it unrepaired. The city is girdled by gardens, with a belt of trees, beyond which are green meadows grazed by herds of sheep. The city is naturally a busy one, and streams of visitors pass through it—traders and pilgrims from Nepal, Bhutan, Mongolia, and China. Notwithstanding his extreme sanctity, the Incarnate Buddha seems to be very accessible. Any pilgrim who makes the necessary circuit of the chapels in the palace and works his way up to the top can, if he be so minded and have a suitable gift in hand, be received by the Dalai Lama and obtain his benediction. Pandibla, having been informed by his protectress that it would be quite safe for him to go, donned his *cho-sha* (monk's hat) and armed himself with the necessary incense-sticks, clarified butter to burn before shrines, and the inevitable presentation scarves, without which the simplest ceremony would be incomplete in Tibet. These scarves are used on every occasion, and of course differ in value according to circumstances. A call cannot be concluded without the presentation of one, and it is also used for wrapping letters and as a leading-string which the lama holds when a corpse is carried. Hundreds of these scarves are, therefore, an indispensable item in a traveller's equipment. A graceful way of accepting them without impoverishing the owner is to take them and then throw them over his neck. As a rule, however, presents are not refused in Tibet. A good-natured family who had showed some kindness to Pandibla were loth to accept the money he offered, but putting their own feelings aside they said that, as it was their duty in life to please

ow sat was full of solemn lamas, motionless and silent as the ve, each with his eyes fixed steadily on the tip of his own e. In the midst of this grave assemblage sat the sacred head he Buddhist religion, a bright, fair-complexioned boy with r cheeks, large and penetrating eyes, and an Aryan type of ntenance. His frame was thin with fastings and prayers, and cannot help feeling heartsick at the thought of the poor d, a mere puppet in reality though invested with so much tity, cut off by no fault of his own from all the joys of youth probably destined to die a violent death in his early manhood, e the powers that be prefer a young and helpless Dalai Lama. wonder that Manning, when he had visited the Dalai Lama of time, could think of nothing but the beautiful face of the med child, and that he felt his eyes full of tears.

There is no doubt that the religious system of Tibet has been ruin of the country, and has helped to place it at the mercy the Chinese. The country swarms with monks, and every h person is either a lama or a novice. Both sexes retire to lamasseries; and these gigantic establishments are practically ported by the country, and do nothing to justify their tence. The religion itself, originally introduced through the riage of a Tibetan king with two princesses, of China and al respectively, is debased and confused. It is grafted on to mixed with older forms of spirit and devil worship, and the hology is a vast agglomeration of tales in which gods, devils, deified heroes are inextricably interwoven. The theory of carnation is carried to its furthest limits; but it is interesting

consultation of omens, they bring the three babies to the temple, and draw lots for them. The unsuccessful ones are rewarded by a sum of money; the unfortunate successful one takes up his residence at Potala.

The Dalai Lama was at one time the virtual ruler of Tibet, but to give him more time for spiritual exercises another official, practically a king, was appointed. Besides this there is frequently a regent, as at the time of Huc's visit when both Dalai Lama and king were under age. It is needless to say that China has a voice in the selection of all these; and, moreover, a Chinese resident, or Ampan, watches over the kingdom, being assisted by a junior Ampan. Nominally he deals merely with military affairs and foreign relations, leaving religious and civil matters to the Tibetan rulers. As a matter of fact he controls everything.

Notwithstanding the differing experiences of various travellers, one cannot fail to be struck by a certain sameness in their descriptions and unanimity of opinion as regards Tibetan character. Sarat Chandra Das, who gives the most up-to-date and enlightened account of these, was able to speak from the inside, as it were, and in his pages we get a view of the *vie intime* of Tibet which is far more interesting and valuable than mere *impressions de voyage*. We have already dealt with the superior position of women, which is usually considered a test of a people's civilisation. In other respects, however, they are a good deal behind their neighbours. They do not bury their dead, but dispose of them in one of three ways, the lamas deciding as to which. Either they throw the body into a river, or burn it, or (more often) merely expose it to birds and beasts of prey. In personal cleanliness, too, they are among the lowest of semi-civilised people, being on the same level as the nomad Mongols. There is no occasion for a washer-woman or man; nothing is ever washed unless it is valuable and appears to be actually getting spoilt for want of water. Ablutions of any sort are practically unknown, and the place of soap for the necessary shaving of lama heads is taken by 'sugpa powder.' The minister who protected Pandibla must have been very much ahead of his time, for his barber used a cake of Pears' soap for the operation.

Every Tibetan carries in a little bag a wooden cup or porringer, in which he takes his tea or barley-gruel. When empty he licks it out and replaces it, and a like process is considered to cleanse any vessel used in cooking. Meat is taken

out of the pot with the fingers, which are afterwards wiped on the clothes or anything which comes handy. The Buddhist dislike of taking life is made by them to apply even to human parasites, and Sarat Chandra Das relates in several places the efforts he made to escape what he calls the 'demon-bug.' The three great faults of the Tibetans are said to be greediness, dirt, and immorality. Of the first, however, we have no very damning evidence, except in the demand for presents, which seems to be no worse in Tibet than in other parts of Central Asia. As to the second fault neither extenuation nor excuse can be pleaded; and as regards the third it is to be feared that there is some truth in it. The number and size of the lamasseries and the system by which they are worked would vitiate the morals of any people.

The general impression left by the perusal of all the records of travel in Tibet at present extant is that, on the whole, it is not an interesting country. The ever-turning prayer-wheels, the sombre dresses of the lamas, the continual consumption of buttered tea—these are characteristic, and recur in all descriptions till they become monotonous. Certain quaint and curious customs, such as the 'rope dance' (which is more like a rope slide in reality, since the performers whirl down the ropes on their stomachs), the mask dances of the lamas, and other *fêtes* in connection with their religion give a note of colour to the story; but on the whole Tibet is singularly devoid of interesting sights. There is no native art. Such carving as exists is done by the Hindus. Silks, satins, and embroideries are brought from China. The roughest pottery only is home-made, and the metal-work and jewelry is all made by the Nepalese. Even leather and saddlery come from Mongolia. Tibetan literature is rich only in preposterous fables; neither does there seem to be any native music worth mentioning. There are practically no manufactures, and, though the country is said to be rich in minerals, no mining is carried on.

It will be seen from this brief survey that we have now a fairly complete description of the Forbidden City, thanks to our Indian traveller, while the other parts of Tibet have been to a great extent explored and surveyed. The recent observations of Sven Hedin in the difficult north and north-western region, added to the surveys made by our Indian agents in the south and east, will make our knowledge of the geography of Tibet fairly complete and accurate. There is no doubt that Russia, through

her Kalmuk and Tartar agents, has been able to acquire a great deal of information which is not open to us; and it is a significant fact that a Kalmuk chief in Russian employ has actually taken a very excellent photograph of Potala. Even more significant, perhaps, is the fact that recently a deputation of lamas from Lhasa actually went to St. Petersburg, where they were received with great distinction.

Valuable as is the information acquired at so much pains by Sarat Chandra Das, it is not evident that any particular use has been made of it. It has been said that personally he got little *kudos*; but, from the writer's knowledge of him, that is not the thing which has most affected him. After his visit to Lhasa he went to Peking and learnt something of Mongol Buddhism; and he has always indulged in the hope that he might some day make another journey to Lhasa, and, if possible, open communications between India and Tibet. This he had not been permitted to do, and the only attempt made to utilise his services was by attaching him to the abortive Colman Macaulay mission, which was planned by the Government of India. With his equipment and experience he could have done valuable work in more than one department of the Government political service. As it is, he lives at Darjeeling, at 'Lhasa Villa,' a quiet-looking, gentle-mannered man, just like a typical Bengali schoolmaster. No one would suspect him of being one of the most intrepid as well as the most successful explorers of the day—the man who got to Lhasa.

by thought the means of succeeding in his task. Shakespeare used it in such a sense in 'Othello':

> Does tire the ingener,

although elsewhere he employs the restriction of 'enginer' or 'engineer,' common in his time, to a person in military service occupied with works of fortification.

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the supposition that the 'engineer' derives his appellation from the word 'engine'—an example of the inversion of cause and effect. Whilst the design of engines for all purposes occupies an important place in the province of the engineer, the artisan whose labour, sometimes indeed highly skilled, is engaged in the realisation of such designs, or in attendance upon the working of those machines, is not an engineer.

Notably in Italy, but also in this country, the earlier important works undertaken by civilians, with which the term engineering was associated, were only of a mechanical character in the true scientific sense of that term. Later, the almost overwhelming importance of the development of the steam-engine, and consequently of other machines, lent in England, fifty or sixty years ago, some colour to the impression that a man who could construct an engine, or even a part of it, was an 'engineer' on that account alone.

True, many of those who then, and since then, attained distinction as engineers were trained simply as mechanics. They owed their success, however, largely to personal qualities, distinct from manual skill—qualities of observation and reasoning, which cannot be said to be necessarily developed by a course of workshop practice. A little stress is laid upon the point, because, owing to a superficial view common enough a generation back, and not yet wholly eradicated, it was thought that a boy of quite indifferent education, if sent for seven years or five years 'through the shops,' might fairly chance thereby to gain the key to success as an engineer.

How many failures, complete or partial, attested the unsoundness of that view cannot be told. Fortunately, the enormous development of industries requiring mechanical skill of every degree still found a place for the half-educated youth who had been 'through the shops,' and who retained that part of his education which, apart from learning, is happily found in the traditions of a good English school. The late Sir William Anderson th

expressed the feelings of many of his professional colleagues in the course of his delivery of the 'James Forrest' lecture in 1893: 'The old arrangement must come to an end. We must not be deceived by our past experience, when, supported by our immense and exceptional natural advantages, it may be admitted that our rough system worked fairly well.'

The Continental schools of engineers have not laboured under the disadvantages attending the 'rough system' referred to. Whilst the elaborate nature of their educational system has, perhaps, not allowed unaided genius to be so marked among them as has been the case in this country and in America, it must be admitted that the best results are attained from a large infusion of the theoretical and scientific element into that process of teaching by a form of apprenticeship which occupies so conspicuous a place in all English methods of training.

What are the duties and functions required of an engineer? He is, in the first place, a designer—one who conceives or selects the most appropriate applications of the powers of Nature, and employs them in the most economical and effective manner to execute the ends in view. In the second place, he must carry his proposals into effect with a due regard for the human element which forms so large a factor in industrial operations. He must be, in a word, both a scientific and a practical man. It is on this account that engineering has come to be regarded in the light of a profession in this country—a position it had long previously occupied in some other countries, even although its practice there had not then produced such original and striking results as the wealth and resources of England enabled its engineering giants to achieve.

An historical sketch of the growth of civil engineering is probably of little interest to the generality of persons. To no inconsiderable number, however, must the question arise daily, What is the best course to pursue in order to ensure some measure of success as a civil engineer? For the military engineer, as well as for service in certain Government departments, the problem is solved by official ordinances and examinations. Entrance into the Corps of Royal Engineers, obtained by a course not very different from those employed in the training and final selection of engineers for civilian service in Continental countries, may in India and elsewhere lead to high posts upon civil work which is under the control or direction of the Government.

What, however, is to be the course of training of a young man who is to make his way, without patronage of any kind, among the ordinary civil engineers of this country? What are the personal qualifications essential to such success? What is the cost of entering, and what the prospect of reward at an early stage?

The first two of these questions have been repeatedly touched upon in the public utterances of the heads of the engineering profession during the past thirty-five years. The latter questions could probably be best answered by persons of less mature experience, who would find little inducement to make a public statement on the subject.

To begin, however, with the training of an engineer. A comparison of the views enunciated by such eminent and experienced men as the late Sir John Fowler and the late Mr. Thomas Hawksley of the past generation, of Sir John Wolfe-Barry, Sir William Preece and others in recent years, indicates a consensus of opinion that a sound and liberal education is of the first importance to a young man who contemplates a career in any department of civil engineering.

So strongly had this view gradually impressed itself upon the Institution of Civil Engineers, that evidence of such general knowledge was required by it as a condition of entrance of a student, years before it was thought necessary to test by examination the scientific and technical knowledge possessed by candidates for election to membership of the corporation. The requirements of that institution afford a sufficient idea of the progress which a boy should have made at school before commencing a professional training. He must be a fair English scholar, with some knowledge of the history and literature of his country. His mathematics must be distinctly good—a considerably higher standard being required than that demanded at entrance to such professions as that of the law, or of medicine. He must prove an acquaintance with scientific methods by an elementary knowledge of at least one branch of science; to which is added a second science, or a language, at the candidate's option.

Supposing a boy has reached, say, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and leaves school thus equipped, what is the first step to an engineering career? Unlike the law or medicine, and other professions based upon sciences no less exact than those which govern engineering practice, success in the latter has been and is attained so frequently by different routes that it would be

an imprudence to lay down a single course as the only one, or even as the best one, to be followed by all.

The main requirements are, as already indicated, a knowledge of scientific principles, as well as an acquaintance with methods of their application which have been approved by the experience of actual practice. It may seem a simple and logical course, then, to say, let the engineering tiro first learn the theory of his subject, and then let him seek experience of its application in practical work. That is simple enough, and is a course often adopted in these days, when facilities for scientific instruction are so abundant. This system possesses, however, disadvantages which must be fairly weighed against it before action is decided on in any particular case. In the first place, true engineering theory (involving, as it does, both scientific and economical questions) is difficult to appreciate clearly and fully apart from its realisation in practice. It is obvious that such illustration as a school or college can afford must fall short of this; and there is some risk of inadequate theoretical notions becoming entertained by a student who as yet has no real experience of engineering practice. Secondly, if the college course be fairly complete—say, three or four years—the young man reaches twenty-one or twenty-two years of age to find himself only on the threshold of his business training. This is especially disadvantageous as regards workshop practice, of which every engineer should have some, and which is not very conveniently, or perhaps beneficially, embarked upon at such an age.

Temperament and individual faculty will in many cases do much to minimise these drawbacks; and, as a fact, in the majority of cases in which a regular college or university course is pursued as part of the preparation, that course is taken immediately after leaving school—a time which undoubtedly offers the best prospect of scholastic success.

On the other hand, it has been proposed by engineers whose authority to speak on this question cannot be gainsaid, that the peculiar character of the engineering profession renders a different course desirable. It is held that a boy should, at the very outset of his career, get in touch with the world of practice, and should acquire at an early period that attitude towards the problems with which he is confronted which distinguishes the engineer from the philosopher. It has even been urged that a considerable period of practical training should precede a university course. The

difficulties to the student are, however, so obvious that it is hardly surprising the plan last referred to is seldom adopted.

A compromise between these two methods promises, we think, the best solution of the really difficult problem of combining in a proper degree the scientific and the practical training which most persons are agreed must go to form the competent engineer.

It would appear, however, that the Scottish engineering schools are the only establishments of university rank in the United Kingdom where such a course is at all practicable. At the Scottish universities an engineering student may alternate the six months' 'winter session' in each year with six months' practical training in the office, the field, or the workshop. No inconsiderable number of young men are attracted to those universities by the facilities thus afforded them of acquiring a fair degree of practical training, as well as of qualifying for a degree in science, within a period of, say, five years. Of course the foregoing plan necessitates an arrangement of pupilage under an engineer, which is doubtless rather unusual. Ample proof exists that there is little difficulty attached to this if it is tried, and that the results are generally satisfactory.

An advocate of this system of training may be met by an argument, advanced by many foreign engineering schools, and in some degree favoured by similar institutions both at home and in the Colonies. It is suggested that the equipment of the best modern laboratories is so complete that the necessary practical training is, in effect, secured there by the student during his college career—at all events, so far as workshop practice is concerned. A large number of students emerging from such colleges do actually at once find remunerative employment as assistants in or upon engineering works, where they may by degrees acquire through experience the knowledge which pupilage or apprenticeship to a practising engineer is in other cases designed to afford. They must, however, in many instances suffer the disadvantage inseparable from gaining such experience in a rather narrow and restricted groove. It can scarcely be expected that an employer will, particularly in these days of highly specialised work, both pay an assistant for his services and vary his occupation for his benefit. Yet to become a sound engineer such an assistant must obtain a general insight into the different operations of constructive engineering—be the result machinery, railways, docks, municipal works, mining, or any other branch—which a

pupil or an apprentice pays for in money or by service. As we are concerned rather with fact than opinion, it may be sufficient to point out that a period of about three years of actual practical training is required by the rules of the Institution of Civil Engineers. As such training must involve experience both in the office and in the workshop or upon the works, it is obvious that a term of actual pupilage is a most desirable supplement to the scientific and experimental teaching afforded by the engineering colleges.

When that teaching can be obtained as nearly as practicable concurrently with pupilage or apprenticeship the best results are likely to ensue. Opinions may differ as to the most serviceable period of alternation between the one and the other. It may, however, be safely said that if the curricula of the leading English engineering colleges could be modified in this respect, there would be, without diminution of the total period of scientific study, a great gain to many serious students. They would then not only obtain at an earlier age a comprehensive grasp of the applications of science in actual practice, but would be enabled to shorten by one or two years the period of their complete training, as compared with the present system.

Enough has been said to show the general direction which preparation for the profession should take. Such details as the most appropriate subjects to be taken up may be best learned from the programmes of study laid down by the leading engineering schools. Individual tastes and opportunities will determine under what auspices the very important element of practical training is to be acquired. It would be an invidious task to enter upon a discussion of the relative merits of engineering schools. Suffice it to say that establishments of the highest rank are to be found in nearly all the important industrial centres of the United Kingdom. The universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh and St. Andrews—among the first to have recognised the importance of scientific training especially applicable to engineering—continue to hold a very prominent place as engineering schools of university standard. Coming south, the Newcastle College of Science, connected with the Durham University; the Victoria University, with its constituent colleges at Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds; the newly established University of Birmingham; the University of South Wales at Cardiff; the University of Cambridge, King's College, University College, &

the Central Technical College in London, all occupy a position that renders their degrees or diplomas in engineering a guarantee of sound knowledge of the principles upon which it is based. In Ireland, likewise, Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork and Galway afford similar facilities to engineering students.

This list must not be supposed to exhaust the choice offered to students. There are many other institutions in the United Kingdom in which excellent instruction of a like kind can be obtained, both at day and at evening classes. So much is this the case that, far from experiencing difficulty in obtaining guidance in his studies, the engineering student is not a little bewildered sometimes by the conflict of programmes and curricula which these various establishments present to an inquirer.

This is important, because it is now the fact, and seems likely to continue to be so, that a considerable number of engineers must, by force of circumstances, enter their profession without that full and complete course of scientific study which is afforded by the leading colleges. The essential results may be, and often are, attained in a satisfactory degree by earnest students through private study during their pupilage, supplemented by instruction at evening classes or by partial attendance on the more complete programmes of some of the colleges in question.

It is, then, obvious that a parent who is confronted with the task of launching a son into the engineering profession will do well to consider the place, or places, where the training must be acquired; the time at disposal before it is essential that a money-earning stage should be reached; and the means available to pay for instruction both in the science and the art of his calling.

The due combination of all these factors often forms a source of anxiety and doubt to parents and guardians. But there is really very little difficulty in answering the questions raised by any particular case, if it be judged upon the general lines we have indicated. Given a boy healthy, strong and earnest—for without those natural qualifications the idea of an engineering career had better be dismissed at the onset. Assume that he possesses that hardly less important trait of character which finds its expression in aptitude for organisation, and that his general education is sound. Whatever his particular bent at the moment—whether his imagination is held by ideas of great bridges and railways, of locomotives, or of the stupendous machines that drive the ocean

steamships, of the delicate mechanical organisms in textile manufactories, of mining, of hydraulic work in its many branches, or of the manifold applications of electricity to the use and service of mankind—let him determine in the first place to master applied mechanics, and to realise by practice how that powerful aid to the sense reaches every department of civil engineering.

Circumstances, domestic and pecuniary, will affect the settlement of even the details of a career after its principal direction has been agreed upon. If a youth has a special aptitude and liking for mechanical work, it is probable that he cannot begin too young to form a practical acquaintance with machinery and with the methods of its construction. But in engaging as a pupil or an apprentice in the workshops, he should understand that his object should be rather to learn the processes carried out there, and the organisation and management of the labour employed, than to become himself expert as an artisan in any particular department. Consequently, in selecting the works he is to enter, regard will be paid less to their size and the magnitude of the work carried on in them, than to the opportunities which appear likely to be afforded him of participating in, and of thus obtaining an insight into, a variety of operations. The same general principle may be said to hold good in regard to the practical part of the training, no matter what particular branch of the profession is adopted. But it may be reiterated that many engineers of experience hold strongly the view that the practical training in every department of engineering should embrace some period of workshop experience. If this was true formerly—and the record of many distinguished engineers bears witness in its favour—how much more pressing is the need of such knowledge and experience at the present day, when machinery occupies so conspicuous a place in every engineering operation?

The requisite term of pupilage is a matter governed by the practice of individual masters. Four or five years is a common, and is probably a sufficient, term in most cases. This is not infrequently shortened to three years where a complete course of appropriate scientific study has preceded, or is arranged to run concurrently with, the pupilage. It is of course impracticable to set forth in any general and useful terms the steps to be taken to find the engineer, or the firm of engineers, into whose office or works a young man is to enter as a pupil. That must form the subject of individual inquiry in every case. A safe rule is to

avoid advertisements, to ascertain that the master whom it is proposed to approach has plenty of work actually under construction, and to be prepared to pay a good premium to secure a place under such conditions. Premiums ordinarily range from 300*l.* to 600*l.*, and are sometimes higher. Add to this that important works are frequently executed in remote places, and that a special allowance may be needed to enable the pupil to live there in order to gain experience of such work. If the expenditure on this part of a pupil's training seems heavy, it must be remembered that there may be, in passing through the office or works of a well-known man, a considerable incidental gain from that association, apart from the intrinsic value of the knowledge acquired. Many engineers will not take pupils at any price; and, especially with the mechanical engineers of the North, it is becoming a practice to take young men, not as pupils paying premiums—thereby enjoying some privileges and indulgences which are not always conducive to discipline in a large workshop—but only as ordinary apprentices, and that without specific indentures.

In the choice of engineering as a profession the question is often asked, What branch offers the best prospect of advancement and emolument? The answer to that question is hedged about by so many hypotheses and conditions, that it becomes very doubtful whether it is desirable for a youth to aim definitely from the outset at a specialised branch of his future calling. Where he has interest to secure a career in a particular office, or when capital is available to enable him to embark in manufacture, or, again, if he proposes to enter the civil engineering service of a Government department, this of course does not hold good.

If such be his intention, some early specialisation of training may be useful, and in the last-mentioned case is generally necessary. So far is this the case that, as regards the Public Works Department of India, the Royal Indian Engineering College is maintained for the immediate purpose of affording the training deemed requisite for engineers proposing to enter that service.

In general, however, where no such prospects exist, it is better that the training should be such as to enable the young engineer, upon its conclusion, to avail himself of whatever opportunities of employment may then present themselves. Operations in the various branches of engineering are not so dissimilar that a young man well trained in the practice of any one of them, possessing a fair practical knowledge of mechanical work, and conversant with

the theory and principles of construction, as well as with such scientific subjects as chemistry, metallurgy and electricity, need find difficulty in rendering satisfactory service in several other branches. It need scarcely be argued how considerably this affects the chances of remunerative employment. Early specialisation, on the other hand, confines its object to a comparatively narrow groove, that may not ultimately prove to be the best suited to his capacities.

The cost of professional training varies largely with its completeness. The expense of a three or four years' course at college can be easily arrived at. To this should be added anything between 500*l.* and 1,000*l.* as the cost of pupilage, with the maintenance expenses that may be fairly regarded as incidental to this part of the training.

Lastly, it must be felt, when the most carefully considered arrangements have been planned for a boy's training, to ensure its completeness in all the essential respects, that there is a vagueness and uncertainty as to the ultimate issue. What is he to do with his knowledge when he has acquired it, and in what market is he to offer his skill?

These are very pertinent questions; but there is no more a royal road to success in engineering than in any other profession. Engineering, however, is fortunate in the possession of powerful organisations, which, founded for the advancement of applied science by the mutual efforts of their members, indirectly aid in no small degree the personal interests of the younger of them.

Chief of these is the Institution of Civil Engineers, which numbers among the seven thousand names upon its roll every civilian engineer of distinction in the British Empire, and, in accordance with the terms of the Royal Charter of its incorporation, granted in 1828, makes no distinction as to the particular branch in which any one of its members may practise. Its requirements are complied with by proof of competence as a civil engineer in the broad meaning of that term. This body, by means of its examinations, its rules as to training, and the high moral tone it maintains, has always set the standard of engineering proficiency in this country, and is generally regarded as the representative body of the profession.

Whilst the technical and other qualifications for entrance into the Institution of Civil Engineers are undoubtedly stringent, it is the part of wisdom for every young man who intends to follow the calling of an engineer to attach himself to it. He may first

join as a student, when eighteen years of age; he may qualify for election into the Corporation at twenty-five, and at thirty he may become a full member if his record justifies him in making such a claim. It cannot be too seriously urged upon the student of engineering that he should seek admission to the Institution at an early age. By means of that association he may acquaint himself gradually, during the progress of his educational career, with the direction his training should take in detail, with the unwritten rules of practice, and, above all, with that personal element which, in the engineering profession probably more than in any other, conduces to success both in the earlier and the later phases of a man's career.

As the young engineer's experience becomes extended, and his practice specialised, he will find it advantageous to attach himself to other societies whose proceedings are exclusively devoted to the consideration of the more important branches of the profession. It must, however, not be lost sight of that to deserve success as an engineer a man's training and qualifications must be of that order, broad-based upon the principles of exact science, which he will do well to acquire under the *ægis* of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The emoluments of a successful engineer may not reach beyond the dreams of avarice; fortunes are not frequently acquired in the profession, but a young man who makes himself really efficient may be sure of living well by his work from the outset of his career in actual practice. Let, however, the young engineer not apply too restricted a meaning to the word efficient. He must be well acquainted with the theory and the practice of his calling. But the human element enters very largely into engineering, with all the complexities introduced by the application of labour and capital to produce its results.

One of the most profound philosophers of the seventeenth century observed, 'Good sense is, of all things amongst men, the most equally distributed; for everyone thinks himself so abundantly provided with it that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess.'

The cry of overcrowded professions cannot be entirely disregarded; but as regards engineering at the present day, it may safely be said, that if a young man by the completeness of his training deserves to succeed in it, he may by the exercise of that attribute which the philosopher held to be so widely distributed command success.

GERMS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LOCKHART remarks in the 'Life of Scott' that the germs of the Waverley Novels are to be found in 'The Border Minstrelsy' and the notes to the Ballads. Naturally the remark applies even more to the poems that came fresh from the mint of the youthful minstrel. When the 'Minstrelsy' appeared, Scott had been 'making himself,' as his guide and companion Shortreed expressed it, during their rides in Liddesdale. Like his Border *protégé*, Mungo Park, and with the enthusiasm of his friend Leyden—the lamp of varied lore, too early quenched—he had broken almost untrodden ground, and explored regions of poetry and romance, rich in unsuspected treasures. 'Odd,' said Dandie Dinmont to the housekeeper of Lady Singleside, when hospitably inviting her to Charlie's Hope, 'odd, but ye maun take a pony o'er the Lime-stone rig—deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale.' Whether 'riding the wan water,' breast high, when the border streams were coming down in spate, or emerging from mist or snowdrift to seek quarters for the night at lonely hill-steadings, Scott was passionately in love with adventure, and devoted to the study of humanity. We do not know that the germs of all the novel-plots are to be found in the 'Minstrelsy,' but everywhere we see the suggestions for the picturesque and dramatic episodes. Assuredly we have the secrets of the marvellous facility and versatility which took the world by storm, when success followed success with breathless rapidity till strength succumbed to labour and troubles. Late in life, he wrote of his clever imitators, when he had been skimming their novels in a post-chaise, 'Ecod, it was lucky we got the start of those fellows;' but that entry in the diary goes on to congratulate himself, that whereas they had to hunt up their facts and stage properties, he had the one at his finger-ends and the other within easy reach. There was the grand secret. He had the genius of selection. He had accumulated stores of knowledge in a retentive and peculiar memory. It assimilated and stereotyped all that suited his purposes. Of the tenacity of his memory there are remarkable examples. The Ettrick Shepherd was complaining that he had lost the manuscript of a song he had written. Scott said smilingly, 'Take your

pencil, Jamie, I think I can give it you.' He had only heard it once and many years before, but he dictated it, word for word. It is even more suggestive of that gift that when his brain was failing, when the old chords vibrated to the sight of some battle-field or fortalice, he would croon long stanzas of appropriate ballads.

Fancy was ever coming to the aid of memory. He remembered not only what he had seen, but recalled what he had imagined. He tells himself how, passing through Yorkshire, he had peopled the rude Saxon keep of Coningsburgh with such a gathering as had flocked to the funeral of Athelstane. Much more then did he vividly realise scenes comparatively modern. In the gayest company he was given to fits of abstraction, and the inspiration he could not have controlled if he would was always transporting him into realms of fancy. He was the most genial of companions on that cruise to the Shetlands to which we are indebted for 'The Pirate,' but we are told by Erskine, his dearest friend, that there were times when he would stand apart, wrapt in meditation, and then no one of his intimates ventured to intrude upon him. He threw off such scenes in the poems of chivalry as the story of Flodden, when his blood had been boiling at fever heat. 'I had many a grand gallop on these braes when thinking of Marmion,' he said regretfully to Lockhart, 'but a canny trotting pony must serve me now.' And he was ever refreshing familiar recollections, and preparing for next morning's work, when thinning his young plantations with his faithful henchman, Tom Purdie. The chroniclers and historians were at hand in his library, but we fancy no master of the lighter literature ever had less need for books of reference, till he set himself to slave at the Life of Napoleon, with a pencil in his teeth and the note-book in his left hand.

That memory of his seized on all that was most picturesque in scenery or incident, on all that was most graphically illustrative of character. What strikes us most forcibly in Scott is his intuitive and introspective grasp of historical personalities. They pass before us in the Novels in a lifelike panorama, and the traits of the Scotsmen, with scarcely an exception, are to be clearly traced in the historical Ballads or the notes. For some, as for Claverhouse, the romantic old Cavalier showed an eccentric, we might say a perverse, predilection, which struggled in vain with his calmer judgment. Yet he strove to be fair, and seldom tampered with his serious convictions, though the poetry in the temperament would get the better of the prose.

Croker, who was no bad judge, said, after a merry evening at Carlton House, that the best *raconteurs* he had ever listened to were Walter Scott and the King. Sometimes, as Scott himself admitted, he would give a story a cocked hat and gold cane; sometimes, as he confessed of Caleb Balderstone's housekeeping, he would sprinkle the parsley somewhat freely over the chicken. But never had anyone so sure a *flair* for a story that could be told effectively—for an incident that could be developed dramatically. No matter whether it were mythical, legendary, or historical, sensational, humorous, or superstitious. In the volumes of the 'Minstrelsy' we are perpetually stumbling upon notes which were to be expanded; on casual allusions to the stirring life of old Scotland, which were afterwards to be wrought up into his most thrilling scenes. Often, in poem or novel, he repeats the very phrases that had taken his fancy—phrases specially illustrative of the thought or manners of the time—and indeed there are few writers of such originality and fertility who have more frequently plagiarised on themselves in so many trivial details.

We may accept Lockhart's dictum with some slight reserve. No one was more familiar with his father-in-law's writings, and moreover there were innumerable conversations in his memory which came in by way of commentary and elucidated the cryptic. In following up his pregnant suggestion, our remarks must necessarily be desultory. Heroic and chivalrous types always appealed to Scott's enthusiasm in every shape, and even those of the Cameronian fanatics whom he detested supplied him with his most impressive subjects. In the singularly graphic monograph prefacing the Ballads which traces the troubled history of the Borders, and paints the wild manners of the freebooting barons and their reiving mosstroopers, one of the first references is to 'the formidable House of Douglas.' The Bruce, the Baliol, and the Soulis had passed away; the Douglases, descendants of 'the dark grey man,' had risen to unrivalled power on the disappearance of those once powerful families. As Scott says in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' they had often cast their coronet into the scale against the Crown, and, as Mr. Lang has emphasised in his 'History of Scotland,' too often their ambition was fatal to their country. But, as King Robert said at council in the Dominican Convent in the Fair City, the broad breast of the Douglas had been Scotland's best bulwark. In Scott's eyes their patriotism and martial renown covered a multitude of sins. The chivalrous

achievements at home and abroad, the masterful intrigues, and the misfortunes of the aspiring house fired his fervent imagination. They stand out among the foremost in his great historic pictures, and it can only have been because life and time failed him that he did not seize upon the tragic incidents—so grimly characteristic of the crimes and horrors of those troubled times—of the murder of the young brothers in the Maiden Castle and the foul assassination of their successor at the hands of his host and sovereign. But the brothers saw their doom in the bull's head, thrown on the table after the banquet, and effective use is made of that sinister death sign in the death scene of the ill-fated Robin of Rothsay. Sundry Douglases are passed in review in the 'Minstrelsy,' whom Scott singled out as striking subjects. 'The good Lord James,' brother-in-arms of the Bruce, who 'loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak,' is the hero of 'Castle Dangerous.' The novel was written in the author's decline, but the smouldering fires had flickered again after a visit to the tombs of the Douglases in Douglasdale. There are flashes of the old spirit at its brightest in the surprise at the church on Palm Sunday and in the death of the rugged forester, devoted soul and body to his feudal lord, one of the fighting Turnbull clan, who, in 'The Raid of the Reidswire,' 'convoyed the town of Jedburgh out.' Such knightly vows as that of Sir John Walton, pledged for honour and love of his lady to hold the Castle Perilous for a year and a day, or of that of Robert of Paris, champion of Our Lady of the Broken Lances, are illustrated at length in the notes to 'Auld Maitland.'

After the good Lord James comes Archibald the Grim, in 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' incarnation of all the pride and terror of the race, whose will was iron and whose word was law. In the Ballads is the touching death-song of the hero of Otterbourne and 'Chevy Chase,' falling in battle, with his wounds in front, and praying to be buried under the bracken bush, that no Southron may triumph in the knowledge that 'a kindly Scot lies here.' In 'The Fair Maid' we see the great feudal barons in their sternest aspect, when the grim Archibald galloped through the streets with his train of knights and wild, reiving riders, the armed burghers cowering as he passed, like 'muirfowl beneath the flight of the eagle.' The romantic story of Douglas of Kilspindie is transferred bodily from the Ballads to 'The Lady of the Lake.' The Knight of Snowdoun, hero of many a wild and amorous adventure,

had freed himself from the rude guardianship of the Douglases, and when the detested family had been defeated and proscribed, he swore that a Douglas 'should never see his face again.' Yet one of them, this Kilspindie, had been dear to him. He was wont to call him his Greysteil, after a famous champion and knight-errant. Kilspindie had followed his chief to France, and fought gallantly under the *fleur-de-lys*. Weary of exile, the aged warrior resolved to return to his native land and throw himself on his old pupil's clemency. As James returned from hunting to the park of Stirling, he saw a stalwart figure he recognised, and exclaimed, 'Yonder is my Greysteil.' Kilspindie threw himself on his knees, imploring permission to die in his own country. The King was obdurate to his old favourite's prayer, but inevitably the poem has a happier ending.

The Red Douglases rose on the fall of the Black. Their representative in the Novels is the Regent Morton, loose in his loves, unscrupulous in his methods, greedy of the gold he scattered, and boundless in the ambition which brought him to the block. No one of the turbulent nobles is more carefully outlined in the notes, with frequent references to authorities. There we have the key to the conversations with Moray when they were spurring forward to quell the perilous broil between Avenel and the English Warden, or in Holyrood when Roland Graeme overheard their whispers in the presence chamber. We are reminded of the Morton who sulked and swore when Moray, with characteristic diplomacy, casually mentioned his purpose of wedding the heiress of Avenel to young Glendinning. Moray knew the way to soothe his formidable ally, by promising that the kinsman he was protecting should be 'richly wived.' With slight change of names a precisely similar case is recorded in the 'Minstrelsy.' In their friendly talk in 'The Monastery' the relations of 'the wily earl' with the arbitrary Elizabeth are cleverly forecast. By ruthless justice and crafty policy the Regent kept unwonted peace on the Borders; but the peace had been broken by the 'Raid of the Reidswire.' The 'Raid' is the inroad of Sir John Forster on the Halidome of St. Mary. When Moray is riding on to the field, when the English recalled their horsemen from the chase of the Scots, there is an angry passage of words between the English Warden and Sir George Heron of Chipchase. There was the prospect of a second battle, against dangerous odds. The temperaments of the English leaders are

taken from a stanza of the ballad: Forster 'was hail and het as fire,' Sir George 'was gentle, meek, and douce.'

There is frequent mention in the 'Minstrelsy' of Holyrood and its secret history. In 'The Abbot' and 'The Monastery' are many allusions to the tragedies that had been enacted there, and to the dark plots and deadly conspiracies of jealous and ruthless rivals. Even the bluff and blunt Adam Woodcock lowered his voice and checked the flow of his careless gossip when doing the honours of the dark palace to the curious page.

Scott, in the notes as in the Novels, portrays the Regent as the embodiment of wise and beneficent statecraft, allowance made for the strife of factions and the fiery barons with whom he had to deal—as the man who, had he been born without the bar sinister, would have been the most illustrious monarch of an unhappy line. But there was another Stewart who had taken his fancy—Francis, the wild Earl of Bothwell, whose dare-devil enterprises were the marvel of a generation familiar with blood-shed, plot, and brawl. He had inherited the title and estates of that other Bothwell, as often outlawed, who flew a higher flight and had a more signal fall. We hear of him in 'The Fortunes of Nigel' following hard on the heels of the young King, who fled in his night gear down a turret stair, when a prick of the Earl's sword in his nether extremities is said to have confirmed his aversion to cold steel. In 'Old Mortality' the bastard Earl is resuscitated in his illegitimate descendant who died at Drumclog 'believing nothing and fearing nothing,' yet with all his cruelty and profligacy capable of a passionate love and '*Haud immemor*' of his noble ancestry. In 'Lord Maxwell's Good-night,' by the way, the foibles of the King James of 'The Fortunes' are forcibly brought out—the constitutional timidity which made him contemptible in a warlike age, the tameness of spirit always seeking for compromises, and the hereditary partiality for unworthy favourites.

Naturally, nothing in the Novels stands out in more vivid relief in the 'Minstrelsy' than the scenes on the Border and the manners of the mosstroopers. Not to speak of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' there are chapters in outline for 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' 'The Black Dwarf,' and even for 'Guy Mannering,' where Bertram meets Dinmont on Bewcastle Moss. The very words are often repeated, as when Lord Balveny in 'The Fair Maid' summons a Jedburgh jury of 'good men and true, shifting

for their living,' who hung in haste and deliberated afterwards. In 'The Antiquary' a stave of 'Auld Maitland' was ringing in Scott's ears when he made Elspet of the Craigburnfoot croon the soul-stirring war-song,

> They have saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
> They have bridled a hundred black.

If he can say little for the morals of his reiving ancestors, he can praise the faithfulness to their plighted word, when the glove was a sacred symbol with men who cared little for the cross. 'Hand and glove, Hobbie, hand and glove,' was the horrified remonstrance of Hobbie's scandalised friends when he broke truce with the ruffian of Westburnflat to revenge a deadly wrong. It is no wonder that Blackwood was delighted with the beginnings of that novel, and as little that he was disappointed with the sequel. Nothing can be more spirited than the scene when the neighbours are mustering after Hobbie's steading had been fired, his mistress ravished away, and his cattle driven off to Cumberland. It is borrowed almost verbatim from the preface to the Ballads, as also is the description of the old law of the 'hot-trod.' 'Hoot!' exclaimed another of the dissenting counsellors, 'there's nae great skill needed. Just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear or hay-fork, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into England and recover it by the strong hand,' &c. Elliots and Armstrongs held still to 'the old Border law, made at Dundrennan in the days of the Black Douglas,' and were in the habit of righting their own wrongs. Earnscliffe, a law-abiding youth fresh from Edinburgh College, as a matter of course laid his bloodhounds on the trail of the marauders. He never thought of applying to the nearest justice of peace. Reasons, given in detail, explain much in the Novels. These marchmen had been sinned against as well as sinning. Their country seldom gave them protection, or even professed to right their wrongs. On the contrary, on any complaint, with little question they were often given over to the vengeance of the English Wardens, and had to hold their own with the strong hand or seek refuge in their impracticable morasses. Thus all the Border, from Solway to Tweedmouth, was virtually a 'Debateable Land,' and that waste where Dinmont and Bertram were waylaid was but a belated survival of conditions once universally prevailing. Roland Graeme was by the mother's side the descendant

of 'a hardy and ferocious race of freebooters inhabiting chiefly the Debateable Land'—the real Debateable Land was on the confines of Cumberland—'who by a summary exercise of authority was transported to Ireland, and forbidden to return under pain of death.'

The lake fortalice of Avenel was Lochwood of his Ballads, the stronghold of the Johnstons, of which James IV. had said, when on his bloody circuit, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. Such lonely towns as Glendearg, with the wastes and quaking bogs, which were its surest safeguard, figure in many of the Ballads, when the kye were being driven to the peel in haste, and the flare of the beacons was the warning of a warden-raid. The 'Raid of the Reidswire,' and the still more rugged 'Fray of Suppert,' were rich in picturesque suggestion. The latter, in which, by the way, we have a 'Dan of the Howlethirst'—Dan figures in 'The Monastery'—lets us understand how Scott was deceived by Surtees with the clever imitation introduced in 'Marmion' as a venerable Border fragment—'How the fierce Thirlwalls and Ridleys all,' &c.

A group of the historical ballads concerns itself with the Solemn League and Covenant and the soldiers of the Civil Wars. 'The Battle of Dunbar' introduces Cromwell and his Ironsides, the military zealots who retrieved the day at Marston Moor, after Risingham had ridden in hot haste to Barnard Castle, bringing Wycliffe the news of the fall of Mortham. There are the lifelike portraits of the fighting and preaching Fifth Monarchy men, the Agitators of the Independent squadrons, who came in the Protector's picked escort to Woodstock. The preface to 'Philiphaugh' is full of sketches for finished studies. In three lines is the presentment of the unfortunate Charles—the wayward, yet dignified Prince of 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' with the shadow of 'anticipated melancholy' on his brow; 'obstinate in trifles' and 'overbearing of mood,' handling the pistol locks in despite of his father's remonstrances, and contemptuously scouting the paternal forebodings as to the dragon's teeth, already sown, and 'the awful day's kemping at the shearing;'—the subject of Cromwell's frenzied passion of remorse when looking on the royal martyr's portrait at Windsor. There is the story of Cromwell's interview with the sturdy Presbyterian minister at Glasgow, turned to account in the meeting at Woodstock with the free-spoken Holdenough. In both the conciliatory worldly wisdom of the

soldier-statesman indifferently veiled contemptuous tolerance. 'Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! A learned man, but intemperate; over-zeal hath eaten him up.'

Inevitably, we have not only the framework of the plot, but the historical or typical characters in 'A Legend of Montrose,' with not a few of the incidents. Lockhart remarked in criticising it, that the personality of the great Marquis is kept somewhat tantalisingly in the background. We think we read the reason between the biographical lines in the 'Minstrelsy.' Scott had a sentimental admiration for Montrose as for another 'gallant Graham' of more questionable reputation, but he was not blind to the shortcomings of the Marquis, and his honesty would not stretch to actual misrepresentation. It is true that he blackened the dark character of Balfour of Burley, when he makes him shoot the envoy of the insurgents under flag of truce; but then Burley was a Cameronian and 'beastly Covenanter.' Admiring the heroic qualities of Montrose, he preferred to leave *his* character in shadow. Answering the taunts of Ardenvohr, Montrose makes a spirited and dignified defence; but in the 'Minstrelsy' Scott admits that it was simply disappointed ambition which induced him to leave the Covenant for the Crown. Moreover, he criticises the Marquis's generalship even more severely than in the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He says that, though great at surprises, he was careless in guarding against them; and at best, the Montrose of the notes is but a dashing leader of partisans. It was the neglect of ordinary precautions which brought him to signal grief at Philiphaugh. But the writer of the ballad was clearly a true-blue Presbyterian. To magnify the glories of that crowning victory he multiplied the royal forces by ten. He is a safer authority for the Covenanting passion for psalm singing which Scott turned to account when the Whigs were preparing for battle at Drumclog, and when the Laird of Langkale summoned Tillietudlem. Sir David Leslie, of all men, a soldier of fortune and no fanatic, says, before ordering a charge, with less reason than rhyme: 'I think it is convenient that we should sing a psalm.' There is a dry comment in a footnote: 'various reading, That we should take a dram.'

Scott's sentiments with regard to Claverhouse were even more mixed. Claverhouse looked down on him from over the chimney-piece in Castle Street, and it was the only portrait in his *sanctum*. Yet though he admired him as the soul of modern chivalry, and

for his staunch devotion to his unfortunate master, he owns to abhorrence of his 'cold-blooded cruelty.' He touches him off happily in 'Old Mortality,' when he represents him in the same breath giving orders for the shooting of prisoners and dressing the sore on his charger's shoulder. In the notes to 'Loudon Hill,' he is summed up in a line as having the virtues and the vices of a savage chief. It has been generally assumed that the prototype of Sir Robert Redgauntlet was that notorious persecutor, Grierson of Lugg, and no doubt there is something in the identification, as Grierson's biographer accepts it. But in the Ballads we have the terribly tragic incidents of Redgauntlet's death scene attributed to Claverhouse by Scottish superstition. 'It is still believed that a cup of wine presented to him by his butler changed into clotted blood, and that when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil.' And there all the ghastly figures are grouped, as we see them at the infernal banquet in the unapproachable tale of Wandering Willie. Most impressive of them all is Claverhouse—we might almost say, affectionately drawn—sitting apart from the rest of the revellers, regarding them with 'a melancholy, haughty countenance.' Scott represents the redeeming virtue of his remorseless favourite—the indomitable courage and endurance of Milton's princely fiend.

Among the soldiers of fortune who rose to higher rank than Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty, next to the Leslies no one is more frequently mentioned than Hurry or Urry, 'who changed sides so often that I know not rightly which he was on when he was taken and hanged.' So spake the 'Ancient Triton,' who told the tale of his own ignominious flight in Magnus Troil's sail-loft. We should not have expected that the last scene in the memorable campaigns would be introduced in 'The Pirate,' but it shows the fascination the great Marquis had for the novelist; and, moreover, it is a striking example of the poet being at times carried away by his own enthusiasm, forgetful of the incongruous person he made his mouthpiece. We really cannot imagine the plain old Zetlander in homespun answering the eager questions of the 'high-souled Minna,' 'How looked Montrose?' with an 'As a lion at bay before the hunters.' If the old gentleman had ever heard of a lion, assuredly he had never realised one. Yet it is less incongruous, after all, than the taunt of the brutal Bonthron to the hapless Prince of Scotland in the dungeon of Falkland: 'Poor woodcock, thou art springed!'

The notes to 'The Battle of Bothwell Bridge' were expanded into 'Old Mortality.' 'Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execrations of the persecutors than with the strange and insolent familiarity used towards the Deity of the persecuted fanatics.' Sergeant Bothwell, who fell at Loudon Hill 'believing nothing and fearing nothing,' is the type of the one; the Presbyterian divines, from Erastians like Poundtext to zealots like Ephraim MacBriar and brain-stricken fanatics such as Habbakuk Mucklewrath, driven mad by solitary confinement in the lonely Bass, by the voices of the waves and the clamour of the seafowl, represent the others. Moderates like the worthy Poundtext, who withdrew from the turmoil of the camp to his book and pipe in his quiet manse, are lightly dismissed. The enthusiasts offered more attractive subjects—the men who listened rather to the thunders of Sinai than to the gentler teaching of Gospel revelation.

No lesson was laid more to heart than Samuel's summary dealings with the Amalekites, no passage was quoted more fondly than the stern command of the Tishbite: 'Take the prophets of Baal: let not one of them escape.' It was used, by the way, and 'once too often,' by Holdenough in 'Woodstock.' Scott's memory, as has been said, held fast to what seized it, and his familiarity with the picturesque and lurid passages of the Old Testament is remarkable. He might have filled the pulpit of a Peden, and been as voluble in the outpouring, in preaching or in prayer; and his ranters, whether Burley, MacBriar, or Cromwell, rant in the language quoted in the 'Minstrelsy.' Reuben Butler and David Deans are equally and appropriately fluent. In the flight of Claverhouse from Loudon Hill Kettledrummle, who was captive to the Egyptians, had weakened and fallen away. It was Mause Headrigg who belched forth Scriptural objurgations on the persecuting Rabshakeh. We learn from the notes that it was a Rev. Mr. King who asked, like Mause, in scathing irony whether the persecutor would not bide for the afternoon's preaching. All the incidents in the novel are historical. Cornet Graham, a kinsman of the colonel, really fell, though he was not murdered by Burley, and his name was not Richard, but Robert. It was Burley who decided the battle, by leading a handful of horse to outflank Claverhouse's disordered squadrons, exactly as described. One naturally assumes that Balfour was the laird of Burley. In reality the 'burly' was a sobriquet, indicating

that, as Bothwell said when thrown in the wrestle in the ale-house, if the victor was a Whig, 'he was a stout and brave one.' A note from Burley was slipped into Morton's hand when embarking for Holland at the pier of Leith; and that indomitable spirit was really weaving webs of fresh intrigue when he had gone into hiding after Bothwell Brig.

Scott's frequent visits to Bothwell Castle had made him familiar with the high arch of the narrow bridge. It was actually defended by three hundred picked men, though they were commanded by Hackston and Hall. There was the failure of ammunition at the critical moment. An embassy was sent to the mild Monmouth on the morning of the battle, and the envoy was 'a gentleman of landed fortune.' What passed at the interview is accurately reported in the novel; and the turmoil at the council, only quelled by the roar of the royal cannon, is in no way exaggerated. The only departure from historical truth is that Dalziel was not present. 'Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle did not happen a day later, when General Dalziel, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the Whigs, arrived with a commission to supersede Monmouth.' But that figure of terror—the grim, bald head and the shaggy grey beard, contrasting with the severe beauty of Claverhouse—was too picturesque to be omitted. At any rate, Scott had metrical authority for tampering with history, for a ballad, not included in the 'Minstrelsy,' tells us that Dalziel with his Highlanders 'made many in their blood to wallow'; and the Whigs must have believed in the presence of the arch-enemy. It was the descent of the Highlanders on the western shires which enriched the ancestor of Fergus MacIvor with the booty which enlarged his fortalice of Glenaquoich.

In the historical ballads 'The Queen's Marie' suggests the scenes in 'The Abbot,' where the Queen's ladies follow her into captivity. The prim Lady Fleming is mentioned in the notes, though not in the ballad. In the ballad,

> There was Marie Seaton and Marie Beaton,
> And Marie Carmichael and me,

the 'me' is Marie Hamilton, and her betrayer was Henry Darnley. That story was only the other day made the foundation of a novel by Lord Ernest Hamilton, lineal descendant of Claude, 'Paisley's stern lord' of 'Cadyow Castle.' It was a vulgar amour,

and the persons actually guilty of the indiscretion were a French waiting-woman and the royal apothecary.

The superstitions of the Ballads were frequently interwoven with the Novels. They lingered long, 'and the trials of sorcerers and witches which disgrace our criminal annals become more frequent after the Reformation.' Elspet of the Craigburnfoot was regarded with an evil eye by the Forfarshire fishing folk, and so late as 1740, or thereabouts, old Janet Gellatley was doomed to the tar barrel by a Perthshire presbytery, and only saved by the interposition of the Baron of Bradwardine. As for the belief in fairies, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the prosaic incarnation of shrewd business sense, spoke of 'the men of peace' with bated breath when passing the haunted hillock where they had their subterranean palaces. It was only when he saw the manse of Aberfoil and the lights in the Clachan that he dared to pronounce 'it's the deceits of Satan.' It was charged against many of the witches that they held intercourse with the fairies, and only a hundred years before Scott was writing, the Privy Council reserved to itself the power of putting them to the torture, and compelling confession by starvation and solitary confinement. 'The creed of the Borderers admitted the existence of sundry classes of subordinate spirits.' They believed in the Brownie—one of the Ettrick Shepherd's most characteristic novels was 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck,' who was 'meagre, shaggy and wild in his appearance.' So Hobbie Elliot's terrors in 'The Black Dwarf' were natural enough, when he suspected the deformed solitary of the moors of being 'a creature that was no canny.' Lord Cranston's goblin page belonged to a different order of beings. He was 'the bogle or goblin: a freakish spirit who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind than seriously to hurt them.'

Superstitions connected with the dead, as they inspire much that is weird in the older Ballads, suggested many of the scenes in the Novels which, as they appeal to the terrors of the unseen, leave deep impressions on the imagination. The ceremonies of the lykewake, religiously observed, originated in the belief that between the death and the burial the spirit of the departed was still hovering round its mortal tenement. In Scotland, as in Ireland, the door was carefully made fast or thrown wide open. If it were left ajar, evil spirits might steal in and tempt the corpse to all manner of unpleasant antics. When the defunct was supposed to have had dealings with the Devil, the watchers,

unless suspected of being witches themselves, were sure to have an anxious time of it. Consequently nothing could be more appropriate than the introduction of the three weird sisters for the streiking and watching the corpse of Alice Gray, with their morbid delight in their gruesome task and ghastly revelry. 'Ne'er mind, cummer, we hae this dollar of the Master's and we'll send doun for bread and for aill, tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugur—and be there devil or nae devil, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't.' All the same, they took their precautions. 'Let us do what is needfu' and say what is fitting; for if the dead corpse binna straighted, it will grin and thraw, and that will fear the best of us.' Old Ailison Breck begs the Antiquary to 'send us down something to keep up our hearts at the lykewake' of her cummer Elspeth, for 'there were queer things said about a leddy and a bairn,' and 'in gude troth it will be a puir lykewake, unless your honour sends us something to keep us cracking.' And the Antiquary readily promises the whisky, 'the rather that you have preserved the proper word for that ancient custom of watching the dead.'

The ordeal by bier-right in 'The Fair Maid' originated in superstition, but it may have been founded also on shrewd knowledge of human nature. In a rude age, when there was no detective police, it often brought hardened criminals to confession. The solemn preparations and the fear of the dumb witness shook the strongest nerve. Even the freethinking apothecary had a severe shock when standing under the roof of Oliver Proudfute he saw blood or balm oozing from the body. The ordeal was still recognised by the law courts, when the Council asserted its right of torturing witches. Early in the eighteenth century, it convicted Muir of Auchendrane—the hero of the 'Auchendrane Tragedy'—of 'a horrid and private murder.' He was convicted vicariously, for when his innocent child 'came near the body, it sprang out in bleeding,' whereupon the father was arrested, tortured and brought to confess.

Lord Glenvarloch, in the usurer's dreary mansion in Alsatia, passes an evening with 'God's Revenge against Murder,' which told of the many mysterious ways in which long-hidden crimes had been brought to light. One of the most common was the corpse lights, which flitted over the spot where a dead body lay concealed. Roland Graeme professed to see them in the kirkyard at Kinross, when he sought to distract the attention of the Lady

of Lochleven. They are referred to in the couplet in 'Earl Richard,'

> And where that sackless knight lay slain,
> The candles burned light,

and Scott says, in commenting on it, that, a few years before, the corpse of a man drowned in the Ettrick had been discovered by means of these same corpse candles. He states the fact as if he took it seriously, merely adding, in the next sentence, that these lights are probably phosphoric. The most morbidly sensational of all the ballads is 'Clerk Saunders,' a grim Scottish counterpart of Bürger's 'Wilhelm and Lenore,' in which the murdered clerk comes from the graveyard to the bed of his bride, when 'the cocks are crowing a merry midnight.' 'Gin ever the dead come for the quick,' was a line that Scott had evidently in memory, when Meg Merrilees tells Bertram at the Kaim of Derncleugh, 'If ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in this glen, mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould.' Lastly, there were enchanted herbs, regarded as sure safeguards against spells. Most potent was the vervain, 'revered by the Druids,' and in Leyden's ballad of 'The Cout of Keildar,' the Cout wore in 'casque of sand' the holly sprig of Avenel and 'the leaf of the rowan pale.' When Scott edited the ballad, 'the mountain ash was still used by the peasantry to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft.' No marvel then that Torquil of the Oak believed firmly in its efficacy. When his foster-child discloses the shameful secret, when he fears his heart will fail him in the lists at Perth, Torquil exclaims: 'Hell shall not prevail so far—we will steep thy sword in holy water—place vervain, St. John's wort and rowan tree in thy crest.' And were there space enough in an article of any reasonable length, many other passages might be adduced in support of Lockhart's *dictum*.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

RECEIVING MODERATORS.[1]

BY IAN MACLAREN.

WHEN it was laid upon us, owing to no distinction on our part but merely through the accident of circumstances, to receive two Moderators at the same time as guests beneath our lowly roof, my wife and I, being persons who have ever contended together in modesty, were much discomposed. We dared not refuse the honour (the like of which has indeed been conferred on few people in the history of religion), but we accepted it not merely with humility but also with trembling. Our home, although clean and comfortable, like that of many other working people, was unpretending, and since we had not been long married, we were still nervous, as young housekeepers are apt to be, about the rites of hospitality. For days before the arrival of a guest (and one or two had preceded the dignitaries) we lived plainly that he might have a plentiful, if simple, meal, and we gave anxious care to every arrangement—that his bed should be hard beneath and warm above, that there should be hot water in his room the moment he arrived, and cold water for the bath in the morning (those we considered crucial points), that there should be suitable books in the bedroom, according to his taste, and afternoon tea (which was just coming into vogue then) at the right hour, that if we ventured to ask any person to meet him he should be congenial, and that conversation should correspond with the guests like the curtains with the carpet. An hour before a guest arrived we were on the alert making a last survey of the rooms, giving a final charge to our worthy handmaiden, who felt that the reputation of the house was also in her hands, and exhorting one another to be of good courage and to hope that everything would pass off well. And providence had as yet dealt kindly with our inexperienced and slender resources. It is true that we had been a little cast down by an evangelist who demanded a special diet, and was irritated at the type in which his name appeared on the bills, but a distinguished man of letters who stayed with us for two days declared (and the angels blotted out the sin) that he had never been in a jollier house, and a fearfully rich man set us at our ease

[1] Copyright, 1902, by John Watson in the United States of America.

on the doorstep by beating down the hansom man a sixpence (which we had never done), and when he departed by warning us against luxurious living. We might even have been unduly lifted by such successes and treated the approaching visit lightly had I not once seen a Moderator from a remote distance and been haunted with a presentiment of calamity, for one may have entertained a hundred guests and not be prepared to receive Moderators.

The title is in itself most felicitous and reduces words like Bishop and mayor to the level of commonplace. There is a sonorousness in the word which immediately arrests the attention and an awfulness in its meaning which compels reverence. My wife, who had not moved in ecclesiastical circles, and had been a good deal crushed by the evangelist, was vastly impressed, and asked with much diffidence what—what—a Moderator really was. She blushed slightly, as she spoke, at her own presumption, and seemed to anticipate my answer when I explained that there were mysteries into which unaided human reason ought not to pry and that it was enough for us that a live Moderator (not to say two of them) should enter our doors, that it would indeed be a privilege of which long after we should be boasting (as I now do), and that if we wished to get its full good we must keep ourselves in a spirit of childlike respect. It may be urged by some reader infected with the spirit of rationalism that it is impossible to have two Moderators of the Kirk together, and that you may as well talk of meeting two Popes or two Lord Chancellors, and (humanly speaking) there is much truth in the criticism. But I may explain to the uninitiated that there are degrees or stages in the history of such principalities and powers, and that not only had we (still humanly speaking) two Moderators in our house at the same time, but had it been necessary for our discipline we might have had three. Four, however, is still unknown except as a speculation, and it may perhaps impress the matter upon the minds of those imperfectly acquainted with this profound truth, that there can be three Moderators at the same time, just as there are three dimensions, but that a fourth Moderator and a fourth dimension are still veiled from the ordinary human mind. First of all, the potentates in whose hands the momentous choice lies intimate that Dr. Dowbiggin, we shall say, is a man marked out in the scheme of creation to be a Moderator, and then Dr. Dowbiggin becomes Moderator elect, which is something like a Cardinal *in pectore*, having now the nature of a Moderator, but not being yet

endowed with its functions. After awhile he becomes an actual Moderator, and processes up and down the land in great glory. Later he moves down from this high place, where indeed no man could long remain, and becomes an ex-Moderator, retaining the nature and some of the glory. It is only one of the three who ought to be called Moderator, but the title is given to the other two, in the one case by anticipation and in the other case by association, and while they modestly disclaim it, it is understood not to be unacceptable. When the great man himself cannot be obtained, the secondary luminaries are employed to lay foundation-stones and open Kirks, and there is a story of one enterprising minister, who, by skilful negotiations which were conducted quite independently of one another, secured the presence of three Moderators on the one day, with the result that the people were dazed with excess of light and have not recovered the shock unto this present. But enough for the purpose on the metaphysics of Moderators.

It was a Moderator and an Ex-Moderator who were to honour our obscure home, and before they burst upon us we began to gather what manner of men they were and the measure of their condescension. We wrote to them in terms of oriental respect, apologising for our presumption, and asking as a favour that they would let us know the hour of their coming. After a delay, which was getting upon our nerves, the chief man wrote a brief note stating that he made it a rule in his public life to fall in with any arrangement which had been made by the local authorities, and that therefore he would arrive at our house at six o'clock in the evening and would be obliged if dinner were ready at 6.30. He also added that he preferred a light dinner before public work and that on such occasions it was his custom to take something substantial on his return. The ex-Moderator, after an instructive silence of some days, explained that as the Moderator was to stay with us he was also willing to do so, that he hoped to travel by the same train as the Moderator, that he would accompany the Moderator to our house, and he expressed his hope that we would do everything we could for the Moderator's comfort. We noted that the word Moderator filled half the note, and we wondered that one or other of them had not sent a menu card, and detailed directions about his bedroom. We began to question whether we should be allowed to sit at the same table, and wished we had one of those edifying society journals which tell you the order in which distinguished persons go into a room, and how royalties

take their meals, and although we tried to strengthen one another's hands with the remembrance of the poor little successes of the past, we knew that nothing like this had ever happened to us, and our hearts quaked. As our social ambition (really it was not our doing but the foolishness of a committee) was in the end severely wounded, and people may suppose that we are prejudiced against greatness, let me say at once that the two potentates were in every way worthy of their high estate, and that we still recall them with unaffected admiration.

Strange judgments befall the Church for her sins, and men have been raised to this height who had none of the marks of a Moderator—neither grandeur of speech nor stateliness in step, nor inscrutable wisdom of countenance; but our Moderators had been marked out before the eyes of all men for their place and duty. Both were tall, erect, broad, and heavy; both were well groomed with spotless linen, rich black clothes, carefully brushed hair, and faces clean shaven with the exception of neatly trimmed grey whiskers; their hands, also, were excellently kept. Each used gold eye-glasses, with which he made fine play, waving them back and forward in public address to emphasise the point, opening them slowly and rubbing them carefully with a fine cambric handkerchief when he did not want to commit himself by words, adjusting them carefully on a well-developed nose (a Moderator with a weak nose has never yet been inflicted upon the Church, even in her worst days), and then reading a document with his head well thrown back, or (and this is most awful, and none may stand against it) lowering his head and looking at you over the top of his eye-glasses. Their walk, even in our house—and everyone can imagine what a poor scope it gave them—is still one of our cherished recollections, and, to tell the truth, has often been the subject of quite hopeless imitation. It was not an amble, and it was not a prance, and it was not a stride, but it had in it the combined glory of all these motions; it was like the progress of a great four-master under full sail in an easy wind, and although I have seen hints of this gait in a church officer carrying up the Bible before the minister, and in a German station-master strutting up and down his platform, and in a Roman cardinal coming down St. Peter's, I have never seen its perfection except in Moderators. There was greatness—unconscious, no doubt, but only on that account more overwhelming—in everything they did, from opening the newspaper, which suggested the reading of the larger ex-

communication, to an introduction, which was almost equivalent to a presentation at Court; and the way in which one of them stood on the hearthrug invested the room with an historical character, which it has never lost in our imagination. Whatever they said, even on the weather, was an utterance from the chair and had in it the authority of a Papal Bull; and although in an irreverent age there are people who say the deliverances of Moderators are simply grandly dressed commonplaces, I cannot even at this distance, when my eyes are stronger to bear the light, believe that our Moderators said anything that was not an original discovery.

We had intended to complete every preparation for their majesties an hour before what they called 'the hour of our arrival,' and to have been waiting to receive them with such composure as we could muster; but through my fault alone we were taken at a disadvantage. The selection of books for a Moderator's bedroom (not to say two Moderators' bedrooms) lay heavy on my mind, for it was evident, even to my ignorance, that what might be relished by writing men would be an offence to an ecclesiastic, and that even Titmouse's 'Religious Anecdotes' and some books of guileless fiction which had been placed unostentatiously beside the evangelist's bed could hardly be food for a Moderator's mind. What books I finally selected I cannot now remember, but I am proud to think that among them were Calvin's 'Institutes,' Witsius' 'On the Covenants,' 'St. Augustine on the Donatist Controversy,' the 'Digest of Rules and Procedure of the Inferior Courts of the Free Church of Scotland' (which I purchased at a bookstall), and the 'Collections of Steuart of Pardiven' (which I borrowed from a library for the occasion); and between the Moderator and the ex-Moderator I made the becoming distinction of giving unto the greater Augustine and Calvin in Latin, and to the less both those enticing writers for a midnight hour in English, and I was just hastily rubbing out 'reduced to elevenpence' from the 'Digest' when a voice arose from below such as never before had been heard in our house, and I knew that a Moderator had arrived.

My wife flung a reproachful glance at me as I passed the door of the drawing-room, where she had been pretending to read a gorgeously bound marriage present, and when I arrived in the lobby (we called it 'hall' ever afterwards) the maid was panic-stricken, for the ex-Moderator was demanding intelligence of the Moderator.

'What! Do I understand that the Moderator is not here?' I concluded that he had travelled by an earlier train. This is

extraordinary, very extraordinary, and I am afraid there has been a serious mistake. I agreed to reside in this house on the distinct understanding that I was to be a—a fellow guest with the Moderator. Ah! here, I presume, is our host, Mr. Mac—— Mac——'

'Maclaren, at your service!' and I was tempted to add that any name he was pleased to use would do, and, as a matter of fact, the Moderators did use such approximations to our name as came most handy at the time, which always keeps ordinary folks at a distance and, I fancy, is one of the tricks of office. I hastened to assure Dr. MacIlwraith that he had not really been ambushed by two young people devoured by social ambition, nor allured to their house under false pretences, that Dr. Dowbiggin ought to have arrived about the same time, and that no doubt he would—I was about to say 'turn up,' but remembered of whom I was speaking and substituted—arrive in a short time. I suggested that if the Moderator had not travelled with the ex-Moderator as was expected, it was because the Moderator had been detained by some urgent moderatorial duty, and I hinted that in the circumstances the Moderator might be travelling by a special train, and that in any case the arrival of the Moderator might take place any moment. During this respectful and conciliatory address I called Dr. MacIlwraith himself Moderator so often that the lobby (I mean hall) resounded with the boom of the word; and the ex-Moderator was pacified and, after a dignified clearance of the throat, consented to be led upstairs. He was, indeed, so favourably impressed with my manner—which my wife, reconnoitring from the drawing-room door, declared afterwards was absolutely slavish—that he received my apology for a bedroom on the top floor with something approaching to good-nature, but expressed his hope, with a slight return to his former style, that more convenient accommodation had been provided for the Moderator.

After a hurried conference in the drawing-room, during which my wife and I comforted one another, and both expressed a fervent hope for everybody's sake, but especially our own, that the other dignitary would soon arrive and deliver us from a cloud of suspicion, I hastened out on the first sound of the ex-Moderator's descent, and escorted him into what we were pleased to call our drawing-room, which, indeed, we had thought a good deal of until that day. When I presented my wife to the ex-Moderator he was really quite gracious, shaking hands and enlarging in an affable

way upon his dismay at finding no Moderator, on the reasons which might have detained the Moderator, and his anxiety that the Moderator should arrive in safety. During this conversation he addressed my wife as Mrs. Macfarlane, but I made a sign to her to take no notice, for, indeed, it was very good of him to call her by any name at all.

He was horrified, for the moment, at the idea of going down to dinner without the Moderator, but when we pointed out that in the unfortunate event of the Moderator not appearing, the ex-Moderator must undertake the Moderator's duty, and that in such responsible circumstances he should be fortified by dinner, he yielded, and on the journey downstairs asked my wife how long she had been married, and reminded her that, however lowly my position as a minister might be, she had a responsible duty. During this passage the ex-Moderator was good enough to call her Mrs. MacPherson, and I began to imagine a circuit of the clans. Still I am free to confess that I was a proud man walking behind and seeing my wife beside that stately figure. When I asked the ex-Moderator to say grace at the table he stared at me, for he had intended to do so without being asked, and, indeed, after the Moderator had arrived they arranged between themselves which dignitary would take evening and which would take morning prayers, and I noticed that during the Moderator's stately petitions the ex-Moderator sighed audibly with much unction, while the Moderator, after the ex-Moderator had concluded prayers, indicated in an indirect and gentlemanly way his official approval. During the early part of dinner Dr. MacIlwraith discoursed upon the many social difficulties which beset the hospitality of a Moderator during his period of office, and the thankfulness which those ought to feel whose lot is cast in humbler places. He was evidently anxious, however, about the absence of the Moderator, and kept his ears cocked, for before the bell rung he had heard the sound of a Moderator on the doorstep, and had risen from his seat.

'There is the Moderator,' he cried, and I learned that day that Moderators have a note of their own which they can recognise at any distance, just as grouse respond to one another across a distance of moor. The ex-Moderator hurried out without any ceremony towards us to meet the Moderator, and I, with my wife, to whom I signalled urgently, saw that evening, what has been given to few, a meeting of Moderators.

'How do you do, Moderator, how do you do?' and the ex-Moderator threw a delicate nuance of respect into his manner. 'It is a great relief, I may say without qualification, an immense relief to see you, Moderator. I was afraid that in the midst of your manifold duties you might be hindered from honouring the meeting this evening. It would have been a great disappointment to this city, Mederator, if you had been detained. Now you are here our minds are at rest.'

'The duty would have been safe in your hands,' replied Dr. Dowbiggin with friendly dignity, 'and indeed I am not able to dissociate you from the office of Moderator which you filled with such conspicuous benefit to the Church and to the nation. It was my hope that I should have travelled in the same train with you, but an influential person, whom I need not name at present, insisted upon consulting me about a certain course of action in regard to a matter now agitating the mind of the Church. But we shall speak about that, Moderator, I mean Dr. MacIlwraith, when we are alone.'

It was a scene so charged with awe that I knew not whether it might not be impertinent to obtrude myself, but the ex-Moderator relieved the situation.

'Let me,' he said, and he considerately brought me forward, introduce to you, Moderator, our young friend here, Mr. MacGlashan, who has the honour, Moderator, of receiving you beneath his roof.' And at the accent of 'young friend' I knew that our best estate was vanity.

'Moderator,' continued Dr. MacIlwraith, after the great man had given me two fingers to shake, 'you must be weary after your journey and labours. Your room, I believe, is ready and conveniently situated, and if our friend here will . . . quite so, I shall just do myself the pleasure of going upstairs with you, Moderator, to see that everything is in order.' And I followed with the Moderator's luggage.

The ex-Moderator made a hasty but searching inspection of our own bedroom, which we had given up for the great man's use, and was kind enough to express himself as satisfied in the circumstances.

'You have many experiences, Moderator,' he said, 'from the castle of a noble to the home of a humble minister, but I trust you will be comfortable here, and if there is anything that you require, I am sure, Moderator, that Mr. MacPherson will count it

a privilege to supply it.' It was agreed between the high powers that the Moderator would descend in a quarter of an hour, and that the dinner should be put it a state of thorough repair against his coming. The ex-Moderator was so pleased with himself that at the foot of the stairs he turned and said, 'Very satisfactory, very satisfactory,' and he entered the dining-room in a benignant state of mind.

'It was distinctly unfortunate, Mrs. MacCallum, that we should have commenced dinner before the arrival of the Moderator, but I have explained the circumstances to the Moderator and he quite understands, quite understands, and, indeed, has been good enough to say that we only did what was right. The Moderator, if I may be allowed to say so, is a man who can suit himself to every class in society, and although I can imagine you may feel a little nervous on an occasion of this sort, I can assure you, Mrs. MacGlashan, the Moderator will be quite agreeable and will in fact make himself at home,' which indeed both dignitaries did without any reserve.

'It gives me pleasure to have this opportunity of meeting you and your worthy husband, Mrs. MacCallum,' and the Moderator gave his whole hand to my wife with affable condescension, while Dr. MacIlwraith from that point attended to details. 'I was just explaining to the ex-Moderator that official duties, which weigh heavily upon some of us, and from which you should be thankful our good host is free, have delayed my arrival in this city. Yes, Dr. MacIlwraith, I think I will sit with my back to the fire; you, I presume, will sit opposite, as I should like to speak to you about one or two things. No, the soup needn't be brought back, a little fish will do. The fact is,' and the Moderator brought us unexpectedly into the conversation, 'as Dr. MacIlwraith knows, it is better that a Moderator should live simply in face of the work he has to undertake. I quite agree with you, Doctor, a little whisky with some form of aerated water is safest for both of us.'

We then sat down to dinner, and the ex-Moderator from time to time gave some directions for the Moderator's comfort, but otherwise neither of the great men took any notice of us, except when in discussing some high affair one would cough slightly and skilfully change the subject. My wife was at first inclined to be nettled at this exclusion from society at our own table, but I am bound to say that the Moderators intended no offence, for indeed,

they were barely conscious of our existence, and their conversation was admirable. They quoted motions so subtle and ensnaring as to split an opposite party in twain, recalled dexterous tactical strokes which had changed the whole face of affairs, dwelt on the discomfiture of popular speakers, full of enthusiasm and new schemes, who had tried a fall with veteran ecclesiastics. And at the supper, which the ex-Moderator sketched out before leaving for the meeting, and at which both Moderators took their modest refreshment warm, they told the most admirable anecdotes, time about, of the days before the Disruption, with great good humour of soul and considerable finish of style. The ex-Moderator saw the Moderator to his room and his farewell for the night sounded through the house. Before retiring they ordered breakfast at 9 o'clock, with prayers before and not after, and when they were departing the ex-Moderator conveyed to my wife, whom that morning he was pleased to call Mrs. McAskill, that the Moderator had expressed himself gratified with every arrangement made for his comfort.

'Well I never——' began my wife, when they had left.

'No, Mrs. MacCallum,' I replied, 'you certainly never had such an honour before, may you be kept humble.'

'And I hope,' continued my wife, with some spirit——

'No doubt you do, Mrs. MacGlashan, but it's no use, you can never hope to have such an honour again.'

THE GARDEN-WIFE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ANSTRUTHER.

SHE who would nowadays be modish, it is necessary that she should cease to be a house-wife, and become a garden-wife. Socially speaking, there is a world of difference between the two, all the difference between being in the fashion and out of it.

The house-wife is a social incubus, the garden-wife a social success.

For generations the house-wife was a power in the land. People respected her, tolerated her, bore with her and were bored by her. Then suddenly she found herself deposed, treated with yawns and contumely, she and her conversation relegated to the background, and her throne usurped and occupied by the garden-wife, to whose flowery words everyone now listened with flattering smiles and with keenest and most courteous interest.

Another case of *la reine est morte, vive la reine*; the only point to be arrived at is to discover wherein the social ruler of to-day differs from her predecessor of yesterday.

A certain cynic was heard to assert, not long since, that there was no difference: that the only change was one of topic, the same woman migrating from the inside of her house to the outside, as did Mrs. Primrose from the blue bed to the brown; and the same cynic ventured to assert that herein lies little social gain to the listener, who is just as likely to be bored in the long run by one subject as by the other. But then, as everyone knows, a cynic is literally a dog, and oftentimes a dull one at that.

Where lives the man who would seriously maintain that it is not more interesting to listen for a whole dinner to a fair neighbour speaking her views on the value of various kinds of artificial manures, rather than listen, as he would have had to do in the old days, to a homily on the rival claims to economical consideration of the brisket and the silverside?

The garden-wife scorns domesticity in its ordinary aspects, but she adores her garden. Where her predecessor spoke of the butcher's price-list and the cost of joints, she will talk of the rose-grower's catalogue and the price of bulbs, and, scorning the

scullery, she will linger tenderly over the amenities of the potting shed.

Never will she dream of talking of the delinquencies and vagaries of her hand-maidens—albeit the mere bond of a common humanity gives them a certain claim upon the interest of their fellow creatures—but for long hours, with a show of deepest interest, will she prate of the lovely fancies and features of her flowers, till almost one begins to think there may be a certain truth in the cynic's contention that it may be just as possible to be a bore when talking about gardeners as when talking about cooks, and that she who vapours about her garden may be quite as poor company as she who erstwhile vaunted herself in public over the details of her kitchen, though it is but fair to add that no such reactionary idea as this seems yet to have dawned upon a patient and a listening world.

Indeed, so secure in her social position is the garden-wife at this moment, that it were positively socially unsafe even to hazard the suggestion that the house-wife of the last generation and the garden-wife of to-day are in reality mother and daughter, bores. To be chained to a stake set in the midst of a heap of burning weeds, and be prodded to death by an infuriated crowd of garden-wives armed with expensive spuds and fancy garden tools, would assuredly be the fate of such a rash social iconoclast!

Far more discreet, ay and more poetical, is it for the Searcher after truth to suggest that the present transformation of house-wives into garden-wives is only a beautiful example of atavism, an admirable throw-back to the ideal days of the Garden of Eden. No one will deny that Eve was pre-eminently a garden-wife in every sense of the word, and that had she lived to-day she would have found no difficulty in adapting her conversation to the topic of the moment. Hence is not the chain of evidence complete?

But did she, one wonders, ever identify herself with her Eden quite so entirely as does her fashionable descendant of to-day with her beloved garden, losing in it her very individuality?

Did she ever speak gravely and ambiguously to the serpent in the words used by a garden-wife of the present day to a neighbouring bishop, she thinking quite innocently of her garden, he imagining that she referred to herself:

'Do come and see me one afternoon this week, for I'm really looking absolutely beautiful, and at this time of year one never knows, next week I may be quite knocked to pieces and ruined!'

And when the bishop—or the serpent—looked somewhat embarrassed and confused, did Eve merely think him rude, and, turning to her Adam lately returned from fighting boars, try to turn the subject by telling him, with tears in her voice, that she was simply wretched because she was quite eaten up with green fly!

Truly the study of the garden-wife for bishops, for serpents, and for Adams, has since those old Eden days been a life's work in itself. . . .

One great difference between Eve and the garden-wife of to-day is that Eve had no library, only stray leaves. The modern garden-wife has a literature of her own. Some people even aver that it created her. But this is a moot point which must be dealt with by future anthropologists. The fact remains that she is at this moment a power in the book-buying world, and that the author who would write a book running to several editions has but to add another one to the line of single volumes bound in white vellum, dainty, wonderful, which to-day fill the bookshelves of every true daughter of Eve who has come into her heritage of a garden.

This is a fact which no author or publisher with an eye to business should overlook.

The book must be made according to a certain accepted formula. It may not deal with serpents, though worms and their habits may be freely discussed (Eve preferred serpents).

Its personal appearance is as important as that of a girl at her first ball. White trimmed with gold is the most satisfactory; but the chief thing to aim at is that it should be as dainty and delicate as possible, and thoroughly unsuitable to be handled and referred to by gardeners with earth-stained hands. As a suggestion for some future volume, it might give it a pseudo-realistic appearance, without detracting from its daintiness, if the book-marker were made of a piece of bass and the book tied together with dainty bows of the same. The book must be pre-eminently suitable for a present, and it is well that it be published in the autumn season when Christmas is near. Its sale and success is then a matter of certainty.

As to its contents, they are a secondary matter. The chief thing to aim at is the creation of a book which shall be neither heavy, nor scientific, nor above all practical. It is far better that the author have not more than an elementary knowledge of

gardening, otherwise he will be in danger of drifting into technical and therefore boring details which it should be his main object to avoid. What he must strive for, is so to treat his subject that it shall prove attractive to the habitual reader of novels, remembering always that the garden-wife as a rule has been brought up on novels, and the abrupt drop from fiction to a mere gardening manual might prove too jarring for her literary nerves and even necessitate a rest cure from all printed matter.

The garden-wife demands a book which shall exquisitely combine fact and fancy, and what more charming and natural combination than Love and Flowers? The book almost writes itself; these are the lines on which it should run.

Let the author constitute himself a woman, a delicate woman for choice, living with an unsympathetic brother, and having some extraordinary complaint which can only be cured by its victim being enclosed for twelve consecutive months within the walls of a garden. This mysterious disease, whose treatment recalls the seclusion of a private lunatic asylum, is getting so common in gardening books that it really deserves to be taken up by the medical profession and given a scientific name. It is well by the way that the garden have four walls, and they should be of red brick if possible, as they make a good background for description.

Now introduce an old gardener who cannot read or write, but who makes inapposite remarks in some terrible local dialect, which is native to no known locality in the British Isles, but is a blend of Scotch, and Cockney, and South Coast. Add a neighbour or two, of the thick-skinned variety, who comes in for the sole purpose of being dissected or gibed at by her garden hostess, and who presumably enjoys such a welcome, since she comes not once but with wearisome reiteration. Drag in an antique doctor, who with classic wit is always spoken of as Æsculapius, add a curate to balance him, and bring in a small nephew or niece to act the part of the *enfant terrible*, and so give a touch of comedy.

Having got these characters together, then write in the first person. This is essential, it causes the book at once to become *intime*. Write long wordy letters to some unfortunate imaginary man who is living a hard and practical life on the West Coast of Africa, or some unhealthy colony, and who presumably has fallen in love with the garden-lady because of her hopeless incapacity to do anything practical at all. Such a man would probably be thirsting for gossip and news of his friends, and word of what was

going on at home in the way of sport; but in a garden book he is never humoured by being told such frivolous things. He is treated in every letter to a story of perfect platitudes. The writer proceeds to fill many pages by stating in doubtful grammar the common things that every human being has to endure. She will mention how unpleasant it is to be called in the morning; how, because the boiler was furred, the bath water was not hot; what a nuisance it is that the blind cord is broken; and then, by way of being really interesting, she will burst into a graphic description of the miseries and mysteries of spring cleaning. Then she will give a recipe or two 'culled from some dear old Herbal,' for curing whooping-cough with spiders, or warts with snails boiled alive, and yet at the same time she will let it be clearly understood this letter (which will assuredly be over weight) is a Love Letter. This at first sight may seem a literary feat of some difficulty, as snails and love are not a usual or a happy combination, but experience has proved that it can be done.

A quotation or a proverb or two may be added with advantage in some such way as this:

'How true and beautiful are our dear old English proverbs! Did you ever hear the one which I discovered in a sweet dirty old school copybook a few days ago in the village school whither I had gone to try and find out something about this Education Bill that everyone is making such a fuss about?

'The proverb was: "*A rolling stone gathers no moss.*"

'I never realised the truth of it till last Wednesday week, when to test its truth, I surreptitiously threw a large stone down the path after our Vicar's wife, who had been paying me her weekly visit, and boring me as usual. She seemed a little surprised when she noticed what I had done, but then one's country neighbours are so dreadfully dense and never understand one's little ways! But as soon as she had slammed the garden door behind her—with unnecessary haste and vigour, I thought—I rang the dinner-bell, which I always keep beside my invalid garden couch, as I have often told you, and bade the white-capped parlourmaid pick up the stone and bring it to me. My dear good old Joggles, will you believe me when I tell you that though that fair-sized stone had rolled quite five yards on the heels of my departing guest *there was no moss on it!* Isn't it wonderful and beautiful to think of? I have thought of nothing else all day, and I feel as though I had discovered a great truth! Do write up all over the walls

of your log cabin, or bungalow is it?—I never can remember which people live in in Newfoundland—my dear quaint old proverb, "*A rolling stone gathers no moss*," and whenever you read it think of me and the un-understanding vicar's wife!'

Other well-known proverbs and quotations may be treated in this fashion; indeed, it is an excellent way of making up the number of thousand words demanded by the rapacious publisher!

Then into this medley fling the garden. Prattle about its every aspect; say that the grass is green, and that the laburnum is yellow, and that most of the trees have leaves on them; state that it is not unusual to have showers in April, and that when it rains everything is apt to get wet. Then drift from the lawn into the kitchen garden; describe that sweet little caterpillar found in the cauliflower in the morning, which was met again with a thrill of recognition, cooked inadvertently, in the same vegetable at lunch. Here is a field for sentiment which should not be neglected. Discuss a morning stroll about the onion bed, and, if short of material, describe with ungrammatical vividness the pungent smell of decayed cabbage. The modern Romeo has been trained to appreciate these realistic details, and recognises that no Love-Letter would be complete without them.

An exhaustive catalogue of all the flowers and weeds growing in a certain bed may then follow, mention early birds and worms, etc.—only the writer must not fail to call the flowers and the weeds and the birds, ay! the very worms themselves, by Latin names, *Myriophyllum asparagoïdes, Cratægus oxyacantha præcox, Ozothamnus rosmarinifolius, Dielytra spectabilis*, for the pages of every garden book must be well powdered by Latin names—in italics. This latter point is most essential to the success of the book, as otherwise it might go by default, and be set down by a careless reviewer, hurriedly glancing at it, as merely a foolish correspondence between two illiterate people, and not as 'a charming book to be sincerely recommended to all who love their gardens!'

So much for the literature of the garden-wife, which really deserves a more serious study than this mere cursory notice. But in common justice, both to it and to her, it is but right to say that in this case, as in many others, another dear old proverb, 'Exceptions prove the rule,' also holds good. Not absolutely every garden-book depends entirely on its binding and get-up, and not absolutely every garden-wife belongs to the ancient and elastic order of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. There are certain

volumes by Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, Miss Jekyll, and Mr. Robinson which appeal even to that *borné* and conventional person the professional gardener, and undoubtedly there is a great charm to be found in a real commonplace book written by a genuine enthusiast for house and garden. Such a book as the original *Pot Pourri* has a real fragrance of its own, though the recollection of its scent has unfortunately been spoilt by the countless jars of damp and mildewed rose-leaves with which the market has since been flooded.

Undeniable is it, too, that there are some garden-wives with whom one is acquaint, who not only possess considerable practical knowledge, and that mysterious attribute 'the gardener's thumb,' but who also leave a very dainty footprint, if not upon the sands of time, at least upon the good brown earth of their garden. There are some few women who use their garden as the material for a poem, putting into it all the delicate imagination and fantasy which if they were poets they would put into their writings, or, if painters, paint into their pictures.

Rather wonderful in its way, and typical of this kind of poem-garden, is a garden which grows not round, but in, an old ruined house, whose roof is the open sky.

Centuries ago the house was the home of some of the great people of the land, but upon the place some enemy flung curse of death and flame, and gradually the family shrank and dwindled away till there was left only the old lord and his wife and a young grandson to whom the place should come. But his country claimed the boy, and he went to the wars, and from the day he left his home was never heard of more. The old people sat on alone, watching the flames dance up the wide chimney in the hall and waiting for him to come. But they waited in vain, and years passed and both the old people died, and only certain ancient family servants were left in the house to await the boy's return; and every evening at nightfall they lighted the fire in the great hall, that when he came back he might find light and warmth. Winter succeeded winter and still he never came, and the servants grew older and less able for their work; and then it fell about that the curse on the family was fulfilled, and one December night a burning log rolled out of the open fireplace and the old house rose up in flames. Only the grey stone walls, smoke-blackened, remained upstanding, rising roofless to the sky. In summer time the swallows nested above the broken mullioned windows; in winter time the snowflakes floated through the rooms, and after a while young

trees and saplings forced their way between the paving stones of the inner courtyard, and their branches made green screens in the empty doorways.

So in the middle, now of ploughed land, now of a field of turnips, according to the rotation of the crops, the house stood desolate, uninhabited except by birds, and falling year by year into greater disrepair, till it chanced one day a garden-wife passed by and she saw in it the material for a poem. Beneath her hands a carpet of spring flowers sprung out of the parquet of green grass that covered the floor of the great hall, wallflowers made golden decoration for the walls, and in the deep old fireplace, where in past days flames of fire had risen, she set great lilies of flame, or in the spring time let pale snowdrops rest like white ashes on the empty hearth.

Within the enclosing wall of the bakery she caused the corn to grow in golden yellowness. Hops wound their tendrils round the broken windows of the brew-house, and in the kitchens, where in old days the scullions and the wenches had their work, she planted many sweet-smelling herbs like thyme and sage and thrift. Against the cellar door she set a little vine, whose deep-stained leaves in autumn recalled the generous colour of the vanished wine.

Joy-weed she put wherever she could find a place, and over the lintel of the ruined entrance to the house she wreathed a thick tangle of white traveller's joy to give perpetual welcome and happy greeting to all who came that way. Lords and ladies in scarlet and in green she grouped upon the broken stairs: old man stood in one doorway, sweet william upon another threshold, and things with lovely names like Rosemary and Columbine grew there once more and gave sweetness and colour to the house. But most of all her thought she spent upon M'Lady's Chamber, filling it with all the flowers that echo Life and Love—love in a mist, then passion flower, and love in idleness, and love lies bleeding, and last of all forget-me-not. And many other fancies, which are the fancies of a poet, did this garden-wife weave into her ruined house of flowers, till it became each year less like a garden and more like some strange dream of beauty and of mystic symbolism.

Such a garden-wife is, however, as little typical of the majority of garden-wives as is her garden of the majority of gardens, and though she might have lived among her flowers for many years she would probably feel totally incompetent to talk coherent shop

to the fashionable garden-wife of the moment. She would most likely only sit in dull silence, listening.

Two garden-wives meeting always start with a chorus of admiration about gardens in general, during which one vies with the other in rolling out Latin names with, usually, the wrong terminations. They then descend to particulars of roots and bulbs, and the chorus ends by one bidding the other come over and see her own special garden, particularly her herbaceous border.

The herbaceous border is always the *clou* of the garden-wife's garden, no matter how formal may have been the original style and design. She regards it as her own special domain.

'Oh yes, I look after it entirely myself. Of course I get the gardener to weed it, and manure it, and to do all those tiresome dirty sort of things that merely break one's back, and of course when I am working in it, the garden boy has to come and clear up after me, but except for that I do it entirely myself, entirely.'

'The result you get is certainly wonderful,' the neighbouring garden-wife replies with two-edged discretion, as she looks with fashion-trained eye of jealousy at the mass of common things growing rankly, at the fearful medley of colour called the herbaceous border, in which magenta and orange, bright blues and purples, curse and swear in unfriendly proximity.

'You think so? I must admit it is different from when I took it over; bedding-out everywhere! Those dreadful ribbon borders! Nothing but Geraniums, and Lobelias, and Calceolarias everywhere!'

'Those awful things!' the echoing wife replies. The garden-wife hates Geraniums, Lobelias, and Calceolarias; they represent the old *régime*, when the gardener gardened, before she took to following out of doors the last expiring effort to the decadent housewife within doors, who put the kitchen-dresser in the drawing-room because it was old and oak, just as she in the garden puts the globe-artichoke in the flower-garden because it is coarse and loud.

Garden-wives are the most fashionable form of Mutual Admiration Society, though their method of expressing their appreciation is somewhat primitive, and recalls the habits of the Mendicant Orders of the middle ages.

From garden to garden the garden-wife goes, blatantly begging.

'Do give me a little bit of that.' 'I should so like it, if I

might have a scrap of this.' 'I have none of those, might I have some of yours,' is the burden of her song. Does it ever occur to her, one wonders, how odd it would sound if she proceeded in like nature within doors and demanded of her host his cherished little bit of Battersea enamel; or of her old-fashioned hostess a tiny scrap of that curtain to cover a chair with; or suggested to some old-fashioned dowager that she would so like an inch or two of her rope of pearls because she had none of her own . . . . But this is only another instance of the social truth that what is wrong in one place is quite right in another, for nowadays to go round a garden without begging for something is considered almost rude, and shows a lamentable lack of intelligent appreciation on the part of the guest.

The one person with whom the garden-wife is not as a rule on terms is the gardener. His view of her is the view of the Ancienne Noblesse of France towards the invading people. He regards her as an ignorant upstart encroaching on his own property, and doubtless some of her experimental ways are somewhat startling to his conventional habits. One cannot but accord a little sympathy to the old-established gardener who saw his own well-trained garden-boy taken from him by a philanthropic garden-wife whose craze was waifs and strays, and a little town-bred urchin who knew not a spade from a spud given him to help him do the garden work.

Can one do otherwise than sympathise with him when in a certain dry summer, when water was as precious as wine, after having furnished the boy with a watering-can and rose and bidden him water the garden—as being the simplest job he could find for untried labour—he returned to find the beds dry as dust and the gravel path one mass of mud and slush, as though a spate had been, and the precious water all wasted; and when he turned upon the London urchin and rebuked him in no measured terms to be met with: 'Water, I should think I 'ave watered. Turned myself into a bloomin' watering cart, that I 'ave, a'watering the road all the evening. Never see'd a watering cart down 'ere in this blessed country, I s'pose.'

There are some situations where no mutual understanding is possible.

To hear the conversation of the garden-wife while walking in her rose garden is seriously to misdoubt her assertion that since she took to gardening she no longer discusses people and never

dreams of gossiping about her friends and neighbours. The following fragments of dialogue were overheard the other day by an old-fashioned and literal-minded housewife, who, clad in the clothes of the frump, humbly followed in the wake of two charming and beautifully dressed garden-wives.

'Ah! dear old Maria Finger! so you know her. Very sweet and useful and all that, but not much to look at. I don't think any one could really love her, do you . . . .'

'As for the Bride, she's a sport, nothing else . . . .'

'That over there? That's Francisca Kruger. Did you ever see anything so yellow? Over there, I mean, by Mrs. W. J. Grant —the one who is all the fashion just now, you know. I must say I can't understand it myself, for I think she's hideous—so floppy and untidy.'

'Aimée Vibert, she's a rampant climber; if I were you I should beware of her.'

'Surely you must know that Mrs. John Laing takes a lot of liquid, do look at her colour; and Rosa Rugosa is of very coarse habit, greedy's not the word for her!'

'Céline Forestier is a real worry, she's taken to shooting in every direction. She's the fastest thing I know.'

'Lady Mary Fitzwilliam is a dwarf, so they tell me.'

'I've cut Viscountess Folkestone, I did it deliberately this morning. There was nothing else for it, and as to William Allen Richardson, I've turned him out altogether.'

'Standards, my dear! You don't mean to say you worry about them? I got rid of mine years ago. They're so tiresome, always giving trouble; don't you agree with me? Life's been a different thing since I gave up having standards! Standards are not at all the fashion nowadays, I assure you!'

Small wonder that the neglected and despised house-wife who walked behind, listening to the so-called ungossipy conversation of the popular garden-wife, felt really shocked, and thought regretfully of the good old days when people listened to her with respectful interest as she said in tones as important as though she were announcing that the end of the world had come:

'Have you heard that Miss Muffet has quite lost her complexion, and Mrs. John Bull's cook was dead drunk last night?' and in a hoarse whisper: 'Do you know what Mrs. Grundy has found out?'

Autre temps, autres mœurs.

VERSE AND MRS. CHAPLIN.

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

Not long ago an unfortunate fellow-countryman of mine was whipped at the cart's tail by Mr. Churton Collins for having dared to edit the lyrics of a railway porter and of other persons in humble life. I cannot but think Mr. Collins a little unreasonable in this assertion of the dignity of literature. None of our Poets Laureate took himself more seriously than Southey; yet Southey took the kindliest interest in the poems of John Jones, servant to Mr. Bruere, of Kirkby Hall, near Catterick. 'Do not suppose,' wrote the excellent author of 'Thalaba,' 'that I present Jones to notice as a heaven-born genius, or that I have discovered another Bloomfield. There is enough to show that nature has given him the ear, and the eye, and the heart of a poet, and this is sufficient for my purpose. . . . I want to read a wholesome lesson in this age of mechanics' institutes and of University College. I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are more our inferiors than there is any necessity that they should be. I want to show that they have minds to be enlarged and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved, which is the only admission that some persons are willing to make, and that grudgingly enough.' Nor is this all that can be said in favour of uneducated poets. Although they seldom kindle new emotions, they are honest and direct; and direct contact with an honest nature has its value. They are the literary spokesmen of the great inarticulate lower class—the masters whom we have got to educate, and of whom we know so little. To the educational reformer their verses are a veritable human document, full of hints as to the strength and weaknesses of the Many, their dangers and their needs. Certainly at least we catch the voice of feminine agricultural England when we listen to the words of Mrs. Chaplin, who dates her criticisms of life from a farm-house at Great Galleywood, in Essex.

Mrs. Chaplin's literary baggage consists of two slim volumes, called respectively 'Chimes for the Times' and 'Sunlit Spray from the Billows of Life.' Each made its appearance during the last decade of the nineteenth century. As may be expected

from the occupation of their authoress, theological subjects bulk largest in both: Church dogmas are the natural starting-point for rustic speculations on the meaning of the universe, and Church services are often the only poetry that enters deep into rustic life. But Mrs. Chaplin does not pipe always on one note. Some of her verses are autobiographical, some humorous; others deal with what may be roughly called the rights and dignity of labour. Over all is cast a pleasant agricultural flavour, such as comes natural to a poetess bred ''twixt marigolds and mud.'

The flavour remains, in spite of a strong undercurrent of realism. Galleywood is not Arcady, nor is Mrs. Chaplin at work on Theocritean idylls: her verses look the facts of life steadily in the face.

> Sowing, hoeing, and mowing;
> Drilling, dressing, and drains,
> So cumber the mind
> One seldom can find
> Any leisure, except when it rains,

is one alliterative complaint. Another enters into greater detail:

> The nails were heavy in our shoes, the roots were hard to grind,
> And the milk customers *could* scold, if Tom should be behind.

Worst of all is the feeling that nine-tenths of this patient endurance is thrown away:

> Little profit gave the farm, and little peace the cows,

in a county where land lets for 7*s.* 6*d.* the acre.

But Mrs. Chaplin never dwells too long on the dark side of things; as with Dr. Johnson's friend, cheerfulness is always breaking in. And what she knows to be true of herself she believes to be also true of her neighbours; Mr. Arthur Morrison himself is not so stout a believer in the underlying optimism of the Essex peasant. Nothing enrages her more than the thesis

> That poets are dreamers all,
> Who idle the time away.
>
> For I know some who have hearts as light
> As the elves in the fairies' home;
> Their hands are hard, but their brows are bright,
> And I'll tell you whence they come:
> Making the bands in the harvest field,
> Stacking the yellow wheat
> Turning the dunghills about, which yield
> Bread for those poets to eat.
>
> And our life is not such a toiling blank
> As the dreamers would have you think;

We're the children to love, and a God to thank
For every pleasure we drink.
We cherish the sun, though at scorching noon
We'd be happy to do without it;
And we're very fond of watching the moon,
Though we mustn't lose time about it.

But Mrs. Chaplin is not always on her farm. She would agree with Sir Barnes Newcome, in his famous lecture on Mrs. Hemans, that to appeal to the domestic affections is, after all, the true office of the bard—to decorate the homely threshold the delightful duty of the Christian singer. In this I cannot think her altogether wise. Her rustic verses show real love of nature; but the further she strays away from the fields the more trite, and even vulgar, does her Muse become. Many of her 'Chimes for the Home' might have been written by Mrs. Hemans's lady's-maid. There is a fatal want of *retenue*—such as cannot be wholly atoned for by the excellence of its commonsense—in the great passage that explains her rule of conduct towards Mr. Chaplin: I mean the passage which leads off:—

I must not expect him to kiss and be kind
When the state of the pig trade engrosses his mind.

At times her vocabulary leaves much to be desired. Somehow she does not seem to realise that the employment of a single frowzy word will taint the atmosphere of a whole poem. Witness the two following extracts from her 'Convent Bells':—

Oh, where is my beautiful girl to-night,
The child of my love and care?
She is not strong, and may kneel too long
In the attitude of prayer.
The wild winds sweep to my *slippered* feet,
I hear the tempest whirl:
Will they put a fire in the convent cell
To warm my beautiful girl?

Or again—

Let me take you to the cloisters—
Ay! I must—come, kiss your mother—
Say good-bye—good-bye for ever—
To that big, fond, teasing brother.
Heap that mending on the sideboard.
Put your father's *socks* away;
They must learn to do without you,
You have got your prayers to say.

Of lean and slippered pantaloons one has heard before; but *socks*

would certainly come into a French critic's catalogue of *mots ignobles*.

Again, Mrs. Chaplin is not true to her own ideals. 'I am satisfied,' she tells us in the preface to 'Sunlit Spray,' 'to present the ordinary thoughts of ordinary people in ordinary language.' Certainly a laudable ambition; but my complaint is that Mrs. Chaplin often fails to attain it, and that in cases where she might perfectly well have succeeded, if only she had been a little more serious and exercised a little more self-control. To take one instance among many: she began life with an unbounded admiration for the clergy, and that admiration has not stood the test of time. There could be no more ordinary experience of ordinary people. Why, then, use such high-flown language as the following to describe how she was disillusioned as to her pet ecclesiastic?

> We clustered about his person,
> Like bees round an ivy bower,
> Thinking there must be honey
> Somewhere in *such* a flower.
> We follow him through life's breakers,
> We see how he strikes the shelves,
> Then murmur because we find him
> A clay thing, like ourselves.

It may be inferred from the above that Mrs. Chaplin's sense of humour is not her strongest point; and I shall therefore pass over her jocular verses without a word, and proceed at once to her theology, the central point of all her thoughts. Here a distinction is imperative. The *form* of her devotional poems does not call for special remark; most of them fall into the characteristic danger of religious verse—they are either conventional or extravagant, not infrequently both at once. The *matter* is another story.

In the first place Mrs. Chaplin does education one useful service. She explodes the common, superficial impression that the religion of country-folk is all sweetness and light—rose-covered parsonages and church bells, and chubby children on their way to Sunday school. Rustics—at any rate rustics of the older generation, to which Mrs. Chaplin belongs—like their theology hot and strong; they tell one another, and wish to be told again from the pulpit, how

> 'Tis true, as the glorious God is true,
> That a hell is to every mortal due;
> And a strong tide rolls from the grave's dark door
> To the homes of the Lost on the unseen shore.

Not that all of them would go as far as Mrs. Chaplin. That lady is a full-blooded Calvinist, who would have been perfectly at home in the meeting-house of Jonathan Edwards; everywhere in her writings one catches faint echoes of that grim divine—'infants not a span long crawling about the floor of hell,' 'sinners hanging over the bottomless pit by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath dashing about them'—and all the nightmare imagery called up by an overstrained Puritan conscience. That she should combine these horrors with a genuine love for fields and flowers is not so surprising as at first sight it seems. There is more in Calvinism than its dogma of hell fire; and Mrs. Chaplin thoroughly grasps the grander, mystical side of her creed—its conception of the universe as governed by one Divine, unalterable Law. To this Law all Nature is obedient, except the essentially rebellious human heart. It follows that, apart from man, all created things are good in their degree; rightly looked at, every prospect is, and must be, pleasing, though every man is certain to be vile. How far Mrs. Chaplin discovers traces of this unutterable vileness in a quiet English village I cannot undertake to say.

But if the grim logic of her creed does not always square with facts, it at any rate serves Mrs. Chaplin to great advantage whenever she touches on current affairs. It gives an organic consistency to her remarks, such as is curiously impressive in these days, when

> The maudlin men of modern thought
> Can grip no standard truth,

as she herself observes. Indeed, as a basis for controversial operations, Calvinism stands higher than Catholicism itself. Its dogmas are even more rigorously clear and distinct; its infallibility is still more self-assuredly infallible. All roads lead to Rome, and almost all opinions are allowed there, provided they do not openly conflict with the policy of the Church; only one road leads to Geneva, and there no difference of opinions is allowed at all. On the other hand, once let the believer gulp down his 'Institutio,' and he will never need to doubt or hesitate again; he will know exactly what to think on any given subject, and, whenever he scents a heresy, will deal out his 'twenty-nine distinct damnations' with all the *aplomb* of the Pope himself. Watch Mrs. Chaplin at work, compiling her *syllabus errorum nostræ ætatis*. Is it Dean Stanley and the Broad Church? She scathingly condemns them.

A few bright texts about the love of God,
And the moralities that sweeten home,
Make up their Bible; while they fling abroad
The dear Atonement and the wrath to come.

Is it Dr. Martineau and modern theologians in general? Mrs. Chaplin flings them into the same dust-bin with the members of a Hell-fire Club—

The critic, the scholar, the bland Unitarian,
Who dares to dethrone the Lord Jesus—the Arian!
The braggart who boldly blasphemes in his revels,
Shall share the belief and the trembling of devils.

Is it Mr. Darwin and the 'Origin of Species'? Our farmer's wife, who probably knows no more of embryology than is enough to tell a good egg from a bad one, will meet the evolutionists on their own ground.

Answer me yet again, and say
If men from toads and tadpoles grew,
Where is the animal, with soul
Half-shaped between a toad and you?
Men have been men from Eden's bowers,
And toads are toads through all time's hours,
And grass is green, and skies are blue.
Unaltered since the earth was new.

Only from the Higher Critics does she deign to ask a favour.

Ah! spare me Jonah! If you take away
All other miracles, let this abide,
For he and I in closest sympathy
Have taken many a journey side by side—

both, apparently, 'within the whale's capacious frame.'

Still these are only trifling skirmishes with unimportant foes; the quarry Mrs. Chaplin really hunts are the Ritualists and the Pope. Against the former, at any rate, she has a legitimate grievance. Her family are Nonconformists, and the neighbourhood of Galleywood is graced by a clergyman who holds forth to his parishioners as follows:—

Here is the Church of England, boys,
A beautiful yeasty mass,
But Dissent is a lump that will stick in our throats
If we spit it not out as we pass.
And just as you see your mothers
Spitting the lumps about,
So will the God of heaven
Put the Dissenters out.

No wonder that Mrs. Chaplin, doubly outraged by this profana-

tion of the mysteries of the bakehouse, vows that Galleywood's children's children shall hear 'the tale of the vicar's dough.'

Less interested motives also intervene to stimulate her wrath. In her eyes Ritualism is simply heathenish; and she is fond of appealing to the mob to stamp it out.

God bless you, honest Englishmen,
Wherever you may be;
Come out and set your foot upon
This base idolatry.

For God is still a jealous God,
And still His curses fall,
Sooner or later, when He sees,
An Idol on the Wall.

This appeal to the brutal argument of the fist is a lamentable departure from the older method of her School. Such a Protestant as the late author of 'Proverbial Philosophy' has laid it expressly under his ban.

By all means! Law and Quiet,
Be this our modern praise,
No Lord George Gordon riot,
No 'light of other days,'
Such light as bonfires gleaming
With sacrilegious fires,
And mobs to scare our matrons,
As once they scared our sires,

he sings in one of his best-known lyrics. But Mrs. Chaplin—womanlike—prefers a more militant procedure. Besides, she cannot shake off the fear that Convocation is leading the House of Commons astray.

For when the Church equivocates,
And bishops hide their eyes,
How long before the *Senate* stoops
To trickery and lies?
And through the country rings a cry
Of honest-hearted shame,
For vicars skip their vows, and then
The bishops do the same.

Harbingers of still more awful woe are the diplomatic courtesies exchanged of late years between the Court of St. James's and the Vatican. Mrs. Chaplin looks back wistfully to the days when Pius V. excommunicated Queen Elizabeth.

For that is England's danger *now*,
Which *then* was England's hope;
God's curse has ever rested on
The blessing of the Pope.

I fear that, for once, our poetess has tripped in her theology; the last proposition, as well as being uncharitable, is certainly Manichæan. But Mrs. Chaplin seldom shows at her best when she assumes the offensive. Indignation makes her verses, but, alas! it does not always render them intelligible: I can make neither head nor tail of several of her utterances on the confessional. It is of little profit to explain that the priest in the box is

> A man of sin in a robe of state,
> Who buys and sells at a fearful rate,

when no information is vouchsafed us as to the nature of these exchanges, except that they are somehow connected with 'Antichrist's voluptuous cause,' and with

> The pivot that turns so well
> His simpering guests to the depths of hell.
> 'I am a priest; I cannot sin,
> And I pardon, if I take you in.'

Rare indeed are such oases of lucidity as—

> Don't go to confession; oh, never make known
> The secrets of others, or even your own,
> To a man in a clerical hat;
> Take from him his waistcoat, and give him a beard,
> Then is he a thing to be kneeled to, or feared,
> Or for pardon looked hopefully at?

But I must not trespass longer on a field already inscribed with the name of a master—that of Mr. James Britten, author of 'Protestant Fiction.' One word, however, must be said about the poems dealing with convent life.

Mrs. Chaplin approaches this subject in a spirit of paradox worthy of a *fin de siècle* undergraduate—or perhaps, as the nineteenth century is past, I should say an undergraduate *fin de siècle et après*, borrowing an idea from Mr. James Knowles. The one and only method of these youths is to turn the ideas of the public topsy-turvy. They will prove the Emperor Tiberius a saint, and good Queen Anne a woeful sinner; they will discover unsuspected analogies between the careers of Cæsar Borgia and of the Reverend Tobias Boffin, B.A., between the rhymes of Dr. Watts and Baudelaire's 'Fleurs du Mal.' This is the way that Mrs. Chaplin deals with nunneries. The world supposes them an embodiment of the lilies and languors of virtue; our paradox-monger must therefore prove their intimate connection

with every rose and every rapture of vice. I do not, of course, mean to imply that she says what she thinks may be untrue; but convents lie so far away from the experience of Great Galleywood that Mrs. Chaplin naturally treats them as a kind of Wonderland, where neither the laws of nature nor the Ninth Commandment have any force or application—where facts are fancies, and fancies facts, and every wish is the philoprogenitive father of events. Hence she gives free rein to her humour. Oh, the pleasant mischief! the stirring merry fancy, chuckles she inwardly to herself, to think that women who pretend so much are perhaps no better than they should be. Forthwith her imagination hears 'strange tales'

> Of subterranean groans,
> Of chains, and mattress, and iron scourge,
> Cages, and infants' bones.
> You say there goes no funeral
> From out the convent gate;
> You think there may be pits and lime
> Where infants lie in state?

I should have thought it most improbable, though I will not go so far as Mr. Britten, who says that it is Mrs. Chaplin herself that lies—not in state exactly, but in statement. But that lady is not in the least disconcerted. Out of the depths of her self-consciousness she evolves an imprisoned nun, who thus addresses the British public:—

> Men of the world, come in, come in,
> And scan the convent's wrongs,
> Oh, register our births and deaths,
> And let your Senate give
> The glorious freedom of its gaols
> To every nun alive.

Alas! there are no worse reformers than men of the world. As Mr. Morley justly says, their pygmy hope that kings may be some day better than they are is generally to be found shivering beside their gigantic conviction that they might be infinitely worse. So Mrs. Chaplin, girding herself up for a mighty effort, produces a second imprisoned nun to lay her humble petition at the feet of the Queen.

> Oh, if she would stand alone
> At the grating where we make our moan,
> Would speak by her law to the cardinals proud
> And frown into silence the Romanist crowd,
> And say, as she catches our wailings below:
> 'These are dens of iniquity; over they go.'

To comment on such amazing effusions would be an impertinence. One can only hope that the new Education Act may be the means of instilling a sense of humour, a sense of proportion, and above all a sense of charity, into the younger generation of Great Galleywood. Mrs. Chaplin herself, I fear, is irreformable. Yet her writings yield abundant proof that, amid healthier ecclesiastical surroundings she might have developed into 'a new Bloomfield'—a , she would have probably acquired the good old virtue *a*.

'MERCHANT MORLEY.'

'A MAN should be born old and die young,' said a philosophising friend to me the other day. 'He should start life endowed with the necessary experience, and instead of spending his best years in acquiring money he should be assured of a competency as soon as his college days are over.' Most of us, however, are not satisfied with competencies. We require wealth, not of course for its own sake, but for the sake of the opportunities it provides. Every man according to his taste; and indeed modern civilisation has invented so many ways of dissipating riches that the chief difficulty now seems to lie in devising an original outlet for them.

At the bottom of this terrible haste to get money, from which society suffers, lies, of course, the fear lest one may become too old and dulled of appetite to enjoy it when it does arrive. We cannot all win in the game, but as good sportsmen let us not withhold a due measure of admiration for such as do.

Although millionaires were uncommon in the earlier eighteenth century, the raising of a fortune was an accomplishment not entirely neglected even then. Perhaps it was unattended by the passion of idolatry offered to-day. But then the rules of the game were different, at any rate in the particular instance we are about to examine. The origin of the fortune-builder, if ignoble, was never surrounded with mystery, his homely surname ran no risk of being altered beyond recognition, his early calling was not buried deep in the tomb of forgetfulness.

John Morley's master and exemplar, the 'valuable Sir Josiah Child,' instilled into his pupil's mind a valuable lesson. 'He incuridged me not to be discuridged by reason of my being a butcher, adding that noe wise man would ask wither I was a baker, a butcher, a brewer, a tanner, a turner, a taylor, or a sayler, but wither his business were done.' So Morley was never eager to be taken for precisely what he was not.

On the contrary, from a curious fragment of autobiography not long since unearthed by one of his descendants, Mr. R. J. Beevor, it appears as if Merchant Morley's most cherished desire was that every ungarnished fact concerning his humble origin should be known and read of all men.

To while away a couple of winter's evenings spent in two of those picturesque hostelries which a recent writer on Essex has described as a 'school of manners and a centre of culture,' this ex-butcher and land-jobber, friend of poets and *protégé* of noble and clerical patrons, determines to confide to paper the authentic history of his introduction to the financial world. Ignorant he remained, no doubt, of the self-revelation that accompanies his confession. Nothing could exceed his want of knowledge of commercial affairs outside his greasy butcher's block and blue apron, to begin with; and yet, no sooner does he come under the spell of the great East India merchant than the awkward Essex farmer blossoms out into the astute and wary speculator, adopting the language of the mart, and scenting far off a good investment or a profitable bargain. How this change came about he relates with a singular *naïveté*, which shows him to be by no means undeserving of the title of 'humourist' which Caulfield in his 'Remarkable Characters' has applied to him. Although near seventy years of age when he wrote his autobiography, Morley's memory seems to have been marvellously good. He reproduces the conversations with his first patron; he recalls the details of his working clothes as well as of the finery afterwards bestowed upon him, the quantity and length of his hair, the horses he rode, the lessons in deportment given him by Sir Josiah, and all the circumstances of his adventures thirty or forty years before. He is ashamed of nothing and conceals nothing, not even his ingenuous panic at the ways of the 'morose-countenanced' London gentleman who designed, he concluded, to swallow up his first small hoard of gold. The episodes of his career as a butcher are the very last things he is anxious to hide. He glories fiercely in his honest if unsavoury calling, and though not averse to sunning himself in the smiles of countesses and duchesses (as Pope in a letter humorously reminds him) he protests himself a butcher till his life's end. To show that his gory right hand had never lost its anatomical cunning, Morley kept up till he died the annual custom of killing and scalding 'a hogg' in Halstead Market, paying for the privilege one groat as a fee.

This small industrial town, whose red-roofed houses cling to the sides of the steep High Street which belies the accepted notion of Essex flatness, is probably known by name all over the world as the place where crepe is made. For its hospitable welcome of the expatriated French and Flemish Protestants, it

was rewarded by the establishment of successful weaving industries, commencing with 'bays, says, and perpetuances,' and now concerned chiefly with silk, velvet, and crepe.

Morley's father followed the trade of butcher, and, when he departed, left to his wife Julian Bragg 'all that she brought with her when she came to Halstead, 4*l.* to buy a mourning suite, and a red petticote.' To his eldest son, our financier, he left a small inheritance of land and houses, the butcher's shop, and his own bedstead and feather bed.

When his father died in 1696 Morley, though not at the zenith of his fame, had already proceeded far on the upward road. He was forty years of age, married, and the father of seven children. Could he have foretold the eminence to which a descendant of his fourth child and third daughter, Anne, would rise, he would doubtless have felt even more justified in anticipating the interest posterity would take in his own origin. For not the least interesting thing about Merchant Morley to-day is that through this daughter's son Thomas—a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, and rector of a Suffolk parish—he became ancestor in direct line of the man whose name is in everybody's mouth, Horatio Herbert, Viscount Kitchener of Khartum, and Aspall, Suffolk. It has not occurred to the most ardent of his admirers to record that name in the Irish dwelling where he chanced to be born. So the idea of Merchant Morley's own immortal fame excites an indulgent smile. For which of his deeds or attributes did the merchant fancy Halstead ought to remember him, that he placed a gilded inscription on the chimney-piece at Worthies Place: 'John Morley of Halstead, son of John Morley and Julian his wife, was born in this chamber the 8th of February 1655 [6]'?

The young butcher's introduction to the moneyed world was not quite so accidental as it seemed. It supplies a practical comment on the text which promises his due reward to the industrious and civil-spoken young 'prentice who keeps his eye on the look-out for possible openings. He shall now tell his own tale.

The Red Bull Inn, in Newport Pond, in Essex:[1]
December 9, 1725.

Having occasion to call at this place, the night drawing on, itt came into my thoughts of mentioning the way of my being first knowne to that great man of

[1] The document from which the following extracts are taken was first printed in the current number of the *Essex Review* (quarterly), Colchester, July 1902.

trade and incourager of Industry, Sir Josiah Child, viz. he haveing Bought, above thirty years since, an Estate in the parish of Halstead, in which I was borne, and at that time was married and had several children, and used the trade of a Butcher, in which I was bred. I kept my shop near the church gate. The said Sir Josiah Child having sent two quakers, viz. Thomas Robins and John Ellis, as his servants, to take care and improve the said estate, they both coming from Boys Hall, belonging to the same, passed by my said shop before I could with decency speak to them. They went to several other Butchers' stalls in the Markett, but offering not soe much to either of ye said Butchers as they thought fit to take (it being as I remember in the month of October), they, in very uncommendable languidge, gave them very approbrious words. Which I observed, and waiting a fitt opportunity to speak to them after ye following manner (viz.):

'Masters, will you please to see what meat I have. I hope you will like it as well as any you have seen.' Their answer was: 'Thee speakest civillest to us of any butcher. Wee will see what thou hast.'

I being fully determined to take any money they offered me, although not the third part of its value, we soon agreed, to the best of my remembrance, without the loss of one Grote, very much to my satisfaction. After that time I had much dealinges with them, and killed hoggs for them and many others at the rate of 4*d.* per hogge, as the custom then was.

About the month of July after the said month of October, the said Sir Josiah Child had ordered the Park belonging to the said Estate to be disparked, and the keeper, John White, being very aged and dispirited at the disparking the same, the said John Ellis desired I would assist in killing the Deer, which I readilye comply'd with, receiving for killing each deer 1*s*, the venison being sent several times yearly by a servant to Wanstead House.

This servant, the writer goes on to explain, being remiss in executing his commission in a fit and orderly manner, the deer-slayer was desired to go on the errand instead. The only bargain made was that a mount should be provided him for the two days' journey, since he possessed no horse of his own. It was about thirty-six miles from Halstead to Wanstead. After a trial trip or two, three shillings were offered him as payment; the sum was readily accepted, in spite of a discovery that the actual cost was five. But our astute butcher stipulated with the keeper that he should be allowed a personal interview with 'the great man his master,' whose name, he says in a rather grovelling spirit, he did not attempt to utter, fearing he 'might not do it in a proper manner.' Morley's humorous description of his reception shows him to have been very wide awake.

At my sending letters to the great man (as I then cal'd him) by his Butler into his parlor, he ordered the Butcher should be cal'd, which I, attending in the great Hall, overheard with no small concerne of mind. But goeing to ye parlor door as submissively as I could, although in a very diffarent manner from other persons, viz. making a very low bow, with my hat in both my hands between my leggs, with a coller band, and long shoe stringes, in a Butcher's frock, and I think a gurdle, steele, and apron, and my heire being thin, I was particulerly observed. The great man's words were to ye effect following, viz.:

'How now, Butcher, I hear you are a thriving man, what money have you?'

'And like your Honour, about six score pound.'

'But how much will drive the trade?'

'And like your Honour (bowing as above), about twenty pounds.'

'Then bring the rest when you come next time with venison, and you shall buy East India Stock.'

At which I was very much surprized, and answered, bowing as above: 'And like your Honour, I had rather buy fat sheepe,' taking East India stock to be such iron backs as are sett against Chimneys. But I made another Bow as above, with: 'And like your Honour, I will bring up my money.' And departed from the Parlor door pleased at my being at liberty.

Returning home, according to promise, I brought up my hundred pounds with the venison in two hampers, as usual, in each hamper fifty pounds. As soon as the great man heard I was come, I was sent for to attend him in his Parlor, but could not be persuaded to advance further than the door, in the same manner as above.

'How now, Butcher, have you brought your money?'

'Yes, and like your Honour.'

After the delivery of it, I had his note with orders to go to London to Mr. John Sewell, his agent in Butle Lane, by the Monument, which very much startled me, not having been ever there before. But I was not willing to seem concerned, but with his horse, set forward, with the said note between my glove and my hand. I inquired for the signe of the Three Colts at Mile End, having heard my honerd father mention it to bee a good place of entertaynment (as I truly found it). Inquiring the way to the said Buttalf Lane, the kind landlady, viz. Mrs. Grimley, of the said house, provided me a trusty servant to direct me to the place and see me safe back again, which he did.

As soon as I left London I concluded I had lost my money between these gentlemen. The said Mr. Sewell being a lusty, black, morose-countenanst man in long, lank haire, received my note and gave me another without speaking one word. Therefore I never desired to see London any more.

Three or four months after, Sir Josiah came to see his estate at Halsted, in which time he had ordered me buckles to my shoes, a Steenkirk neckcloth, and a wigg. And talk't very kindly to me, and commanded me to sitt downe in his parlor, and shew'd me to hold my hatt in another manner, and not stand at the door, and showed me how to attend him att his table when he came to Halstead, which I did with much pleasure.

Att his coming thither several gentlemen dyned with him, one of which was a graduate physician call'd Dr. Ingram. About dinner time, the said Dr. Ingram desired to know what profflitt a hundred pounds would yielde for one yeare in the East India Company. The answer was to the following effect:

'Doctor, no person can tel what it will yield for one day to come. But I can tell you what it hath done for sixteen years past, and the butcher can tell you what it hath done for four or five months past, he having put in one hundred pounds and its now worth one hundred and sixty.' Hearing this gave me much pleasure, believing my money was not lost. Soone after the said Dr. Ingram told me he would give me five guynees more for halfe of my East India Stock than it would sell for at London, which proposal I acquainted Sir Josiah with. He advised me to comply, telling me he would lend me a horse to London, and I might get five guynees for my journey. Which I readilye comply'd with, and thought it would be better than 3s a journey for my carrying venison, as before mentioned.

Soone after, I waited on Mr. Edward Ingram, the son of Dr. Ingram, to the East India House in Leden Hall Street, with letters from the said Sir Josiah Child to several persons, and the business was done to my satisfaction. I soone came acquainted at the East India House, being several times sent from Wanstead on messedges, and bought and sold stock untill I had gotten the £100 I first put into the said Company, and had the same stock I bought at first, which £100 I brought home and desir'd my wife to lay it aside, assuring her I would not venture it any more. I met with good success with the little stock I had, having Sir Josiah Child's kind advice. But had no occasion for my £100, which had layne by for severall months, not knowing how to make ye least improvement of it, having sufficient to carry on my trade.

It was at this point that our speculator proceeded to embark in investments of a very different kind. Stocks and shares were still something of a mystery to him, but real property came entirely within his comprehension. There was much, however, to learn, even here. He seems to have been induced to make his first purchase—a house near the Town Bridge, where he plied his trade of butchering, and where meat is still sold—by the remark of 'Mr. Nicholas Jekyll, a reputable attorney of Hedingham Castle,' that it was 'a good title.' Morley confesses that he was proud to think he should be master of a house bearing the name of Guild Hall, 'which I believed was a greater title than ordinary, it being ye same name with that great place at upper end of Kings Street in London.' That he was not quite so simple as he pretends we may believe when he goes on to say, 'after having this honourable house for 3 or 4 months, I sold it to great advantage.'

In his second interview with Mr. Jekyll he became still more deeply involved in legal phraseology. The Hedingham lawyer had 'a parcell of land' for sale; Morley had imbibed the spirit of gambling, and nothing would do but he must purchase.

He diswaded me from buying it, [for] being a young man, it might be thought I had given too much, and that he had over-reached me in the agreement, which was eleven score pounds. I told him I would pay him six score pounds downe and would tye the land for the rest, not understanding either a mortgage or a bond. When he mentioned a 'surrender,' I noe more understood that sort of conveyance, nor copy hold from freehold land, then I now understand the Hebrew languidge. But I went on with the agreement, and concluded within myself that I could sell ye land to advantage in three or four months, as I had done ye said house, not knowing that it was copy hold, and that I was to pay a fine to the lord of the manor.

To cut the story short (for Morley's style seems to have been formed on a close acquaintance with parchment writings), he found

that the fine amounted to 17*l.*, and if he sold the land the next purchaser would also pay another 17*l.* This consideration made him wish to sell, and he determined in future to inform himself of the difference between freehold and copyhold land. He was not long in finding a purchaser, at a price which covered the copyhold fine and left him twenty pounds to the good. When he informed Sir Josiah Child of his good bargain, that individual was highly pleased at his pupil's success. It was an excellent beginning, and reflected much credit on the methods of instruction imparted by the author of 'A New Discourse on Trade.'

He told me he would imploy me to buy land for him, which he did to the greatest part of twenty thousand pounds vallue; he taking great paynes to instruct me therein, as also in teaching me to write and keeping plaine accounts by Dr. and Credditor, both persons signing the same book when ye account was made up, giving of me much freedom in conversing with him, allowing me to ask him questions in ye plainest manner, his answers being very informing. I have observed several times, if there were any money charged in any of his Bayliff's or my own accounts that did not by any omission seeme so cleere as ye other perticulers in ye account, his question was, 'Did you expend this sum on my account?' Then I allow it freely, and observe to make ye perticulars more plaine in your next account.' And this with all the mildness of temper that could bee desired. He was a great incuridger of Industrey, and delighted to imploy the poore in the most needful times. . . . I always found he kept his word in all agreements in the most strict sense, and incouridged others to doe ye same. He was a true lover of his countrey and a promoter of trade, much to ye advantage of it.

Then, with a slight allusion to Child's Jacobite leanings (he believed King James II. to be 'an honest man, though in ill hands and having soe vile a chancellor and other ministers and officers of state about him'), the autobiography concludes with regret that many things have slipped the writer's memory, for it is 'neare forty years since I first waited on him.' Morley adds, in a burst of gratitude, 'Could I doe anything more for any of his ofspring then I have done, it would bee as agreable as my drinking tea att six in ye morning and Dyning att noone on ye same day.' Curiously enough, we have another allusion to Morley's tea-drinking propensities in a letter from Dr. Stratford, canon of Christ Church, to Edward Lord Harley. Morley was Harley's companion on a trip to Scotland. His lordship's old tutor highly approves of the companionship.

You know I have often wished you were bound prentice to Morley rather than to Wanley, with all due respect to Wanley's profession. I shall be glad to find you so good a proficient as to be able to debate a point of improvement with the

merchant. My hearty respects to the merchant. I hope he will teach you his trade and make your Lordship as errant a land jobber as he is. . . . I shall long to have an account of your peregrinations and of the accommodations you met with in that land of promise [elsewhere he speaks of their 'travels towards the North Pole, through craggy scrubbed ways']. If Merchant Morley's own cargo failed him, I am afraid the places where you baited would scarce afford him bohea and loaf sugar.

If the merchant had seen fit to continue his autobiography we might have learned the truth about his connection with the Harleys and his responsibility for the Harley-Holles marriage. Rumour has it that for negotiating this alliance he received 10,000*l.*[1] If so, match-making proved even more profitable than dealing in East India stock or jobbing in Essex estates. And it is certainly a tribute to Merchant Morley's tact and diplomacy that he was employed in such a delicate matter as the arranging of the future of the Duke of Newcastle's fatherless heiress. If he were indeed the agent employed, he was perhaps chosen not so much because he was proficient in handling land (the bride's person was accompanied by estates valued at 100,000*l.*) as by reason of his connection with Halstead and Hedingham, where some of the dowry lay situated. The heiress's father had been better known, before he was created a duke, as John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare. He died a year or more before the marriage, and cherished his descent from the De Veres so much that he directed in his will that he should be buried near his great-grandfather, the famous Sir Horatio Baron Vere of Tilbury, renowned for his battles by sea and land.

Morley, at any rate, appears to have had plenty of money to spend just after the marriage in 1713. He purchased and rebuilt Blue Bridge House in his native town, laid out the gardens somewhat elaborately, and made terraces round about a small piece of water. True to his early faith, he placed over the door the arms of the Butchers Company of London. In the garden he erected a fountain with his own figure in metal, 'in his butchers habit with a hog lying on a bench before him, with a knife in his right hand, in his left a dish pouring water on the hog, at his left foot a dog sejant with a cord about his neck.' As a very exquisite

[1] The bridegroom's father was proportionately grateful, and rewarded Morley for this or other services with a 'cupp and salver,' bequeathed by the agent to his eldest son John, when he made his will, dated October 31, 1732, a few months only before his death.

contrivance, the water conveyed up the figure fell from a corner of the hat.

To Blue Bridge came some of the literary friends whom Morley's introduction to the Harleys brought the ex-butcher. Pope was there, he tells us. Prior was a not infrequent visitor, and, seeing his friend's peaceful establishment, began to long for a 'place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave.' His ambition was not large:

> Great Mother, let me once be able
> To have a garden, house, and stable,
> That I may read, and ride, and plant,
> Superior to desire, or want;
> And as health fails and years increase,
> Sit down, and think, and die in peace.

The land-jobber, of course, has just the place in his eye, and Prior's amusing 'Ballad of Down Hall' describes a jaunt undertaken in company with the agent to inspect the proposed purchase. (It appears to have been really purchased by Harley, who presented it to the poet for life and afterwards lived there himself.) A chariot was bought, in which to make the journey, which, instead of a thirty-mile drive into the country, might have included an expedition to Cape Wrath, to judge from the preparations. As a tribute to our renowned climate, one window was constructed of glass, the other of canvas,

> So that extremes of winter and summer might pass.

Though both were Englishmen, the usual window amenities enlivened the hours of travel:

> Draw up, quoth Friend Matthew, pull down, quoth Friend John.
> So scolding and talking they forward did speed.

Through Hoddesdon and Harlow they coach, and at last arrive in sight of a solitary windmill. The house, protests the agent, is close behind. Matthew at length discerns a low, ruinous, untiled, unglazed, white shed.

> 'I believe 'tis a barn.
> A barn! why, you rave, 'tis a home for a squire,
> A Justice of Peace, or a knight of the shire.

No 'Hall,' sure, can be built of lath and plaster. Roughly the agent assures the prospective owner that he can arrange with a bricklayer about all that.

> My business is land, and it matters not me.

He cannot perceive what the deuce the poet ails—

I showed you Down Hall, did you look for Versailles?

As to his whims of apartments and gardens, why, Mat had best be content with things as they are, and take the house

For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty.

This Matthew shortly did, and readily enough. What is more to the point, he remained on the most friendly terms with the insinuating seller for ever after:

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part,
Here John is my thumb, and here Mat is my heart;
To Halstead I speed and you go back to town.
Thus ends the first part of the Ballad of Down.

Gay was another of Morley's literary friends. But the most devoted was Pope, whose witty and affectionate letters are most excellent reading. Morley seems to have showered gifts of oysters and candied eringo roots—both natives of Colchester—upon the poet and his mother. Pope desires to know if Morley has some young woman in his eye to marry him to, that these 'attendant bribes' recur so frequently. 'As to marriage, I need provocatives of all sorts. . . . None of your Provocatives, good Mr. Morley, but as much of your goodwill as you please.'

When the merchant is laid up through having come into violent collision with a stake at Down Hall the poet seems to have been his faithful companion until he was about again. I am almost inclined to think, from the following letter from Pope to Harley, that the journey of the injured agent from Harlow to London was made under Pope's own eye. If not, he speedily followed, and awaited Morley's convalescence:

Dover St.: 7 Jan. 1725–6.

My Lord—I write this from your own house, and at the bedside of Mr. Morley, whom first yours and my Lady Oxford's letters, and next my informing him how much you were concerned for him, has half recovered. Your letters lie on his bed, which he reads for his morning and evening prayer. This frosty weather keeps his leg in pain, when it is dressed especially; but, as to his spirits, they are to be envied. He tells me he sees no company, and therefore, I believe, he talks or sings to himself, he is so much alive.

Ten or twelve days later Pope is released from his attendance on his friend, and writes to him from Twickenham in the following sportive strain:

It was a great pleasure to me to leave you so well recovered, and, as I may say, upon your legs again. A man that is so apt to run about to serve his friends, ought never, sure, to be laid up as you have been. It must, however, have taught you to be more cautious for the future how you venture at a great stake, and to walk warily, with many other moral and political lessons, when you who know

that ground better than any man in England have been thus *mistaken*. If my Lord and Lady Oxford's letters, which you used as daily plaisters to your wound, had not healed it up already, I might hope this which I send would have some effect. Theirs I apprehend gave you vanity, and therefore increased your proud flesh; mine may humble you, and take it down. I am eating the oysters you sent (pickled). St. Peter never tasted so good, though he was a fisherman all his life. I would not advise you to use such diet, nor yet to eat eringo roots, their neighbours at Colchester. These things would put your body into some disorder at this time, when you lie so much upon your back. Besides Dr. Cotesworth says your flesh is young, like a fellow's of five-and-twenty.

Pray write something in the account of your life to satisfy posterity that Down Hall was the ancient name of the place, and that it did not receive that appellation from throwing you down, in which case it may come hereafter to be called Down-Morley. After all, I fancy you lay in so long only to receive visits and letters and homages and messages in the greater state, to hear the condolements of countesses and Duchesses, and to see the diamonds of beauties sparkle at your bedside. You are so little accustomed to take your rest or to be still that now you come to find the sweets of it. I wish you do not do like the Indian king, who, when first he got into a soft bed, resolved he would never get up again. If so, we will all come to your couchée and the wits of the time shall be set at work to make your epitaph, without one word of a resurrection. But if your natural and usual impatience to serve others and that impetuosity so peculiar to yourself prevail over your present habit of repose, the next journey you take to buy land for a poet, I promise to accompany you, be you as active as you will. And upon all other journies and projects whatsoever of yours, I will at least accompany you with my best wishes for your success. I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and hearty humble servant,

A. POPE.

The tone of this letter, and of Dr. Stratford's epistles to Harley, differs vastly from Swift's slighting mention of the 'rascally butcher and knave' to whom he attributes all Lord Oxford's embarrassments. But there seems little reason to believe that the Dean ever made the merchant's acquaintance. The letter in which these expressions occur was written five years after his death. Morley was so generous a benefactor of the churches and livings in the parishes where he acquired property that he deserved better of the Dean.[1] He purchased the presentation of several advowsons, and possibly intended his youngest son, Thomas, for the Church. But at Christ Church, Oxford, Thomas fell in with a 'little sorry girl that was servant to a poor bed-maker,' and, following her afterwards to London, had the grace to marry her, after which there are no more tidings of his career. Dr. Stratford, relating this to Harley in 1721, says he has 'been applied to, to recommend to Morley's favour his new daughter-in-law, but I believe you will think I have declined that office.'

[1] A register-book bound in vellum, on the cover in gilt lettering this inscription: 'The gift of John Morley, a butcher, to the parish of Little Maplestead, in Essex, December the 22nd, 1692,' is still carefully preserved there.

No mention of Thomas occurs in the merchant's will, which contains a kindly and fair disposition among his other seven children of his large property. There is a strange irony in the fact that it was realised almost entirely through buying and selling estates in Essex, a county where, I suppose, purely agricultural land is now of less value than in any other in England.

To Morley's wife, the 'Dame Betty' of the Ballad, no other allusion whatever can be traced save the reference to her thrifty disposition already given in her husband's reminiscences. The merchant's eldest grandson and namesake married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Jacob, of Stanstead Hall, Halstead. He traded to the East in his own ship, returning with certain Greek marbles, which may now be seen in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. At his death in 1777 he divided a handsome fortune among his sons John Jacob, Hildebrand, and Allington, and his daughter, Dorothy, wife of Bridges Harvey. His enumeration of goods, other than South Sea stock and Government securities, includes 'East India shells, silver-mounted,' and numerous archaic articles of plate such as may have once pertained to the real founder of the family. Of the merchant's daughters, Martha married Thomas Unwin, of St. Peter's, Cornhill, and was father of Morley Unwin; Anne, as above indicated, became the wife of Thomas Fiske, rector of Shimpling, Suffolk; Susan, after her father's death, espoused his friend, Alexander Vievar, the elderly vicar of Halstead.

Morley's vanity—or the admiration of his friends—induced him to sit twice for his portrait. At the age of sixty Sir Godfrey Kneller painted him in a flowing perruque and wearing a sword; a shrewd handsome face on a spare lean body. In his hand is a pen, on the table a book. By all laws of fitness it should be an account book. In the background hangs an oval picture, or medallion, showing a butcher in long coat girt about with a girdle and steel, bearing on his shoulders the carcass of a sheep. Morley's pet idiosyncrasy—posing as the butcher—reappears to assert his most conspicuous virtue—consistency. As the poet Mason said of Laureate Whitehead: 'It would be vain to conceal that he was of low extraction. Let it then be boasted rather than whispered that he was the son of a baker.' In Morley's case concealment was undesired, though he was the son of a butcher, not of a baker.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER.

EARLY on a morning in June in the year 1815, the people of a dull little town applauded an emperor. There he sat in his hurrying carriage, silent, with his quiet arms folded, gazing ahead. The motionless figure, clad in the dusty and stained uniform, topped by the wide curved black hat, was as familiar to the worshipping people as it is to us still, though they had never seen it before, and as remote from them also as it is from us now. The sight of it banished the thought of the army that had clattered and tramped in front of it away to the North; it overcame every remembrance. Even the interest they had taken in one another was gone; the Mayor himself was neglected, and so was the alien among them. Why should anyone heed an ugly little quadroon when Napoleon passes by?

Napoleon might have glanced at the boy, if he had known who he was, or if he had foreseen the greatness of his other renown. But he went to his last battle, aware of the setting of his fortunate star. No more triumphs for him, no more worlds to be conquered by this Alexander! It was not the vanishing dust of his army that held his grave eyes. Though his bent Roman face was as calm as when he had seen victory, he looked on disaster. Therefore he was deaf to applause, soon to be over. Now he is dust; and the people have vanished in turn. The alien, the little quadroon, lives with us still, not as he was on that morning, but strong in his manhood. It is just a hundred years since his birth; and that is, of course, an excellent reason for talking of him. Besides, it is always worth while to talk of Alexander Dumas.

Too much has been said of his life, for it is not to be praised, and of his times, for it was his misfortune to live when fools courted misfortune. He was born when Napoleon was Consul, and the laurels of Marengo were fresh; he died when his country was wrecked by another Napoleon. The sun of Austerlitz shone on his childhood; and the snows of the Terrible Year whitened his grave. After the tragedies of the French Revolution and the First Empire there came a harlequinade; and in it he bore a minor and ridiculous part. Then came the tragical end of it, just as he died.

If he had been no more than a farcical leader of mock revolu-

tions, a loud politician amid the froth and the tumult of surf after a tempest, he would have been as little to us as his vehement competitors are. But he was much more; and it is with that other Dumas, the writer, that we are concerned. He had blue blood and a brown face, agreeably African; he had a mop of black wool; he was huge—all this we know, as we do how he came to be thus, how a noble of Normandy—Antoine Alexandre de la Pailleterie—had a child by a negress named Marie Dumas, how he brought him from St. Domingo to France, how the boy—a gigantic mulatto—enlisted in the Republican army, and married the innkeeper's daughter at drowsy Villers-Cotterets on the moors of the North, how he rose in a couple of years to be a general, how he was taken by the enemy, how he returned from imprisonment to his wife, and soon died, almost penniless, leaving a three-year-old son, made in his likeness, our Alexander.

All this we are glad to remember. The martial and adventurous father, to whom liberty was all the more dear because he had been chained, to whom injustice was all the more hateful because he had suffered it from the hour of his birth; the blue blood and the black; the childhood at old Villers-Cotterets under the shadow of a castle, whose walls spoke of the past; these were vital: but the varying chances of his life, his absurdities, his animal loves, his fatal and contemptible times, those are good to forget.

Kings have a ghostly persistence, and so have great victors enveloped in the smoke of their fields. If anyone wishes to see such spectres distinctly, he is right in perusing the history of their lives to discover explanatory phrases or acts. But when a writer is shown at his best, and distinctly, in his books, it is well to be content without trying to see him as he was at his worst. Thus Alexander is shown—not, indeed, in most of the volumes he signed, but in the few that he made essentially his, despite the employment of helpers. The dramas he wrote in his raw beginning were copies, a schoolboy's, clever enough, but derived, tainted by the prevalent mood, the effete misunderstanding of Byron. But the best of the stories he wrote when he was old enough to be natural, when he had put off the solemnity of youth, are his own; and in these he appears plain, at his best, with the courtly grace of a gentleman of France and a negro's innocent and beguiling grin.

The style of those stories was new then, and welcome accordingly, and yet it was old. Take the first words of Don Quixote,

'En un Lugar de la Mancha, de cujo nombre no quiero racordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivia un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocin flaco y galgo corredor.' There is Alexander's own touch; there is the smooth rapid stream of veracious narrative, lit by a rippling undercurrent of humour. Or open any one of Boccaccio's 'Novelle' at random: 'Certissima cosa è, se fede si può dare alle parole d' alcuni Genovesi e d' altri huomini che in quelle contrade stati sono, che nelle parti del Cattaio fu già un huomo di legnaggio nobile e ricco senza comparatione, per nome chiamato Nathan.' There is the same bright and delicate speed, the same modest truthfulness. Boccaccio's ripe elegance, and the sad and restrained bitterness that ennobled Cervantes' humour and made it the brighter because the ripple was seen to be over black depths, were not for Dumas; but their amiable manner was his.

Cervantes owed much to Boccaccio, and he in his turn was indebted to the wandering tellers fortunate enough to be born (as he was) before printing had begun to destroy the oldest of arts, Romance. When stories were meant to be told, not studied, they had to be simple and enthralling and swift. And this is why the oldest, the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Le Morte Darthur,' for instance, are also the best. No doubt a portion of their primitive charm is due to the fact that their tellers and hearers were primitive—early light is over them all; but more must be ascribed to the need of enthralling the listening hunters and fighters and women whose hearts adventured with adventurous men. Now Alexander was primitive. Negroes carry under grey wool the immature brains of children. So did he, and the blood of those unaltered progenitors made him akin with the tellers who lived long ago. The old themes were near to his heart, battles and love and adventures in the good open air and the affection of comrades. The old methods were natural, and therefore he wrote as if he was talking to a circle of friends—gentlefolk all—by the communicating glow of a fire.

As for his debt to Cervantes, that was acknowledged when he introduced d'Artagnan: 'Traçons son portrait d'un seul trait de plume,' he wrote; 'figurez-vous Don Quichotte à dix-huit ans, Don Quichotte revêtu d'un pourpoint de laine, dont la couleur bleue s'était transformée en une nuance insaisissable de lie de vin et d'azur céleste.' Again it was owned when he mounted

him on a new Rosinante and provided him with the proper contrasted servant. How well he obeyed that wise rule, 'Make vivid by contrast,' when he painted the Three Musketeers—Quixotes all, even Porthos the fat and Aramis the pretty and sly—and their appropriate Sanchos! And then 'Eh bien! Athos, Porthos, Aramis et d'Artagnan, en avant!'

Still, though his one other character worthy to rank with these—Chicot—was a Quixote endowed with humour, and had his right Sancho, the Prior, the debt was a matter of form. If he copied 'Don Quixote' and those 'Novelas' inspired by Boccaccio and the long sequence of Italian 'Novelle,' it was without imitation of their deeper intent. So, too, while he had something of Rabelais' large gusto, he had none of his satire; while he had the Queen of Navarre's gaiety, he lacked her essential and feminine naughtiness. Perhaps if he had read none of these authors, instead of delighting in them all, as he did, his style would have been much the same when once he had grown to his mature immaturity. Perhaps the congenial examples but helped him to find his natural path. Even if they did no more, that was much, since so many writers are spoilt—as he was in his youth—by copying models uncongenial to them. This he was doing no longer, as he struck from the intricate paths of his time to the old simple way.

And in this he was helped by the modesty that came with his manhood. For vain though he was, he was modest; his vanity was always a child's, compatible with knowledge of weakness. His own limitations were evident to him in his prime, and so he succeeded. His work, he said, was 'tout en dehors'; he called himself 'vulgarisateur.' Both these indictments were true; but that did not vex him. Dickens and Scott should have pleaded guilty to them, though they never did, not being children. These faults were meritorious: his work was understood by the world because it was vulgar; it attracted because it dealt only with what could be seen.

The true 'Comédie Humaine' was his, not Balzac's. He could leave the dissection of secret desires and the probing of the hidden recesses of the heart to his brooding competitor; these were matter for students and of little account on the stage where all must be told outwardly. We know all his characters, as we know one another, from the outside. It is better so; for there is small happiness in knowing too much. Balzac could sit up all

night drinking black coffee, and sleep all day long, if he chose: that was not Alexander's way; *he* wanted sunlight and wine. 'Il embrasse,' Sainte-Beuve wrote of him, 'mais il n'étreint pas comme M. de Balzac.' Some of us prefer an embrace.

Sunlight and wine made his work sparkle and glow; his joy in them was shared with his readers, as the pleasure he took in his tales was, as all his goods were with his friends—all the gold he amassed, all the volumes he borrowed, all the ridiculous things he brought back with such triumph from his magnified journeys. And, above all, his confidence of triumph was shared. 'Victory, victory!' was his cry when he rushed home to his mother to tell of his first stroke of luck, and he whooped it whenever he had any kind of excuse; if a drama was welcomed—'Victory!' if he had succeeded in paying a big price for something that nobody else would take as a gift—'Victory!' if he had stolen a serviceable plot or idea—'Victory!' That triumphing mood made him triumphant. When sickness and disaster had ended it, he was to fail.

Failure was far from his prime, and success made him loving. Who ever wrote with such wealth of universal affection? He loved nearly all of his characters, every one of his readers, and, much more than either, himself. 'J'aime qui m'aime' was his motto, and, in acting on this, he took the affection of all for granted, since it was so plain to himself that he was worthy of love. When he was undeceived—as he was now and then—he was furious; but his hatreds were farcical; there would be a terrible rolling of eyeballs, a display of big teeth, and much loud declamation, and then there was an end of it.

Porthos was the character dearest to him, as was natural, since he was the one that resembled him most; he was Alexander made dull, but all the more lovable because there was nothing to leave his simplicity doubtful. An epicure and a glutton he was, and vain and susceptible and fond of fine clothes; and these and the rest of his qualities were drawn with a jovial exaggeration befitting an affectionate caricature. When Dumas laughed aloud as he wrote of him, he laughed at himself. Even his own boasts of his father's feats found reproduction: "'Mon grandpère était un homme deux fois fort comme moi,' dit Porthos. 'Oh! oh!' dit Aramis; 'C'était donc Samson, votre grandpère?' 'Non, il s'appelait Antoine.'" But Athos and d'Artagnan, Chicot, Dom Modeste, and how many more, were favourites also, and even the necessary villains were dear.

The worst of his villains were women—Milady and Catherine de' Medici, for instance—but their crimes were condoned by a chivalrous regard for their sex. 'What would you have? It is the animal's nature,' Alexander says, shrugging and smiling tenderly. That was his way with the multitude of women he loved in rapid succession. No good woman lives in his pages; Louise de la Vallière and Marguerite de Savoie were perhaps in accordance with his notion of goodness; but if so, that notion was odd. Most of his ladies are treacherous, selfish, and serenely immoral. Of course, the last of these qualities may have been one he considered a virtue—at least, in a story. 'Many emotions and no morals' was one of his rules.

Still, the fact that he fails so constantly in drawing his women, that they are mere puppets while his men are alive, suggests a suspicion that he who loved the sex to his cost hated it also, as so many libertines do. The women with whom he consorted were the worst he could find. If he had been wholly a negro they would have contented him; but that other inheritance, the strain he derived from gentlemen, may have led him to feel such hatred as his nature afforded, not the stark loathing that Maupassant had for his chosen companions, but a lenient dislike. Beyond doubt, he had cause for it, though, if it existed, it did not avail to keep him from them. Whenever he saw himself fooled or deserted, there was voluble rage and a stormy repentance; but then a new pretty face came in sight,—'En avant! Mousquetaire!'

His friends used to inform him, while he was rich, that he was born out of his time, was a French musketeer of the sixteenth or the seventeenth century sadly misplaced—which flattery was all the more welcome because it ignored his clouded descent. They had some excuse, as he showed when he depicted himself as Porthos, 'le bon et brave'; but it is open to question whether that descent did not cause the resemblance they noted, since vanity and the love of fine clothes and elaborate politeness are all signs of a negro. In any case, he was at home in the world of those days, and wrote of it therefore with an open delight and a consequent triumph. Then he was at his best; then his characters lived as he would have liked to have done; then he saw himself a swaggering, conquering Gascon musketeer.

Though the French part of his nature was Norman, the tropical blend had produced an excellent Gascon. If he, with his russet cheeks, had been taken for a Frenchman at all by strangers,

it could only have been for one born in the hotter and exuberant South. That consideration perhaps influenced his manner, which certainly reeked of garlic, and his accent, which naturally seemed to be due to softer Provence. There his heart was at home in the sun. From that land of sunlight and wine came many of his favourite heroes—d'Artagnan, Chicot, Henri de Navarre, and a regiment of minor Provençals. This sympathy with Gascons was fortunate, for it led him to turn to the most generous, amusing, and lovable type of the French, and so was the attraction the lives of the gay musketeers had for him when he found them related in an old volume that he opened by chance, for it guided him well. So did Scott's 'Quentin Durward'; that novel and this later attraction led him to the best of his themes. Could there be any better theme for Romance than the life of a hero whose business it is to defend a terrible king?

Our world is too old for Romance. Progress has robbed us of that pleasant old art, giving us, alas! in its stead, an empirical science. But in the young days when it throve kings were terrible still, mysteriously uplifted, apart. The imminence of unlimited power, mystery, splendour, horrible risks and the chance of enormous rewards—these were all added to tales by the appearance of princes. So princes, whether caliphs or sultans, emperors or kings or mere dukes, were regarded as almost essential to a popular tale. If a squire of low degree was admitted to the rank of a hero, it was but on condition that he married a princess, and he was expected to prove royal descent. 'Sing the wrath of Achilles,' Homer began royally; the first words of the 'Arabian Nights' told of a monarch of Persia; 'Le Morte Darthur' commenced with the name of Uther Pendragon. Now princes are fallen: what poet would write 'Sing the wrath of the Emperor William'?

That is one of the reasons why Romance can but deal with a day that is past. There are others; for even in the earliest days men were apt to know rather too much about contemporary monarchs, and wanted to hear of ones looming colossal from the mist of the past; and they, like us, hearkened in the hope of forgetting habitual cares. These requisites—the glamour of distance and the shadow of a sceptre—were found by Dumas accidentally when he saw himself strut as a king's musketeer. It was to be his misfortune to prove that he found them in ignorance by writing a number of unreadable tales. There may

be some who have read all he wrote, but most of us lay most of his books down with a sigh. 'Les Quarante-Cinq,' 'La Dame de Monsoreau,' 'La Reine Margot,' 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' 'Vingt Ans Après,' and the best of them all, 'Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,' are not among those. Happy is he who has read them early and often. In all of these the heroes are guards or companions of a dangerous king; in all the times are just distant enough; in all the tales are delightful while the scenes are in France, but tedious if the frontier is crossed. D'Artagnan has only to come to England, and at once he is altered to a fatuous bore; for the most important of all the requisites of Romance is an atmosphere fit for a tale.

Scott wrote one real romance in prose—'Quentin Durward.' Even 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is merely a novel. The atmosphere of 'Quentin' is French, and bestows on it an alien vivacity; but 'Kenilworth,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Old Mortality,' and even 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' lumber in a heavier air. It is so with all English tales. Even 'Esmond' is only illumined by gleams of romance. It is true that our own days have seen an exception—'The Forest Lovers'; but where is its necessary Forest of Morgraunt? And it is true that 'Le Morte Darthur' dealt also with England; but where are its scenes? Tintagel we have, but Broceliande is leafy no more. If (as there is reason to think) the tales of King Arthur and his knights were invented in Brittany, that would account for the choice of an unvisited land. But there was no glamour in Sherwood; Robin and his archers were only making believe.

Why are Tennyson's 'Idylls' so puny a rendering of Malory's legends? Because he was writing of England. In that admirably English 'Memoir' of his it is told that when he happened to visit Lyme Regis and saw the Undercliff there he said, 'This exactly represents some of the romantic landscape before my mind's eye in the "Idylls"—little winding glades closed all round with grassy mounds and wild shrubs, where one might fancy the sudden appearance of a knight riding or a spell-bound damsel.' Now that Undercliff is pretty. Its shrubs are extremely wild and its bracken is remarkably tall, and its hawthorns are several feet high. One could manage to lose one's way in its tangle for a minute or so, if one tried very hard. But it is not the dark forest that Tristram and Launcelot knew. Neither does the Isle of Wight's miniature loveliness greatly resemble it. Because

Tennyson's heroes played hide-and-seek in such scenes their adventures are paltry. When in the last two of his 'Idylls' he rose towards the height of his theme, it was because playtime was over and the pretty surroundings were hidden by darkness and mist.

The English race is renowned for strong common sense and a lucrative devotion to business—at least, it used to be once; which laudable qualities are antipathetic to Romance. But the martial and amorous and fantastic behaviour of the French of old days chimed with it. And their country—wide, smooth, unencumbered, crossed by the long, open roads where the poplars stood sentries like tall grenadiers, and enclosing dim towns and that huddled and tragical city, Paris—was as prone to inspire an urgent romance as their qualities were, and as was the kind, vigorous air, not made dull by too much of the sun nor harsh by too little. Then why is Alexander Dumas the only romancer of latter-day France? Because the country is altered and the race is corrupt. The green forest wherein Mademoiselle de Maupin adventured smells of patchouli.

Alexander was the last of the ancients; and even his vices were wholesome. His wildest imaginings have the same fundamental sanity that limited Scott while it made his inventions so credible. He was limited too by that air and those scenes. No tempests, no thundering breakers, no mountains, no forests influenced his fancy; it hastened through meadows or flamed in that hotbed of passion, Paris. What benignity and speed it acquired from that delicate air! He took his big jumps at a gallop. No reader has time to reflect whether it is likely that General Monk was packed in a case, or whether even French soldiers would turn from attacking a town before daylight to chase the fox with guns. The packing-case is a matter of course, a happy thought; and the still more surprising arrival of the hunters is only a proof that Porthos was destined to die.

Another thing that makes Scott and Dumas credible is their natural ease. A plain style can do much to make a story seem plain. Scott wrote with ease (or with negligence, rather), partly to show his breeding, since he held that a pen was not a gentleman's weapon, and partly because he considered that fiction was the lowest of all forms of literature, and still more because he was lazy. Dumas wrote with ease because life was too precious to him to be wasted on labour, and his pen was his favourite toy.

If they had taken a little more pains, had revised their best work as Shakespeare did his, they might have earned places nearer to Shakespeare. On the other hand, they might have but lessened the pleasure we share. We have cause to be glad of their negligence, we who have been pained by the painful exhibition of ignorance paraded as knowledge—we who have suffered so much from writers whose euphuism seems to be modelled on Scott's horrid caricature instead of on the musical language of Sidney's Arcadia.

It made them credible also in a different way; it kept them from contradicting tradition. Romancers are asked to deceive, not to undeceive. Historical persons must be drawn in accordance with tradition, or else their portraiture only impedes the attempt to delude. Neither Scott nor Dumas ever clashed with it. Scott did not trouble about drawing from life when he painted Elizabeth: Good Queen Bess of the legends was his popular model, and that tinselled lay-figure was drawn with such skill that his image appeared to be living. Ignoring disagreeable facts and all the vexatious complexity of feminine nature, he painted a woman that men—even Englishmen—found comprehensible, in whose familiar existence they were quick to believe. If his portrait was gloriously false, what was that to the readers whose national pride and personal complacence he flattered? Still, he had a conscience; he never drew Henry the Eighth or Charles the First, though the lives and the times of those kings were dramatic and romantic; he even hinted the truth about Mary Queen of Scots while avoiding the vital romance and drama of her luckless career. Indeed, it is probable that something besides negligence led him to buttress the common beliefs; there was his national wisdom to keep him from offending his readers by showing their ignorance; there was his own conservative respect for tradition.

Dumas had no conscience; and yet his pictures of monarchs resembled them more than did Scott's. This was due to the fact that the French were not so easily fooled as the English, who accepted a Good Queen Bess or a Bluff King Hal at their own valuation so loyally. French tradition was true in the main, though it exaggerated Louis Quatorze and gave impossible crimes to Catherine de' Medici, chiefly because she was Italian. The greatness of Louis' and Catherine's infamy suited Dumas; he would have been the last to impugn a convenient belief.

We owe much to him and to Scott: gratitude, admiration, and

love; but also a grudge. What have we not borne from the followers that copy their faults? And of that wearisome tribe Alexander's illiterate pupils are surely the worst. General Dumas once threw his regiment over a wall (at least, his son said he did), pitching his soldiers across it in turn, and then bounded after. Would that Alexander could give his pedestrian troop a similar lift! He bounded over the wall into the kingdom of Romance (and how lightly!), but the best of them fail.

> King Pandion he is dead:
> All his knights are lapped in lead.

Dead after much tribulation and the long martyrdom of conscious decay. But he lives with us still, radiant as he was in his prime. The curs that yelped at his heels are silent, and his troubles are over; but his laughter is with us,—the years have not taken his contagious delight.

Small men still labour to belittle Napoleon; but scandal cannot hurt Alexander: *dat veniam corvis.* No detectives can earn shameful bread by toiling to misrepresent his vast evil behaviour. We know it, for his faults—like his work—were 'tout en dehors'; and when all is said, he was not black, he was an agreeable brown. When all is said, we repeat the homage Thackeray paid him in this Magazine, 'O thou brave, kind, gallant, old Alexandre. I hereby offer thee tribute.' Who renders such affectionate homage to the ghost of Napoleon? The glories of victors and emperors vanish like the dust of their fields, like the diadems pass. The laurels of the writer remain.

FRANK MATHEW.

THE HERO'S LAST ENGAGEMENT.

WHEN the Hero found himself alone with the conviction (indicated by a pleasant smile) that he was not likely to be disturbed by any member of his family, he began to reflect (and the smile became slightly derisive) that, primarily, he was not so much surprised at his own good fortune as at the amazing fact that his wife had no knowledge of it. That morning he had woke up as usual with a vague feeling of regret that he had not died in the night, and he had left his bed, earlier than usual (and very reluctantly), because his wife had reminded him that some friends of hers were coming to play croquet in the afternoon, and that the lawn ought to be rolled before the dew was off it. While he was rolling it, the postman flitted up on a bicycle, and he had asked the man if there was a registered letter. Why had he done so? He was not expecting a registered letter, and, as a rule, he never opened his letters till after breakfast, because they were sure to contain something or other potent enough to take the edge off an appetite never too keen. And always—but *always!*—he had been constrained to share with his wife what news, good or bad, they might hold. Again, he had read his registered letter, his wonderful letter, on the lawn in the full blaze of the morning sun, and he could not doubt that some expression of surprise, some gesture, had revealed its import. Three windows on the second storey of Pembroke Lodge overlooked the lawn, and behind each of them, at 8.15 A.M., a woman was dressing. At breakfast he had met his wife and daughters with a blush that aroused no comment! And —what a wretched actor he was!—during breakfast he had betrayed his excitement a score of times, and the others, those lynx-eyed women, had been looking everywhere except into his tell-tale face.

The Hero chuckled softly, as he lit his cigar. Then he sat down to read for the second time his letter from Fairyland:

'To Major-General Henry Paganel, V.C., C.B.

'Sir,—We beg to advise you of the sudden death of our late client, your kinsman, Mr. James Paganel, who expired at his club in Melbourne last Tuesday. Mr. Paganel, we believe, had not the honour of your acquaintance, but he was proud to count himself

of kin to so famous and distinguished a soldier. He has shown his appreciation of your services to the Empire by making you his residuary legatee. And we are in a position to state that after various legacies have been paid, a sum of at least one hundred and thirty thousand pounds will accrue to you. This money is at present invested in sound industrial enterprises.

'We shall be happy to act for you, as we have acted for many years for your lamented kinsman; and, if it be possible, we would urge the propriety of your coming to Australia at a reasonably early date.

'We have the honour to be, &c., &c.'

The Hero lay back in his well-worn chair, smoking and thinking. It had come at last, this material prosperity which he had sought so vainly for more years than he cared to reckon. Had it come—too late?

Sitting there, he held an accounting; and presently he struck a balance with a nice sense of knowing how and where he stood. Some men, and most women, unconsciously falsify the entries in their private ledgers, assigning to profit what should be reckoned as loss—believing themselves to be solvent when they ought to know they are bankrupt. But the Hero lived in no Fool's Paradise. He had failed, *failed*, FAILED, in all things essential to true happiness. To begin with, he had married a Bargus—and he might have married—ah! what folly to pursue that will-o'-the-wisp! The wrong woman had borne him the wrong children. That, of course, was to be expected; but it was hard on a fellow to see what was with eyes so keenly apprehensive of what might have been. If Nature had spread a kindly film such as obscured the vision of so many parents, but no—the dame had given him a hawk's eyesight and insight to match it. And he had failed where the world said that he had succeeded—in his profession. A tempestuous petticoat had waved above his quarters. He had fought, most gallantly, under two flags, trying to serve his Queen and his Emily, and it was said by the Man in the Street that the greater had been served less faithfully than the less. Lastly, both at home and abroad, he had always been hard up; in chronic debt to governesses, doctors, and tradesmen, who were paid in full, but never when their bills fell due.

Now he was rich. Yet he frowned, as he sat in his comfortable chair, because those riches must be shared with Mrs. Paganel and

her daughters, and he knew so well what use they would make of them. He could hear their shrill voices making plans for the future, a future which promised neither peace nor pleasure for him; he could see the house which his Emily would elect to live in and fill with her relations!

'I shall not tell Emily to-day,' he said, as he threw away the stump of his cigar.

II

A week passed, and still his Emily was not told of the many thousands over seas. The Hero acknowledged the lawyers' letter, and said that a visit to the Antipodes would receive his serious consideration. But at first he considered nothing save the fact that his Emily *did not know*. Her ignorance upon many matters vital to their joint lives had always exasperated him, not because he was intolerant of ignorance and stupidity and conceit, but for the subtler reason that these qualities were yoked to his intelligence by his own act, not hers. He had wished to marry the daughter of Dean Bargus, he had wooed her ardently, he had wedded her triumphantly, and before the honeymoon had waned he knew what he had done. And (here you will perceive the Hero) he had confronted this crushing disaster in silence. Now, for the first time, her ignorance tickled agreeably his humour. Upon the third night after the arrival of the fateful letter, sitting with his back to the treacherous lamp, he asked his Emily what she would do if a 'plum' fell into her mouth.

'Your wife, Henry,' she replied contemptuously, 'is never likely to be rich. What? If we had an income of five thousand a year—well, I flatter myself that I should make five go as far as, or farther than, some people make ten!'

'I am quite sure you would,' he replied gravely.

He listened to Grace and Ernestine with a faint smile upon his lips, while they discussed with animation the radical changes that five thousand a year would make in their lives. Of himself, however, no mention was made by these young ladies. The third daughter, Lesbia, just back from school and not yet 'out,' quite surprised him when she asked, 'And what would you do, Daddy, if a fortune were left to you?'

'I don't know,' the Hero answered slowly.

By the end of the week a question was gripping him by the throat. Would it be conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentle-

man to give his family two-thirds of the Australian pile, and to take what was left and indefinite leave of absence? Would such a retreat be deemed honourable? Suppose, to put it plainly, that he set sail for the Antipodes—the word whetted his fancy—*and never came back?* To cast aside that worn moth-eaten garment, his past, to clothe himself in new and shining tissues, seemed inexpressibly alluring. Surely in that far-away country he might find peace and a few sunset years of happiness!

About this time the court milliner, Nathalie, sent in her bill. It amounted to 73*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.* Although Mrs. Paganel had incurred this particular debt without consulting the Hero, she complained bitterly because there was no ready money to meet it. In her family (so the Hero was told for the thousand and first time), all bills were paid upon the Saturday preceding the first Sunday of each month, whereby a Bargus could take the Sacrament fortified by the knowledge that he owed no man, or woman, anything. Whereupon the Hero mildly remarked that he supposed going to Court must be vital to one's welfare, like going to church (he was aware that his Emily would no more miss the one than the other); and Mrs. Paganel replied querulously that she and the girls had done more than could be expected of them by taking a 'bus to and from Nathalie's, and by eating their luncheon in that stuffy top room at the Stores!

'You can give the bothering woman something on account. I have promised her that.'

The Hero said pleasantly that Madame could rely on receiving the odd nine shillings and fivepence. If he had to do without smoking, she should have the money. The word of a Bargus should not be dragged in the dust of Bond Street.

None the less, when he was alone he ground his teeth. Was a Paganel less punctilious in aught that concerned the much defamed word 'honour' than a Bargus? And yet, and yet, for a quarter of a century, a Bargus had imputed blame to a Paganel, because the Paganel was not able to pay the bills incurred by the Bargus. And behind this inadequate adjustment of ways and means, behind this intolerable condition of robbing Peter to pay Paul, lay a gibbering skeleton of a reason: he had been awarded the greatest prize his Sovereign could bestow—*in bronze*; that he had earned it none doubted; and because he had outstripped all competitors in the struggle for Glory, it was to be expected, in the eyes of a Bargus, that he would be equally successful in the

struggle for Gold. And therefore, the conclusion was inevitable to a Bargus, the Gold being, so to speak, in sight, if not in hand, could and must be freely used in maintaining the position to which Glory was entitled. And somehow or other, as has been said, the Bargus logic proved sound, the Gold did come after poignant difficulties and heart-breaking delay. It had come now, and the fact would illumine and justify dun days and years of doubt. He could hear his Emily saying, in accents smooth as mayonnaise sauce, 'I trusted in my God, and He, Henry, has approved my conduct.' Having said this, she would take the five thousand a year and try (with what pitiful and ignominious effort), to make it go as far as, or farther than, ten!

Here, it may be asked, perhaps irritably, why the Hero, whose very name was a synonym for valour, did not take the gold the gods had sent him, pay Madame Nathalie and the others, and for the future use it wisely according to the lights vouchsafed him? Shall we admit moral cowardice, borrowing the word from General Paganel's enemies, or shall we retort with his friends that the fine-fibred soul of a gallant gentleman revolted from the inevitable vituperation, the ponderous attack, the impenetrable stupidity of a—Bargus!

From all this he was tempted to run away, but, being a Hero, he did not.

A month passed, and at the end of it Lady Orcas came to Pembroke Lodge. The elder sister of Mrs. Paganel, Jane Martineau Bargus, had married Sir Sandford Orcas, a Wiltshire baronet of many acres, and a pedigree which included royal descents! When Lady Orcas had any shopping to do in Town, she found it convenient to occupy the spare room in her sister's house at Hampstead; and after these visitations Mrs. Paganel, who was familiarly known to the tradesmen of Finchley Road as 'The Duchess,' assumed for a season a manner and deportment which had been described by the Hero as—viceregal.

It chanced that two days after her arrival a letter with an Australian stamp upon it was laid beside her plate at breakfast. The Hero eyed the stamp with a full sense of its esoteric significance—for him. He watched his sister-in-law break the seal, and heard her explain to Emily that a nephew of Sir Sandford owned a large run in the back-blocks, whatever that might mean, and that he was really a very nice young fellow, and had done uncommonly well; a bachelor, too, and coming home shortly.

when—here she paused and eyed Grace and Ernestine with such kindly interest that she quite forgot to finish her sentence. Then she read her letter through, gasped, opened wide a pair of very prominent light blue eyes, and addressed the Hero.

'Henry,' she said, 'was the late James Paganel, of—er—Melbourne, a kinsman of yours?'

'I believe so,' said the Hero, nervously putting a spoonful of marmalade upon the top of his kidney.

'Um,' said Lady Orcas. 'This is very strange. My nephew writes that this gentleman has left a large fortune—to you.'

'A large fortune to Henry,' repeated Mrs. Paganel. 'My fervent prayers have been answered. My dear, dear husband!'

'Surely, surely,' continued Lady Orcas, 'you have received some word of this—something—er—official?'

The eyes of the family enfiladed the Hero.

'Ye-es,' he stammered. 'I have heard s-s-something about it.'

'When did you hear, Henry?' demanded his wife.

'Five weeks ago, last Tuesday,' replied the Hero. His fingers were trembling, but a steady light burned in his eyes. He had begun to smell powder.

'Five weeks ago last Tuesday! You knew we were in urgent need of money, and——How much is this fortune?'

'About one hundred and thirty thousand pounds!'

'And you have said nothing about it to—me?'

'I had plenty to say, my dear, but I did not quite know how to say it. I suppose I must try to say it now.'

He had the air of a man at bay, but this was unnoticed by the women.

'I should like to hear what you have to say, Henry.'

Lady Orcas strengthened her sister's request: 'We should indeed, like very much to hear what you have to say, Henry Paganel.' She worried his name, setting her strong white teeth into it. It occurred to the Hero that bad as things were they might have been worse. If he had taken Jane——

He rose slowly, with a faint smile upon his lips, a smile overshadowed by the drooping grey moustache. 'That's just it,' he began. 'I am not sure that you will like what I have got to say. I've put off saying it for, let me see, more than twenty-five years——'

'You have known of this fortune for five-and-twenty years?' exclaimed his Emily.

'Shush-h-h!' said Lady Orcas.

The Hero glanced round the table. Upon the faces of the daughters of the late Dean Bargus, upon the faces of Ernestine and Grace lay an expression of amazement sharpened by displeasure; but upon the face of his youngest daughter, Lesbia, he marked a glimmering smile.

'I am going to appeal,' he continued, 'to a sense given to few good women, a sense, Emily, as conspicuously lacking in you as perhaps common-sense is lacking in me—I mean the sense of humour.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Lady Orcas. 'The sun was very powerful yesterday, and'—she appealed to heaven—'what does he mean?'

'You will never know,' said the Hero gently, 'never! You are a Bargus, my dear Jane, a Bargus.' He also shook her name in his teeth. 'I am really wasting your time and my own by speaking at all; still, if you insist——'

'We do insist,' said Lady Orcas solemnly, 'but I suggest that Lesbia should leave the room.'

'Leave the room, Lesbia!' commanded the Hero. The girl stared, hesitated, pouted, smiled, and obeyed. There was a tone in her father's voice which she had never heard before: a tone familiar enough to the men of his old regiment. The Hero sighed and addressed his wife:

'Twenty-five years ago, Emily, we married; and ever since my life has been a life of dishonourable exertion, because I have overworked mind, body, and spirit in the effort to earn a sum of money larger—that is the point, mark you—larger, always larger, than what was necessary for the health and happiness of persons in our condition. And so five weeks ago, when I learned that a hundred and thirty thousand pounds had come to me, I knew that it would be spent, as the other was spent, upon the social advancement of yourself, Emily, and your daughters, an advancement not to be accomplished without a large increase of worry and annoyance—and—er—humiliation to me. Strange as it may appear, my dears, I considered myself rather than you. And it pleased me—yes, it undoubtedly pleased me—to think that I had this money, and that you knew absolutely nothing about it. When I asked you what you would do if a large income fell into your hands, every word you said confirmed my resolution to keep it for the present out of them. You see no humour in the situation, Jane?'

'Humour?' snapped Lady Orcas, rising with dignity. 'I see selfishness in the situation, and ingratitude, and a gross want

consideration for a perfect wife; but humour—no, unless it be bad humour. I shall retire, Emily, from this painful scene. If it were not so early in the morning I should suspect Henry of being under the influence of al-co-hol! As it is, I advise him to consult a physician, a brain specialist, as soon as possible.'

The Hero opened the door for his sister-in-law.

'I trust,' he said courteously, 'that any infirmity of mine will not prevent you, dear Jane, from making use of my house whenever you come to Town.'

'My unhappy sister will need what comfort and consolation I can offer her,' was the august lady's reply. 'Come, girls!'

She swept from the room, followed by Ernestine and Grace. The young ladies, it is true, paused upon the threshold and looked back, meeting their father's eyes, which were gleaming strangely. They opened their lips, but the Hero raised his hand and pointed to the door. Perhaps that simple gesture revealed a power and authority known and respected everywhere except at Pembroke Lodge. The girls closed their lips and went out.

General Paganel smiled wistfully at his wife. 'I have been a sorry husband, Emily, sorrier perhaps for you than for myself. My day's work has always left me too tired to seek anything except peace: an ignominious peace. I have given you everything I possessed, except the one thing you needed most: a bit of my mind—my mind which has rotted in silence. You have what is left of it now—too late, I fear, to be of service to either you or me.'

Mrs. Paganel gasped and stared. So Balaam may have gasped and stared when his faithful ass lifted up its voice and spake. For a moment she was dumb, because the foundations of a life were crumbling. She had told herself, she had been assured by others, that Henry Paganel was the most fortunate of men inasmuch as he had secured a Bargus for a helpmeet. During a quarter of a century she had been convinced that as wife, mother, friend, and neighbour she had proved incomparable. If at times she was vaguely sensible that she had imposed upon her husband her ideas, her wishes, her beliefs, were not those ideas, beliefs, and wishes the right ones?—the epitome and expression of conduct and culture according to the interpretation placed upon those sacred words by her own father. 'I can say this,' and she said it sooner or later to every person of her acquaintance, 'I am appreciated in my own home.'

Being a Bargus, however, she was unable to comprehend all

that her husband left unsaid. And the habit of the last word was not lightly to be shaken off. When she spoke her voice betrayed the virago.

'How dare you—how dare you!' she exclaimed vehemently. 'My sister is right: you must be insane to talk to me—to *me*—like this. Have I deserved it? I ask Heaven the question, Have I deserved it?'

'Heaven,' replied the Hero gravely, 'does not answer foolish questions, but I will. No one gets what he or she deserves in this world, my dear Emily, and I trust that the Heaven you invoke will be as merciful to us in the next. It is not your fault that you are—*you*.'

'My *fault*?' She looked thunderstruck.

'And because of that I have been too lenient. After our honeymoon I realised that it would be futile and fatuous to try to change a Bargus. Such a change, if it be possible, must come from within. But I was criminally culpable in that I suffered you to change me, to do what you liked with my life as well as your own. Don't speak! For five-and-twenty years you have had your way and say. It is now my turn. It is my humble conviction, Emily, that I have been *forced* to speak—how reluctantly you will never know. I have bridged a silence which was as a river between us. I have crossed a Rubicon indeed. And so at last we stand side by side. I have always known you; but you have never known me.'

The Hero, gazing at his Emily's familiar features, marked a change. Was it the subtle change which precedes a moral dissolution?

III

Presently he found himself alone in his library, where a big sheaf of proofs was awaiting him. He had been beguiled by his Emily and an enterprising publisher to write his 'Life,' forty years of a soldier's strenuous endeavour; and he had consented, reluctantly, sensible that such a life, set forth by himself, and already advertised amongst forthcoming publications as 'The Autobiography of a Successful Soldier,' must prove a false record. Now, as he lit his pipe, he reflected that want of money had ceased to be an adequate excuse for what he had done. How easy it would be to hold his flaming spill to the edge of that lying document! A minute later he was gazing derisively at its charred remains.

Lesbia entered the room as the proofs were smouldering into grey ashes.

'Well, Lesbia——' The Hero looked at his youngest daughter with uplifted brows, unable to interpret the expression upon her face. Was it curiosity? Or did she want—backsheesh?

Lesbia perched herself upon the arm of a chair. The Hero idly noted that either Ernestine or Grace would have sat in the chair. Then his face cleared, although Lesbia's was puckering into frowns.

'You said just now,' she began, 'that a sense of humour was seldom given to good women. I'm bad, but I have a sense of humour. It may be—what d'ye call it?—elementary, but it's there all the same, and—and as you hadn't found it out for yourself, I thought, you know, that I would come and tell you about it.'

A pensive smile flickered into her hazel eyes and lifted the corners of her mouth. The Hero eyed her attentively, while his mind took a swallow's flight into the past, skimming straight to the cradles in the nursery, wherein he had looked for his children and had found only his Emily's.

'Thank you,' said the Hero absently.

'I also wanted to tell you,' continued Lesbia, rather nervously, 'that when you ordered me out of the dining-room, I listened at the door. A Bargus would have scorned that—but I am not a—Bargus. And I'm jolly glad I did. Daddy,' she leaned towards him with cheeks aglow, 'you were awfully beefy, but why didn't you—er—engage the enemy before?'

'I'm hanged if I know,' said General Paganel, slowly. Then he added: 'Perhaps, Lesbia, I was afraid; perhaps I felt that a victory might cost me more than it was worth.'

Lesbia looked derisive.

'You don't agree with me?' he continued, after a significant pause.

'Rather not,' she replied curtly. 'I dare say, you dear modest Daddy, you don't know your own strength, but I'll bet you sixpence that mother knows it now, and her own weakness. She's crying her eyes out; and I never saw her cry before. And Grace and Ernestine look just as they did when they thought I was in for the smallpox—like scared cats! And Aunt Jane,' Lesbia chuckled wickedly, 'is reading Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs"! I call this a Waterloo; only—dear me!—it ought to have been fought ages before I was born.'

The Hero crossed the room and kissed his daughter She returned his kisses warmly, and then sniffed.

'Why, there's something burning!' She glanced at the grate. 'What is it?'

'My "Life,"' said her father.

'Your——' she glared at him, 'your—"Life"?'

He nodded.

'But everybody wanted to read that. It has been so—so full——'

'Of what, Lesbia?'

She hesitated; and the Hero bit his tongue. If she swooped on the question what should he say? He could not explain to a child. Lesbia did swoop, unerringly.

'Was it full of—husks?'

The Hero grew very pale. Then he had indeed a daughter his own flesh and blood: a creature of sympathies, intuitions, and tenderness. He was tempted to spare her, to lie to her, but he was wise enough to know that the lie would stand between them for ever.

'What I have burnt was of no value—husks, as you say,' he answered hoarsely.

'But it was your—"Life,"' she persisted; 'what you have done, what you have said, what you have written.'

'But not, Lesbia, what I have felt. I dared not print that.'

'Father—don't you think it would do you good to tell somebody—*me*, for instance—what you have bottled up all these years?'

'That would be the story of the life I might have lived, my child.'

'Yes; tell it—tell it!'

She sat upon the arm of his chair and leaned her head against his. The Hero sighed, and let himself go for the second time that eventful morning. Only now he said nothing of what had been; but of that other life, the inner unlived life, he drew a picture so vivid, so 'seizing' (to use the French word) that the girl at his side trembled and burst into tears.

'You might have done all that!' she gasped.

'I have done it all—in my dreams,' he answered; 'and, Lesbia, I have one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and—dry your eyes, my child!—and a daughter who understands me, and,' his voice rang out clearly and youthfully, 'I am not dead yet.'

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

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BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOUDED MOON.

Quand on se méfie on se trompe, quand on ne se méfie pas, on est trompé.

CHARLES DARRAGON had come to Dantzig a year earlier. He was a lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and he was twenty-five. Many of his contemporaries were colonels in these days of quick promotion, when men lived at such a rate that few of them lived long. But Charles was too easy-going to envy any man.

When he arrived he knew no one in Dantzig, had few friends in the army of occupation. In six months he possessed acquaintances in every street, and was on terms of easy familiarity with all his fellow officers.

'If the army of occupation had more officers like young Darragon,' a town councillor had grimly said to Rapp, 'the Dantzigers would soon be resigned to your presence.'

It seemed that Charles had the gift of popularity. He was open and hearty, hail-fellow-well-met with the new-comers, who were numerous enough at this time, quick to understand the quiet men, ready to make merry with the gay. Regarding himself, he was quite open and frank.

'I am a poor devil of a lieutenant,' he said, 'that is all.'

Reserve is fatal to popularity: friendship cannot exist with-

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her; for her happiness and welfare. Her father was absent-minded and heedless. He was not a fit guardian for her. Was she not the prettiest girl in all Dantzig—in all the world? Her sister was not fond enough of her to care for her properly. He announced his intention of seeing her father the next day. Everything should be done in order. Not a word must be hinted by the most watchful neighbour against the perfect propriety of their betrothal.

Désirée laughed and said that he was progressing rather rapidly. She had only her instinct to guide her through these troubled waters; which was much better than experience. Experience in a woman is tantamount to a previous conviction against a prisoner.

Charles was grave, however; a rare tribute. He was in love for the first time, which often makes men quite honest for a brief period—even unselfish. Of course, some men are honest and unselfish all their lives; which perhaps means that they remain in love—for the first time—all their lives. They are rare, of course. But the sort of woman with whom it is possible to remain in love all through a life-time is rarer.

So Charles waylaid Antoine Sebastian the next day as he went out of the Frauenthor for his walk in the morning sun by the side of the frozen Mottlau. He was better received than he had any reason to expect.

'I am only a lieutenant,' he said, 'but in these days, monsieur, you know—— there are possibilities.'

He laughed gaily as he waved his gloves in the direction of Russia, across the river. But Sebastian's face clouded, and Charles, who was quick and sympathetic, abandoned that point in his argument almost before the words were out of his lips.

'I have a little money,' he said, 'in addition to my pay. I assure you, monsieur, I am not of mean birth.'

'You are an orphan?' said Sebastian curtly.

'Yes.'

'Of the . . . Terror?'

'Yes; I—— well, one does not make much of one's parentage in these rough times—monsieur.'

'Your father's name was Charles—like your own?'

'Yes.'

'The second son?'

'Yes, monsieur. Did you know him?'

'One remembers a name here and there,' answered Sebastian, in his stiff manner, looking straight in front of him.

'There was a tone in your voice——,' began Charles, and, again perceiving that he was on a false scent, broke off abruptly. 'If love can make mademoiselle happy——,' he said; and a gesture of his right hand seemed to indicate that his passion was beyond the measure of words.

So Charles Darragon was permitted to pay his addresses to Désirée in the somewhat formal manner of a day which, upon careful consideration, will be found to have been no more foolish than the present. He made no inquiries respecting Désirée's parentage. It was Désirée he wanted, and that was all. They understood the arts of love and war in the great days of the Empire.

The rest was easy enough, and the gods were kind. Charles had even succeeded in getting a month's leave of absence. They were to spend their honeymoon at Zoppot, a little fishing village hidden in the pines by the Baltic shore, only eight miles from Dantzig, where the Vistula loses itself at last in the salt water.

All these arrangements had been made, as Désirée had prepared her trousseau, with a zest and gaiety which all were invited to enjoy. It is said that love is an egoist. Charles and Désirée had no desire to keep their happiness to themselves, but wore it, as it were, upon their sleeves.

The attitude of the Frauengasse towards Désirée's wedding was only characteristic of the period. Every house in Dantzig looked askance upon its neighbour at this time. Each roof covered a number of contending interests.

Some were for the French, and some for the conqueror's unwilling ally, William of Prussia. The names above the shops were German and Polish. There were Scotch names also, here as elsewhere on the Baltic shores. When the serfs were liberated it was necessary to find surnames for these free men—these Pauls-the-son-of-Paul; and the nobles of Esthonia and Lithuania were reading Sir Walter Scott at the time.

The burghers of Dantzig ('They must be made to pay, these rich Dantzigers,' wrote Napoleon to Rapp) trembled for their wealth, and stood aghast by their empty counting-houses; for their gods had been cast down; commerce was at a standstill. There were many, therefore, who hated the French, and cherished a secret love of those bluff British captains—so like themselves in

build, and thought, and slowness of speech—who would thrash their wooden brigs through the shallow seas, despite decrees and threats and sloops-of-war, so long as they could lay them alongside the granaries of the Vistula. Lately the very tolls had been collected by a French customs service, and the wholesale smuggling, to which even Governor Rapp—that long-headed Alsatian—had closed his eyes, was at an end.

Again, the Poles who looked on Dantzig as the seaport of that great kingdom of Eastern Europe which was and is no more, had been assured that France would set up again the throne of the Jagellons and the Sobieskis. There was a Poniatowski high in the Emperor's service and esteem. The Poles were for France.

The Jew, hurrying along close by the wall—always in the shadow—traded with all and trusted none. Who could tell what thoughts were hidden beneath the ragged fur cap—what revenge awaited its consummation in the heart crushed by oppression and contempt?

Besides these civilians there were many who had a military air within their civil garb. For the pendulum of war had swung right across from Cadiz to Dantzig, and swept northwards in its wake the merchants of death, the men who live by feeding soldiers and rifling the dead.

All these were in the streets, rubbing shoulders with the gay epaulettes of the Saxons, the Badeners, the Würtembergers, the Westphalians, and the Hessians, who had been poured into Dantzig by Napoleon during the months when he had continued to exchange courteous and affectionate letters with Alexander of Russia. For more than a year the broad-faced Bavarians (who have borne the brunt of every war in Central Europe) had been peaceably quartered in the town. Half-a-dozen different tongues were daily heard in this city of the plain, and no man knew who might be his friend and who his enemy. For some who were allies to-day were commanded by their kings to slay each other to-morrow.

In the wine-cellars and the humbler beer-shops, in the great houses of the councillors, and behind the snowy lace curtains of the Frauengasse and the Portchaisengasse a thousand slow Northerners spoke of these things and kept them in their hearts. A hundred secret societies passed from mouth to mouth instruction, warning, encouragement. Germany has always been the home of the secret society. Northern Europe gave birth to those countless

associations which have proved stronger than kings and surer than a throne. The Hanseatic League, the first of the commercial unions which were destined to build up the greatest empire of the world, lived longest in Dantzig.

The Tugendbund, men whispered, was not dead but sleeping. Napoleon, who had crushed it once, was watching for its revival; had a whole army of his matchless secret police ready for it. And the Tugendbund had had its centre in Dantzig.

Perhaps, in the Rathskeller itself—one of the largest wine stores in the world, where tables and chairs are set beneath the arches of the Exchange, a vast cave under the streets—perhaps here the Tugendbund still encouraged men to be virtuous and self-denying, for no other or higher purpose than the overthrow of the Scourge of Europe. Here the richer citizens have met from time immemorial to drink with solemnity and a decent leisure the wines sent hither in their own ships from the Rhine, from Greece and the Crimea, from Bordeaux and Burgundy, from the Champagne and Tokay. This is not only the Rathskeller, but the real Rathhaus, where the Dantzigers have taken counsel over their afternoon wine from generation to generation, whence have been issued to all the world those decrees of probity and a commercial uprightness between buyer and seller, debtor and creditor, master and man, which reached to every corner of the commercial world. And now it was whispered that the latter-day Dantzigers—the sons of those who formed the Hanseatic League: mostly fat men with large faces and shrewd, calculating eyes; high foreheads; good solid men, who knew the world, and how to make their way in it; withal, good judges of a wine and great drinkers, like that William the Silent, who braved and met and conquered the European scourge of mediæval times—it was whispered that these were reviving the Tugendbund.

Amid such contending interests, and in a free city so near to several frontiers, men came and went without attracting undesired attention. Each party suspected a newcomer of belonging to the other.

'He scrapes a fiddle,' Koch had explained to the inquiring fishwife. And perhaps he knew no more than this of Antoine Sebastian. Sebastian was poor. All the Frauengasse knew that. But the Frauengasse itself was poor, and no man in Dantzig was so foolish at this time as to admit that he had possessions.

This was, moreover, not the day of display or snobbery. The

king of snobs, Louis XVI., had died to some purpose, for a wave of manliness had swept across human thought at the beginning of the century. The world has rarely been the poorer for the demise of a Bourbon.

The Frauengasse knew that Antoine Sebastian played the fiddle to gain his daily bread, while his two daughters taught dancing for that same safest and most satisfactory of all motives.

'But he holds his head so high!' once observed the stout and matter-of-fact daughter of a Councillor. 'Why has he that grand manner?'

'Because he is a dancing master,' replied Désirée, with a grave assurance. 'He does it so that you may copy him. Chin up. Oh! how fat you are.'

Désirée herself was slim enough and as yet only half grown. She did not dance so well as Mathilde, who moved through a quadrille with the air of a duchess, and threw into a polonaise or mazurka a quiet grace which was the envy and despair of her pupils. Mathilde was patient with the slow and heavy of foot, while Désirée told them bluntly that they were fat. Nevertheless, they were afraid of Mathilde, and only laughed at Désirée when she rushed angrily at them, and, seizing them by the arms, danced them round the room with the energy of despair.

Sebastian, who had an oddly judicial air, such as men acquire who are in authority, held the balance evenly between the sisters, and smiled apologetically over his fiddle towards the victim of Désirée's impetuosity.

'Yes,' he would reply to watching mothers, who tried to lead him to say that their daughter was the best dancer in the school: 'Yes, Mathilde puts it into their heads, and Désirée shakes it down to their feet.'

In all matters of the household Désirée played a similar part. She was up early and still astir after nine o'clock at night, when the other houses in the Frauengasse were quiet, if there were work to do.

'It is because she has no method,' said Mathilde, who had herself a well-ordered mind, and that quickness which never needs to hurry.

CHAPTER V.

THE WEISSEN RÖSS'L.

> The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,
> Her love of light quenching her fear of pain.

THERE are quite a number of people who get through life without realising their own insignificance. Ninety-nine out of a hundred persons signify nothing, and the hundredth is usually so absorbed in the message which he has been sent into the world to deliver that he loses sight of the messenger altogether.

By a merciful dispensation of Providence we are permitted to bustle about in our immediate little circle like the ant, running hither and thither with all the sublime conceit of that insect. We pick up, as he does, a burden which on close inspection will be found to be absolutely valueless, something that somebody else has thrown away. We hoist it over obstructions while there is usually a short way round; we fret and sweat and fume. Then we drop the burden and rush off at a tangent to pick up another. We write letters to our friends explaining to them what we are about. We even indite diaries to be read by goodness knows whom, explaining to ourselves what we have been doing. Sometimes we find something that really looks valuable, and rush to our particular heap with it while our neighbours pause and watch us. But they really do not care; and if the rumour of our discovery reach so far as the next ant-heap, the bustlers there are almost indifferent, though a few may feel a passing pang of jealousy. They may perhaps remember our name, and will soon forget what we discovered—which is Fame. While we are falling over each other to attain this, and dying to tell each other what it feels like when we have it, or think we have it, let us pause for a moment and think of an ant—who kept a diary.

Désirée did not keep a diary. Her life was too busy for ink. She had had to work for her daily bread, which is better than riches. Her life had been full of occupation from morning till night, and God had given her sleep from night till morning. It is better to work for others than to think for them. Some day the world will learn to have a greater respect for the workers than for the thinkers, who are idle, wordy persons, frequently thinking wrong.

Désirée remembered the siege and the occupation of Dantzig

by French troops. She was at school in the Jopengasse when the Treaty of Tilsit—that peace which was nothing but a pause—was concluded. She had seen Luisa of Prussia, the good Queen who baffled Napoleon. Her childhood had passed away in the roar of siege-guns. Her girlhood, in the Frauengasse, had been marked by the various woes of Prussia, by each successive step in the development of Napoleon's ambition. There were no bogey-men in the night-nursery at the beginning of the century. One Aaron's rod of a bogey had swallowed all the rest, and children buried their sobs in the pillow for fear of Napoleon. There were no ghosts in the dark corners of the stairs when Désirée, candle in hand, went to bed at eight o'clock, half-an-hour before Mathilde. The shadows on the wall were the shadows of soldiers—the wind roaring in the chimney was like the sound of distant cannon. When the timid glanced over their shoulders, the apparition they looked for was that of a little man in a cocked hat and a long grey coat.

This was not an age in which the individual life was highly valued. Men were great to-day and gone to-morrow. Women were of small account. It was the day of deeds and not of words. In these latter times all that is changed, and the talker has a hearing.

Désirée had never been oppressed by a sense of her own importance, which oppression leaves its mark on many a woman's face in these times. She had not, it would seem, expected much from life; and when much was given to her she received it without misgivings. She was young and light-hearted, and she lived in a reckless age.

She was not surprised when Charles failed to return. The chaise that was to carry them to Zoppot stood in the Frauengasse on the shady side of the street in the heat of the afternoon for more than an hour. Then she ran out and told the driver to go back to his stables.

'One cannot go for a honeymoon alone,' she explained airily to her father, who was peevish and restless, standing by the window with the air of one who expects without knowing what to expect. 'It is, at all events, quite clear that there is nothing for me to do but wait.'

She made light of it, and laughed at her father's grave face. Mathilde said nothing, but her silence seemed to suggest that this was no more than she had foretold, or at all events foreseen.

She was too proud or too generous to put her thoughts into words. For pride and generosity are often confounded. There are many who give because they are too proud to withhold.

Désirée got her needlework and sat by the open window awaiting Charles. She could hear the continuous clatter of carts on the quay, and the voices of the men working in the great granaries across the river.

The whole city seemed to be astir, and men hurried to and fro in even the quiet Frauengasse, while the clatter of cavalry and the heavy rumble of gun-carriages could be heard over the roofs from the direction of the Langenmarkt. There was a sense of hurry in the dusty air. The Emperor had arrived, and the magic of his name lifted men out of themselves. It seemed nothing extraordinary to Désirée that her life should be taken up by this whirlwind, and carried on she knew not whither.

At dinner-time Charles had not returned. Antoine Sebastian dined at half-past four, in the manner of Northern Europe; but his daughters provided his table with the lighter meats of France, which he preferred to the German cuisine. Sebastian's dinner was an event in the day, though he ate sparingly enough, and found a mental rather than a physical pleasure in the ceremonious sequence of courses.

It was now too late to think of going to Zoppot. After dinner Mathilde and Désirée prepared the rooms which had been destined for the occupation of the married pair after the honeymoon.

'We shall have to omit Zoppot, that is all,' said Désirée cheerfully, and fell to unpacking the bridal clothes which had been so merrily laid in the trunks.

At half-past six a soldier brought a hurried note from Charles.

'I cannot return to-night, as I am about to start for Königsberg,' he wrote. 'It is a commission which I could not refuse if I wished to. You, I know, would have me go and do my duty.'

There was more which Désirée did not read aloud. Charles had always found it easy enough to tell Désirée how much he loved her, and was gaily indifferent to the ears of others. But she seemed to be restrained by some feeling which had found birth in her heart during her wedding-day. She said nothing of Charles's protestations of love.

'Decidedly,' she said folding the letter, and placing it in her work-basket. 'Fate is interfering in our affairs to-day.'

She turned to her work again without further complaint, almost with a sense of relief. Mathilde, whose steady grey eyes saw everything, penetrating every thought, glanced at her with a suddenly aroused interest. Désirée herself was half surprised at the philosophy with which she met this fresh misfortune.

Antoine Sebastian had never acquired the habit of drinking tea in the evening, which had found favour in these northern countries bordering on Russia. Instead, he usually went out at this time to one of the many wine-rooms or Bier Halles in the town to drink a slow and meditative glass of beer with such friends as he had made in Dantzig. For he was a lonely man, whose face was quite familiar to many who looked for a bow or a friendly salutation in vain.

If he went to the Rathskeller it was on the invitation of a friend; for he could not afford to pay the vintage of that cellar, though he drank the wine with the slow mouthing of a connoisseur when he had it.

More often than not he took a walk first, passing out of the Frauenthor on to the quay, where he turned to left or right and made his way back through one or other of the town gates, by devious narrow streets, to that which is still called the Portchaisengasse, though chairs and carriers have long ceased to pass along it. Here, on the northern side of the street is an old inn, 'Zum weissen Röss'l,' with a broken, ill-carved head of a white horse above the door. Across the face of the house is written, in old German letters, an invitation:

Grüss Gott. Tritt ein!
Bring Glück herein.

But few seemed to accept it. Even a hundred years ago the White Horse was behind the times, and fashion sought the wider streets.

Antoine Sebastian was perhaps ashamed of frequenting so humble a house of entertainment, where for a groschen he could have a glass of beer. He seemed to make his way through the narrower streets for some purpose, changing his route from day to day, and hurrying across the wider thoroughfares with the air of one desirous to attract but little attention. He was not alone in the quiet streets, for there were many in Dantzig at this time who from wealth had fallen to want. Many counting-houses once noisy with prosperity were now closed and silent. For five ye

the prosperous Dantzig had lain crushed beneath the iron heel of the conqueror.

It would seem that Sebastian had only waited for the explanation of Charles's most ill-timed absence to carry out his usual programme. The clock in the tower of the Rathhaus had barely struck seven when he took his hat and cloak from the peg near the dining-room door. He was so absorbed that he did not perceive Papa Barlasch seated just within the open door of the kitchen. But Barlasch saw him, and scratched his head at the sight.

The northern evenings are chill even in June, and Sebastian fumbled with his cloak. It would appear that he was little used to helping himself in such matters. Barlasch came out of the kitchen when Sebastian's back was turned and helped him to put the flowing cloak straight upon his shoulders.

'Thank you, Lisa, thank you,' said Sebastian in German, without looking round. By accident Barlasch had performed one of Lisa's duties, and the master of the house was too deeply engaged in thought to notice any difference in the handling or to perceive the smell of snuff that heralded the approach of Papa Barlasch.

Sebastian took his hat and went out closing the door behind him, and leaving Barlasch, who had followed him to the door, standing rather stupidly on the mat.

'Absent-minded—the citizen,' muttered Barlasch, returning to the kitchen, where he resumed his seat on a chair by the open door. He scratched his head and appeared to lapse into thought. But his brain was slow as were his movements. He had been drinking to the health of the bride. He thumped himself on the brow with his closed fist.

'Sacred-name-of-a-thunderstorm,' he said. 'Where have I seen that face before?'

Sebastian went out by the Frauenthor to the quay. Although it was dusk the granaries were still at work. The river was full of craft and the roadway choked by rows and rows of carts, all of one pattern, too big and too heavy for roads that are laid across a marsh.

He turned to the right, but found his way blocked at the corner of the Langenmarkt, where the road narrows to pass under the Grünes Thor. Here the idlers of the evening hour were collected in a crowd, peering over each other's shoulders towards the roadway and the bridge. Sebastian was a tall man, and had no

need to stand on tip-toe in order to see the straight rows of bayonets swinging past, and the line of shakos rising and falling in unison with the beat of a thousand feet on the hollow woodwork of the drawbridge.

The troops had been passing out of the city all the afternoon on the road to Elbing and Königsberg.

'It is the same,' said a man standing near to Sebastian, 'at the Hohes Thor, where they are marching out by the road leading to Königsberg by way of Dessau.'

'It is farther than Königsberg that they are going,' was the significant answer of a white-haired veteran who had probably been at Eylau, for he had a crushed look.

'But war is not declared,' said the first speaker.

'Does that matter?'

And both turned towards Sebastian with the challenging air that invites opinion or calls for admiration of uncommon shrewdness. He was better clad than they. He must know more than they did. But Sebastian looked over their heads and did not seem to have heard their conversation.

He turned back and went another way, by side streets and the little narrow alleys that nearly always encircle a cathedral, and are still to be found on all sides of the Marienkirche. At last he came to the Portchaisengasse, which was quiet enough in the twilight, though he could hear the tramp of soldiers along the Langgasse and the rumble of the guns.

There were only two lamps in the Portchaisengasse, swinging on wrought-iron gibbets at each end of the street. These were not yet alight, though the day was fading fast, and the western light could scarcely find its way between the high gables which hung over the road and seemed to lean confidentially towards each other.

Sebastian was going towards the door of the Weissen Röss'l when someone came out of the hostelry, as if he had been awaiting him within the porch.

The newcomer, who was a fat man with baggy cheeks and odd, light blue eyes—the eyes of an enthusiast, one would say—passed Sebastian, making a little gesture which at once recommended silence, and bade him turn and follow. At the entrance to a little alley leading down towards the Marienkirche the fat man awaited Sebastian, whose pace had not quickened, nor had his walk lost any of its dignity.

'Not there to-night,' said the man, holding up a thick forefinger and shaking it sideways.

'Then where?'

'Nowhere to-night,' was the answer. 'He has come—you know that?'

'Yes,' answered Sebastian slowly, 'for I saw him.'

'He is at supper now with Rapp and the others. The town is full of his people. His spies are everywhere. There are two in the Weissen Röss'l who pretend to be Bavarians. See! There is another—just there.'

He pointed the thick forefinger down the Portchaisengasse where it widens to meet the Langgasse, where the last remains of daylight, reflected to and fro between the houses, found freer play than in the narrow alley where they stood.

Sebastian looked in the direction indicated. An officer was walking away from them. A quick observer would have noticed that his spurs made no noise, and that he carried his sword instead of allowing it to clatter after him. It was not clear whence he had come. It must have been from a doorway nearly opposite to the Weissen Röss'l.

'I know that man,' said Sebastian.

'So do I,' was the reply. 'It is Colonel de Casimir.'

With a little nod the fat man went out again into the Portchaisengasse in the direction of the inn, as if he were keeping watch there.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHOEMAKER OF KÖNIGSBERG.

Chacun ne comprend que ce qu'il trouve en soi.

NEARLY two years had passed since the death of Queen Luisa of Prussia. And she from her grave yet spake to her people—as sixty years later she was destined to speak to another King of Prussia, who said a prayer by her tomb before departing on a journey that was to end in Fontainebleau with an imperial crown and the reckoning for all time of the seven years of woe that followed Tilsit and killed a queen.

Two years earlier than that, in 1808, while Luisa yet lived, a few scientists and professors of Königsberg had formed a sort of Union—vague enough and visionary—to encourage virtue and

discipline and patriotism. And now, in 1812, four years later, the memory of Luisa still lingered in those narrow streets that run by the banks of the Pregel beneath the great castle of Königsberg, while the Tugendbund, like a seed that has been crushed beneath an iron heel, had spread its roots underground.

From Dantzig, the commercial, to Königsberg, the kingly and the learned, the tide of war rolled steadily onwards. It is a tide that carries before it a certain flotsam of quick and active men, keen-eyed, restless, rising—men who speak with a sharp authority and pay from a bottomless purse. The arrival of Napoleon in Dantzig swept the first of the tide on to Königsberg.

Already every house was full. The high-gabled warehouses on the river-side could not be used for barracks, for they too had been crammed from floor to roof with stores and arms. So the soldiers slept where they could. They bivouacked in the timber-yards by the river-side. The country-women found the Neuer Markt transformed into a camp when they brought their baskets in the early morning, but they met with eager buyers, who haggled laughingly in half-a-dozen different tongues. There was no lack of money, however.

Cartloads of it were on the road.

The Neuer Markt in Königsberg is a square, of which the lower side is a quay on the Pregel. The river is narrow here. Across it the country is open. The houses surrounding the quadrangle are all alike—two-storied buildings with dormer windows in the roof. There are trees in front. In front of that which is now Number Thirteen, at the right hand corner, facing west, sideways to the river, the trees grow quite close to the windows, so that an active man or a boy might without great risk leap from the eaves below the dormer window into the topmost branches of the linden, which here grows strong and tough, as it surely should do in the fatherland.

A young soldier, seeking lodgings, who happened to knock at the door of Number Thirteen less than thirty hours after the arrival of Napoleon at Dantzig, looked upward through the shady boughs and noted their growth with the light of interest in his eye. It would almost seem that the house had been described to him as that one in the Neuer Markt against which the lindens grew. For he had walked all round the square between the trees and houses before knocking at this door, which bore no number then, as it does to-day.

His tired horse had followed him meditatively, and now stood with drooping head in the shade. The man himself wore a dark uniform, white with dust. His hair was dusty and rather lank. He was not a very tidy soldier.

He stood looking at the sign which swung from the door-post, a relic of the Polish days. It bore the painted semblance of a boot. For in Poland—a frontier country, as in frontier cities where many tongues are heard—it is the custom to paint a picture rather than write a word. So that every house bears the sign of its inmate's craft, legible alike to Lithuanian or Ruthenian, Swede or Cossack of the Don.

He knocked again, and at last the door was opened by a thickly-built man, who looked, not at his face, but at his boots. As these wanted no repair he half closed the door again and looked at the new-comer's face.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'A lodging.'

The door was almost closed in his face, when the soldier made an odd and, as it would seem, tentative gesture with his left hand. All the fingers were clenched, and with his extended thumb he scratched his chin slowly from side to side.

'I have no lodging to let,' said the bootmaker. But he did not shut the door.

'I can pay,' said the other, with his thumb still at his chin. He had quick, blue eyes beneath the shaggy hair that wanted cutting. 'I am very tired—it is only for one night.'

'Who are you?' asked the bootmaker.

The soldier was a dull and slow man. He leant against the door-post with tired gestures before replying.

'Sergeant in a Schleswig regiment, in charge of spare horses.'

'And you have come far?'

'From Dantzig without a halt.'

The shoemaker looked him up and down with a doubting eye, as if there were something about him that was not quite clear and above-board. The dust and fatigue were, however, unmistakable.

'Who sent you to me, anyway?' he grumbled.

'Oh, I do not know,' was the half-impatient answer; 'the man I lodged with in Dantzig or another, I forget. It was Koch the locksmith in the Schmiedegasse. See, I have money.

I tell you it is for one night. Say yes or no. I want to get to bed and to sleep.'

'How much do you pay?'

'A thaler—if you like. Among friends, one is willing to pay.'

After a short minute of hesitation the shoemaker opened the door wider and came out.

'And there will be another thaler for the horse, which I shall have to take to the stable of the wood merchant at the corner. Go into the workshop and sit down till I come.'

He stood in the doorway and watched the soldier seat himself wearily on a bench in the workshop among the ancient boots, past repair, one would think, and lean his head against the wall.

He was half asleep already, and the bootmaker, who was lame, shrugged his shoulders as he led away the tired horse, with a gesture half of pity, half of doubting suspicion. Had it suggested itself to his mind, and had it been within the power of one so halt and heavy-footed to turn back noiselessly, he would have found his visitor wide-awake enough, hurriedly opening every drawer and peering under the twine and needles, lifting every bale of leather, shaking out the very boots awaiting repair.

When the dweller in Number Thirteen returned, the soldier was asleep, and had to be shaken before he would open his eyes.

'Will you eat before you go to bed?' asked the bootmaker not unkindly.

'I ate as I came along the street,' was the reply. 'No, I will go to bed. What time is it?'

'It is only seven o'clock—but no matter.'

'No, it is no matter. To-morrow I must be astir by five.'

'Good,' said the shoemaker. 'But you will get your money's worth. The bed is a good one. It is my son's. He is away, and I am alone in the house.'

He led the way upstairs as he spoke, going heavily one step at a time, so that the whole house seemed to shake beneath his tread. The room was that attic in the roof which has a dormer window overhanging the linden tree. It was small and not too clean; for Königsberg was once a Polish city, and is not far from the Russian frontier.

The soldier hardly noticed his surroundings, but sat down instantly, with the abandonment of a shepherd's dog at the day's end.

'I will put a stitch in your boots for you while you sleep,'

said the host casually. 'The thread is rotten, I can see. Look here—and here!'

He stooped, and with a quick turn of the awl which he carried in his belt he snapped the sewing at the join of the leg and the upper leather, bringing the frayed ends of the thread out to view.

Without answering, the soldier looked round for the boot-jack, lacking which, no German or Polish bedroom is complete.

When the bootmaker had gone, carrying the boots under his arm, the soldier, left to himself, made a grimace at the closed door. Without boots he was a prisoner in the house. He could hear his host at work already, downstairs in the shop, of which the door opened to the stairs and allowed passage to that smell of leather which breeds Radical convictions.

The regular 'tap-tap' of the cobbler's hammer continued for an hour until dusk, and all the while the soldier lay dressed on his bed. Soon after, a creaking of the stairs told of the surreptitious approach of the unwilling host. He listened outside, and even tried the door, but found it bolted. The soldier, open-eyed on the bed, snored aloud. At the sound of the key on the outside of the door he made a grimace again. His features were very mobile, for Schleswig.

He heard the bootmaker descend the stairs again almost noiselessly, and, rising from the bed, he took his station at the window. All the Langgasse would seem to be eating-houses. The basement, which has a separate door, gives forth odours of simple Pomeranian meats, and every other house bears to this day the curt but comforting inscription, 'Here one eats.' It was only to be supposed that the bootmaker at the end of his day would repair for supper to some special haunt near by.

But the smell of cooking mingling with that of leather told that he was preparing his own evening meal. He was, it seemed, an unsociable man, who had but a son beneath his roof, and mostly lived alone.

Seated near the window, where the sunset light yet lingered, the Schleswiger opened his haversack, which was well supplied, and finding paper, pens and ink, fell to writing with one eye watchful of the window and both ears listening for any movement in the room below.

He wrote easily with a running pen, and sometimes he smiled as he wrote. More than once he paused and looked across the Neuer Markt above the trees and the roofs, towards the western

sky, with a sudden grave wistfulness. He was thinking of some one in the west. It was assuredly not of war that this soldier wrote. Then again his attention would be attracted to some passer in the street below. He only gave half of his attention to his letter. He was, it seemed, a man who as yet touched life lightly; for he was quite young. But, nevertheless, his pen, urged by only half a mind that had all the energy of spring, flew over the paper. Sowing is so much easier than reaping.

Suddenly he threw his pen aside and moved quickly to the window which stood open. The shoemaker had gone out, closing the door softly behind him.

It was to be expected that he would turn to the left, upwards towards the town and the Langgasse, but it was in the direction of the river that his footsteps died away. There was no outlet on that side except by boat.

It was almost dark now, and the trees growing close to the window obscured the view. So eager was the lodger to follow the movements of his landlord that he crept in stocking-feet out on to the roof. By lying on his face below the window he could just distinguish the shadowy form of a lame man by the river edge. He was moving to and fro, unchaining a boat moored to the steps, which are more used in winter when the Pregel is a frozen roadway than in summer. There was no one else in the Neuer Markt, for it was the supper hour.

Out in the middle of the river a few ships were moored: high-prowed, square-sterned vessels of a Dutch build trading in the Frische Haaf and in the Baltic.

The soldier saw the boat steal out towards them. There was no other boat at the steps or in sight. He stood up on the edge of the roof, and after carefully measuring his distance, with quick eyes aglow with excitement, he leapt lightly across the leafy space into the topmost boughs, where he alighted in a forked branch almost without sound.

At dawn the next morning, while the shoemaker still slept, the soldier was astir again. He shivered as he rose, and went to the window, where his clothes were hanging from a rafter. The water was still dripping from them. Wrapt in a blanket he sat down by the open window to write while the morning air should dry his clothes.

That which he wrote was a long report—sheet after sheet closely written. And in the middle of his work he broke off to

read again the letter that he had written the night before. With a quick, impulsive gesture he kissed the name it bore. Then he turned to his work again.

The sun was up before he folded the papers together. By way of a postscript he wrote a brief letter.

'DEAR C.—I have been fortunate, as you will see from the enclosed report. His Majesty cannot again say that I have been neglectful. I was quite right. It is Sebastian and only Sebastian that we need fear. Here they are clumsy conspirators compared to him. I have been in the river half the night listening at the open stern-window of a Reval pink to every word they said. His Majesty can safely come to Königsberg. Indeed, he is better out of Dantzig. For the whole country is riddled with that which they call patriotism, and we treason. But I can only repeat what his Majesty disbelieved the day before yesterday—that the heart of the ill is Dantzig, and the venom of it Sebastian. Who he really is and what he is about you must find out how you can. I go forward to-day to Gumbinnen. The enclosed letter to its address, I beg of you, if only in acknowledgment of all that I have sacrificed.'

The letter was unsigned, and bore the date 'Dawn, June 10.' This and the report, and that other letter (carefully sealed with a wafer) which did not deal with war or its alarms, were all placed in one large envelope. He did not seal it, however, but sat thinking while the sun began to shine on the opposite houses. Then he withdrew the open letter and added a postscript to it:

'If an attempt were made on N.'s life—I should say Sebastian. If Prussia were to play us false suddenly and cut us off from France—I should say nothing else than Sebastian. He is more dangerous than a fanatic; for he is too clever to be one.'

The writer shivered and laughed in sheer amusement at his own misery as he drew on his wet clothes. The shoemaker was already astir, and presently knocked at his door.

'Yes, yes,' he cried, 'I am astir.'

And as his host rattled the door he opened it. He had unrolled his long cavalry cloak and wore it over his wet clothes.

'You never told me your name,' said the shoemaker. A suspicious man is always more suspicious at the beginning of the day.

'My name,' answered the other carelessly. 'Oh! my name is Max Brunner.'

(To be continued).

MONSIEUR THIERS.

By SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT, Bart.

Marie-Joseph-Louis-Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on April 18, 1797, and died on September 3, at Saint-Germain, in 1877. The period during which he lived was exceptionally remarkable for the vicissitudes of his country. In the year preceding his birth the first campaign of Italy revealed to the world the genius of General Buonaparte. The recollections of his childhood and his youth were associated with the glories and heroic fall of the First Empire. The disastrous circumstances which accompanied the end of the Second, and which were the result of the supercilious ignorance and lethargic self-complacency which caused Frenchmen in high places and the general French public to ignore Prussian preparations to overthrow the power of France, cast a dark shadow over the evening of his life. He was intended for a military career. The fall of Napoleon caused a change of plan. In the year of Waterloo he went to Aix to study law.

At Aix he and Mignet became friends. This friendship lasted through their lives. Mignet became, as we all know, one of the greatest historians who wrote during the nineteenth century. His history of Charles the Fifth remains to this day of considerable value. He was in many respects a striking contrast to Thiers, and his graceful manners and charming temper made him extremely popular and efficient when, at the death of d'Hauterive, he became Keeper of the Archives of the Foreign Office. When he and Thiers were at Aix together they agreed that whichever of them first got to Paris would assist the other to get there.

Mignet went to Paris in July 1821, and shortly afterwards, in the month of September, Thiers joined him. They lived together in two small rooms in a little hotel in the Passage Montesquieu. From that month of September 1821 to the year 1830 the life of Thiers was of exceptional activity. He was recommended to Manuel by Dr. Arnaud, like himself a Provençal, and by Manuel introduced to Lafitte. He then became one of the regular members of the staff of the 'Constitutionnel,' which was the most influential of the newspapers hostile to the Restoration. He and Mignet were inseparable. I think it was Talleyrand who at that

time gave them the name of 'Les Deux Frères Provençaux,' in allusion to the famous restaurant in the Palais Royal called 'Les Trois Frères Provençaux.' Some fifty years after that time I got to know them both in Paris. They met then almost every day. They used often to play tennis together, and although past three score and ten they could both wield a racket deftly. From what I observed then I should doubt whether Mignet had at any time very great influence on the opinions or public action of his friend. He seemed to me absorbed in historical studies; a warm supporter, of course, of the Government of Thiers, deeply interested no doubt in all the important political problems of the day, but taking no very active part in affairs of State.

I once saw Monsieur Thiers under very interesting circumstances at Versailles, when he was President of the Republic. I went to him in the evening with Lord Lyons. As we entered the ante-room there was not a sound to be heard. The entrance to the reception-room was wide open. When we got there, we perceived Monsieur Thiers in an armchair fast asleep. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was sitting next him, and held up a hand to signify that no noise was to be made. Standing in a semi-circle in front of the sleeping President were a motley group of persons of uncertain political and social reputation, among them the historian, Henri Martin. When Thiers woke up his eyes fell on Lord Lyons; he instantly came to the Ambassador and graciously remembered me. We were some distance apart from everybody else, and Thiers, looking at his Falstaff's regiment of admirers, said:

'Je n'aime pas ces gens-là, mais que voulez-vous! Je les façonne, je les façonne—I give them some notions of Government.' And then he added, with a certain vulgarity, which I think he affected, 'Ils sentent mauvais: c'est vrai, c'est vrai; mais on s'habitue, on s'habitue.' Like all great men that I have known he was extremely interested in youth, and devoted a great portion of that evening to me, speaking with freedom of the important events in his life and of the men with whom he had been associated. He laid particular stress on the wisdom and adroitness of Talleyrand, and, talking of the Congress of Vienna and of the services which Talleyrand had rendered to France at the time of the fall of the Empire, he spoke of the treaties of 1815 in a tone which I could not help contrasting with the speeches in which he had often alluded to them when Louis Philippe was King and during the

last days of the Second Empire. He had lived to learn the deep interest which France really had in maintaining those treaties, and how their destruction was inevitably followed by an aggrandised Prussian Power, which Talleyrand knew would, if possible, deprive France of her position in Europe. The daily life of Thiers was very peculiar. He rose always at a very early hour, about five o'clock in the morning, seldom later. After a cup of coffee and a light repast he would work steadily for many hours. Then he usually took a walk, or would perhaps play a game of tennis, before breakfast, which meal was served at the usual French hour. Then he would speak to his friends and go out for a drive, sometimes pay visits, and return a little after four, when he went regularly to bed and slept till it was time to get ready for dinner. For some extraordinary reason his dinner hour was *ten minutes to eight*, and he was very punctual. After dinner he always slept for twenty minutes or half an hour, and then would remain up chatting and talking to a late hour. His brightest moment was always subsequent to his after-dinner sleep. No one could be more agreeable in conversation, more easy or natural, or more ready to impart information without being prolix. He was a true Provençal in all his tastes and habits. He loved the bright sun of his native Provence. He thoroughly appreciated the peculiar charm of the coast near Marseilles, the beauty of the grey olive groves and the smile of the Mediterranean. He preferred the dishes of Provence to almost any others. He used to mix oil liberally with his food, and I remember, at a dinner at the Duchesse Galliera's, a fair-sized bottle of oil was specially placed next his plate and he consumed it all!

Towards the end of his life he wished to write a book on the enigma of existence, and, just as when engaged in composing his history of the Consulate and the Empire he had appealed to authorities like Jomini, Louis, and Talleyrand, and had taken care when in England to get what he could from the great Duke of Wellington, so he now, in the evening of his days, sat at the feet of Pasteur, and other great scientific authorities, to obtain instruction bearing on the subject he was meditating upon. As far as religion was concerned, Thiers was indifferent to all forms. For Catholicism especially he had only political sympathies. The Church, as organised in France, was, in his opinion, a useful institution and tended to cultivate in the untutored multitude that respect for authority and law which is the outcome of reason in cultivated

minds, and the absence of which in the masses of the people would be destructive to the State. The very last time that I saw him, and almost the last words I heard him say, was to express to an old friend of his, a devout and intelligent Catholic lady, his entire rejection of all essential Christian doctrines. He once wrote to a friend as follows:

> Bien certainement, il doit y avoir quelque chose derrière la toile sur laquelle sont peints les événements d'ici-bas, sans quoi la dérision serait trop grande.

This really means that a vague belief in an overruling Providence and in immortality comprised his entire religion. This creed is neither original nor profound, but it is exactly what might be expected to be the faith of Thiers. He was not himself original or profound. He once described Madame Staël as the 'perfection of mediocrity,' and an ill-natured person or a hostile critic might apply that phrase to himself—not altogether fairly, for portions of his work will live as long as mankind take an interest in Napoleon. I can quote the high authority of Prince Metternich for saying this as regards the fifteenth volume of the history of the Consulate and the Empire. Metternich often said the events connected with the decline of the First Empire, especially those which took place in 1813, the policy of Austria and his own aims as they are set forth by Thiers in this fifteenth volume, could not be stated with greater fairness to the cabinet of Vienna if they had been written by himself.

Thiers has to be looked upon from several points of view. He was an historian; he takes a very conspicuous place amongst the great orators of the nineteenth century, and he was one of the foremost statesmen of his day.

Two years after Thiers came to Paris he resolved to write a history of the Revolution. In the year 1823 he published the first two volumes; eight others followed at short intervals, and in 1827 the work was concluded. In order to judge the value of this history of the Revolution it is necessary to consider the circumstances under which it was written, the sources which the author consulted, and the method he followed. The period between 1823 and 1827 was a time of bitter struggle between those who looked back with eyes of regret to the France that existed before the Revolution and those who held with uncritical enthusiasm what were called the principles of 1789. Thiers had thrown himself with all the ardour of youth on the side of the Revolution. His profession of political faith is to be found in this

history of that movement. The work is a controversial defence of a creed and a weapon forged against the partisans of the old order of things, and even against the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. The sources consulted by Thiers were of two kinds. He read the few memoirs which had already appeared and he talked to all the survivors of the Revolution he came across. These were still numerous in 1823. The most important and illustrious among them was Talleyrand, and Thiers saw a great deal of him at that time. The method of Thiers was the narrative one; his object was to make his reader understand the Revolution, and with that view he describes with much animation the principal scenes in the drama. After the publication of the third volume of the first edition, the very titles he gives to portions of his work show that he attempted to present to the reader a series of tableaux. Almost the only connecting link between these, besides their chronological order, is the adhesion which the writer gives to every governmental system in France between May 5, 1789, and the 18th brumaire, year VIII. (Nov. 9, 1799). This adhesion is so complete that it has given considerable colour to the critics of Thiers who maintain that success was the only test of morality in politics he recognised. The last four volumes appeared in 1827. They tell the story of the end of the Convention and of the life of the Directory. The first five directors, Carnot, Barras, La Révellière-Le Peaux, Letourneur, and Rewbell are described with appreciation and judgment. In these volumes I think I can perceive the influence of Talleyrand, and administrative, financial, and military questions are dealt with in more detail and in firmer style than in the early portions of the history.

Seventy-five years have passed away since the appearance of this work. It is open to objections of many kinds. Its composition is faulty; the writer, carried away by his enthusiasm, did not patiently search for truth, and he neglected to bring to bear on the sources on which he relied the severe criticism that we expect from historians now. It is the work of an enthusiastic defender of the Revolution. But, in spite of this, it has the abiding interest of being the first history, properly so called, of the great Revolution. Many historians since it appeared have pointed out grave errors in this work. If we study minutely the estimate of some of the principal actors of the great drama, we shall find much to modify and correct. But, on the whole, it would be difficult to find an historian who brings home more vividly to our minds the men of the

time. We must remember that this history is the production of a young man under thirty years of age, who wrote nearly as rapidly as Sir Walter Scott, who was occupied with other work, renouncing, at the same time, no amusement—riding on horseback, practising pistol-shooting, spending hours in fencing, playing tennis regularly, taking care to be seen driving his cabriolet through the fashionable streets at conventional hours. It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Lamartine.

One day Auguste Bernard invited Thiers to meet Lamartine at the dinner at Véry's, in the Palais Royal. Lamartine still kept his early Royalist faith. Thiers had just criticised the 'Harmonies' in the 'National.' The account which Lamartine wrote of this meeting would be much too long to quote, but he describes Thiers as a physically robust little man, with large spectacles, with a firm expression of mouth, a pleasing smile, open-handed; 'comme ceux qui, selon l'expression plébéienne, ont le cœur sur la main.' He describes how Thiers talked incessantly, taking very little notice of any answer, but speaking with a precision, a clearness, and a wealth of ideas which insured pardon for his monopoly of conversation. At first they tried to exclude politics, but this was found impossible. Thiers spoke of the restored Monarchy without hate, and, out of regard for Lamartine, he expressed his hopes with reserve. He discussed the position of Charles X. and of the Duke of Orleans, continually pointing to the Palace of the latter across the garden. Lamartine observed that when he was shaking the ancient throne he had already a Monarchy in reserve in the Palace associated in the minds of men with the Revolution. Just this showed the weakness of Thiers. Monsieur Ollivier has said of him that he understood everything except real 'grandeur.' He never, I am sure, to the day of his death realised the strength of the ancient Monarchy and its hold on some of the deepest feelings in human nature. Therefore he never understood the essential weakness of the Monarchy of July of which he was one of the founders. In 1830, the imaginations of men were fired by the remembrance of the great genius who had appeared in the early part of the century, and who had raised the position and the power of France to a height which was unknown even in the most brilliant time of Louis XIV. The heir of the Emperor was alive at Vienna. There were Frenchmen in thousands who would cheerfully have given their lives to place him on his father's throne. On the other hand, the Monarchy, whose history

was so interwoven with that of the nation, and which had been connected through long centuries with the sufferings as well as the glories of France, was an institution which had roots entwined in the hearts of millions of Frenchmen. The Monarchy of July neither called to recollection the memory of the great man nor had the consecration of centuries. As the Duke of Wellington continually said of it, it appealed to no deep feeling and was doomed to failure. Guizot always saw the real difficulty of the position. Thiers never realised it. In the description which Lamartine gives of him on the eve of 1830, we read these lines:

Ce qui me frappa surtout dans ce jeune homme, c'est le mépris de son propre parti.

This sums up much in the career of Thiers. Immediately after 1830 he quarrelled with his comrades who overthrew the Restoration. Immediately after 1848 he joined with the Legitimists who had been in opposition to him personally and to the Monarchy of July. After 1870 he joined with the Republicans, who had been his adversaries during the whole of his life; but the fact is that he always believed 'qu'un parti au pouvoir, c'est la foudre aux mains d'un enfant.'

The history of the Revolution in ten volumes was completed in the five years between 1823 and 1827. The first two volumes appeared in 1823, two in 1824, two in 1825, and the last four in 1827. The history of the Consulate and the Empire, in twenty volumes, took eighteen years to write. The first seven volumes were published under the Monarchy of July, and the narrative is brought down to the Peace of Tilsit. Volumes eight, nine, ten, eleven, were written between 1848 and 1851. All the remaining volumes appeared under the Second Empire. Between his history of the Revolution and his history of the Consulate and the Empire, there is all the difference between the work of a very young man and that of a person of large experience, of wide reading, and who had himself handled affairs of State. This work, although also open to much criticism, is beyond question one of the most remarkable and enduring historical works which appeared in the nineteenth century. I need not again allude to the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes, which both from a political and a scientific point of view may perhaps be considered the best, but the volume, the fourteenth, in which he tells the story of the campaign of Russia, and volume seventeen, in which he gives the description of the dying struggle of Napoleon in 1814, will always

attract the attention of students. It seems to me that there is no great progress to remark between the style of the earlier writing on the Revolution and that of the second work. The style of Thiers is not condensed, like that of Tacitus. It is much more a written conversation, very clear, full, easy, but not always commanding attention. One reads without fatigue, but, sometimes, without interest. The prose is not the 'mâle outil, bon aux fortes mains,' but the light pencil in the hands of a skilful rather than a powerful artist, who throws a somewhat grey light over the subject; but, when all has been said against these volumes that can with any show of justice be urged, they remain a splendid monument of French literature. At the end of this great work Thiers wrote some pages which, although they were much praised when they appeared, would have been better omitted. They consist in a comparison between Napoleon and four great men—Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne. These pages, I must fairly say, appear to me to be more worthy of a clever schoolboy than of a grave statesman and a man of letters. The portrait of Alexander is particularly unhappy, and, when one comes to consider the portrait of Napoleon himself, it is very inferior indeed to that which has been painted for us by Metternich in his Memoirs. As an historian, Thiers cannot be placed quite in the first rank. He does not belong to the company of Niebuhr, Augustin Thierry, Guizot, Ranke, Droysen, Mommsen, Gardiner, but he has nevertheless a great and abiding place in historical literature. He marshalled his facts with as much skill as Macaulay or Treitschke without, however, possessing the fascinating language of those splendid political pamphleteers. No man could tell his story better. In this art he takes rank with the greatest, and the definite judgment upon him has been, it seems to me, pronounced by M. Emile Ollivier:

> L'art de raconter, au degré où il le possède, est plus que du talent, c'est du génie, et son nom restera entre ceux de Thucydide, de Tite-Live, de Tacite, de Guicciardini, inséparable de la notion même de l'histoire.

Thiers was over sixty when he finished the last lines of his history in 1862. His life had been exceptionally full; it seemed as if the time had come when, surrounded by the friends of his youth, many of whom were still alive, he was destined to enjoy, in ease and comfort, the evening of his life. The most distinguished men of France and the celebrities of Europe when visiting Paris

used to frequent his salon in the Place Saint-Georges in order to pay respect to the illustrious personage who received them with frank cordiality. The work of Thiers seemed done. And yet, strange to say, the years that were still to come were to be the most active, the most far-reaching in their consequences, and the most dramatic of his active life.

It is difficult exactly to assign a place to Thiers among the great orators of the nineteenth century. He cannot take rank with de Serre, whom Niebuhr thought one of the greatest orators of all time, as he certainly was the foremost figure among the European orators of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Neither can he be compared with Canning, or Berryer, or Guizot, or Lord Derby the Prime Minister, or Webster, or Bright. Still, he has a definite place among orators. His voice was shrill and unpleasant, not unlike that of Shiel, the great Irish rhetorician; his appearance was anything but imposing, and his gestures rather ungraceful; but, in spite of these deficiencies, after the first impression was over, few of his contemporaries were so well able to command attention and even occasionally fascinate an audience. The most remarkable of his speeches were made under the Second Empire; the last speech he made before the establishment of that Government was on November 17, 1851.

Twelve years afterwards, on the Christmas Eve of 1863, he addressed the Legislative Chamber of the Empire. When he returned to the parliamentary arena, it was not to offer to the Empire an irreconcilable opposition. In his public acts he was faithful to that position as long as Napoleon III. remained Sovereign of France. Space does not allow me to allude at length to the various speeches, some of them showing considerable foresight, all of them marked by great ability, which he delivered during the last seven years of the Second Empire. Indeed, it may be confidently said that the effect produced on France by these orations caused the whole country to turn to him after its conquest by Germany. In these speeches he dealt with many subjects. He spoke on the dangerous policy which found expression in the Mexican expedition. His attitude to the Italian movement towards Unity must be admitted to have been, however much people may differ from it, intelligible, and, from the point of view of French interests, perhaps fairly sound. But his greatest effort, and that in which he showed most clear perceptions of the danger menacing his country, was the speech which he

made on March 15, 1867. In that speech there was more elevation of view than in any other ever delivered by Monsieur Thiers. It was luminous in the extreme, it was marked also by a large toleration for those colleagues and friends of the orator who had allowed themselves to be carried away by the theory of nationalities. The speech contains the following striking passage, which many persons in high places in England at the present hour would do well to ponder over:

Voilà donc l'Europe que vous feriez, çà et là quelques lambeaux de peuples; puis sur le continent trois grands Etats: la France comptant 40 millions de sujets; l'Allemagne, 60 millions; la Russie, 100 ou 120. Qu'est-ce donc que cette politique? Voulez-vous que je la définisse en deux mots? Pour l'Europe, c'est le chaos; pour la France, c'est le troisième rang!

The career of Monsieur Thiers as a statesman is so well known that it hardly requires any lengthy notice, even if space permitted. There is very much that is open to criticism in his political life. He was partly responsible for the overthrow of the ancient Monarchy in 1830. This deprived his country of the chance of obtaining, with the aid of Russia, the frontier of the Rhine. His policy in 1840 very nearly led to a war in which France would have had to meet the combined forces of Europe. But his most serious fault as a statesman, apart from that general want of elevation to which I have before alluded, was the manner in which, up to 1866, he fostered the passionate desire of Frenchmen to overthrow the Settlement of 1815. Yet no power, not even Austria, had a greater interest in maintaining the Treaties of Vienna than had France. The Settlement of 1815 was overthrown on the field of Königgrätz. The result has been to France what we all see. When, in September 1870, the German hosts after the capitulation of Sedan were marching on Paris, Thiers, in his seventy-fourth year, undertook his famous journey round Europe to endeavour to obtain some assistance for his country. He was exceedingly depressed because he was without illusions or hope. He remained from the 12th to the 18th of September in London. He perceived plainly enough that the days when English statesmen took a comprehensive and informed view of international affairs had come to an end. At St. Petersburg he found the Russian Government committed to the support of the Cabinet of Berlin. At Vienna he was received with the greatest cordiality, but Austria was held in check by Russia, and at Florence Italian statesmen friendly to France could do nothing in view of the question of Rome, which city had been occupied by the

Italian troops since September 20. While at Vienna Thiers met Ranke. They were staying, I believe, at the same hotel. Thiers asked the illustrious historian with whom his countrymen—the French Empire having fallen—were then waging war. 'With Louis XIV.,' was the reply of Ranke. The Germans are very proud of that answer, and it is interesting and characteristic.

Thiers died suddenly at Saint-Germain, on September 3, 1877. He had got up quite early, as was his habit, and took a morning walk before breakfast. While at table he was seized with apoplexy and died at sunset. He was from the first moment of the attack totally unconscious, and no sign was made by him of any kind indicating that he wished to receive the Sacraments of the Church to which he nominally belonged, but in whose doctrines he distinctly disbelieved. The funeral took place in Paris with great pomp and ceremony, and all Frenchmen felt, even those who differed from him most, that one of the greatest of their countrymen had passed away.

The judgment of history on the career of Thiers was never doubtful. Credit must be given for the long patriotic service which he rendered his country, and for the warnings which he addressed to those to whose hands the destinies of France were confided during the few years between the overthrow of Austria at Königgrätz and the capitulation of Sedan. It was undoubtedly through his influence that the Republican form of government was established in France. His action in this respect is still, I venture to think, open to question. Undoubtedly he played into the hands of Bismarck, whose object was, and who succeeded in attaining it, to establish in France what a Russian diplomatist happily described as a 'République dissolvante.' But, whatever reserves there may be in the judgment of the Tribunal of history as regards Thiers, as a politician and a statesman, there are none at all to signify in that of the Court of Letters. Nothing is more certain than that the two great historical works of Thiers, and especially the one in which he tells the story of Napoleon, will be read, studied, and admired as long as the French language lasts and men are interested in the life and times of one of the greatest geniuses who ever walked the earth. Moreover, for many and many a generation to come men will be attracted by the idiosyncratic language written and spoken by this Provençal, who was also a typical Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

DELHI.

1857–1903.

'Think of all the genius and bravery buried here!'—LORD LAWRENCE.

GOD painted here on a day gone by
  One of His flaming battle scenes
(Look at these stones: they have echoed the cry
  Of death, red death to the Nazarenes).
A morning white as the soul of a maid
  With starbeams fainting in sapphire mists:
Never was Heaven so fair arrayed
  For the clash and shock of the reeling lists,
And never the earth breathed rarer spell
Than the day when the House of Timour fell.

There on the Ridge where the rain had poured,
  Where the sun had scorched and the wounded died,
They clung to the hilt of their splintered sword
  And the last brave shred of their English pride:—
Stormed and stung at their furious post,
  There in the open field they flew
In the face of the numberless rebel host
  The Flag that tells what the English do,—
Lean and stricken and dying each day,
But keeping a mutinous world at bay.

So, held in the grip of Nicholson's hand,
  And fed from afar by Lawrence's brain,
Long on the Ridge had that gaunt-eyed band
  Guarded their perilous Flag from stain,
Held their own and harried their foes
  And shaken the old king's guilty halls
Where the milk-white tow'rs of the city rose
  And the river swerved from the flaming walls,
Long had they clung to the Ridge—to-night
They set their teeth for the last fierce fight.

The lanterns shone on the priest who gave
  An old man's blessing, an old man's prayer:
The starshine shivered from Jumna's wave,
  The heat came up on the clammy air:
Jingle of steel, and a muffled word
  As the dark forms loomed thro' the misty
    light,
Mustering there, with their spirits stirred
  By Nahum's curse,[1] for the desperate fight;
And over the host and its white-robed priest
God's Hand of blessing rose in the East.

Thunder of cannon—a long fierce pause:
  Thunder of cannon—the city wakes:
The crouching lion unlocks his claws,
  He bares his teeth,—and the morning breaks;
A rebel world in those guarded walls,
  And a thousand yards of death before,
But Nicholson's hand is up,—he calls,
  And they rush from the Ridge with a roar,
Men who are wasted and men who are worn,
In the languorous hush of an Eastern morn.

From the Ridge they held to the City walls
  Spirting flame and writhing in smoke,
Thro' the gates that crashed like a tree when it
    falls,
  Into the stifling lanes they broke,—
Roof and window, tower and dome
  Sputtered with fire and crackled with heat,
Cannon mouthing their monstrous foam
  Thundered and rocked the dripping street:
'Death to the Nazarenes!'—and high
The great sun swam in the glowing sky.

[1] The chaplain of the forces records that in not a few of the tents the service for the day was read before the men went out into the darkness to join the columns. The lesson for the day, as it happened, was Nahum iii., and the opening verse runs, 'Woe to the bloody city! It is full of lies and robbery. . . . Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

Ah, look at this lane whose ribands tell
  Of peace and loyalty, faith and love,—
It was hung that day with the flames of hell,
  And devils raved on the roofs above:
Ten yards wide!—and from arch and sill,
  From mosque and temple, buttress and wall,
The bullets shrieking their murderous will
  Splashed at the column that would not fall
And fronting the British, spent and maimed
The blood-red bastion bellowed and flamed.

Hardly the tongue of man shall tell
  The valour spent in that reeking lane;
But enough, they say, that the city fell,
  The end is there, what matter the pain?
The end is there, and a few can speak
  Of the work they did that shimmering morn,
Briton and Goorkha and constant Sikh,
  When the last Mogul from his lair was torn;
And to-day the maidens may dance and sing
For the peace of their lord, the Emperor-King.

This is not a tale of the long ago,—
  And the princes come in their pomp and power,
To bow at the throne, while the trumpets blow
  And the great Flag tugs at that golden tower.
Friendship, honour, and peace this day,
  Music and banners for mosque and bridge,
Laughter and dancing, and far away
  The smile of God on the crouching Ridge,
As He smiled that morn when the races locked,
And the walls of the city quivered and rocked.

Delhi for fête and Delhi for fight;
  As you shout for your Emperor-King,
Remember that dawn of a whispering night
  When they crouched on the Ridge for a spring,
For never had India shone this day
  Like a jewel tossed on the silk she spins,

If the men on the Ridge had fallen away,
  Or fought with the heart that never wins,—
Delhi was India that morn of strife,
And the Empire hung on the Ridge for life.

. . . . . .

The moon that rises f[illegible]mazan
  Brings sweetness into [illegible]melting skies;
Cold are the winds of [illegible] fan
  The slumbering trees whe[illegible]e Nicholson lies.
And far away, like a prophet's dream,
  In the plain that s[illegible]rom the city gates
You can see the tre[illegible]ash and gleam
  Of the strong Wl[illegible]'s rejoicing States,—
Is it a folly my thought [illegible]pose,
That the great God knew, and Nicholson knows?

HAROLD BEGBIE.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

VI. THE STAGE.

In advising the readers of the Cornhill Magazine on the subject of the stage as a profession, to be perhaps adopted at some future date by their sons and daughters, I would first of all lay down two premisses. I assume, in the first instance, that I am addressing parents who are in a position to give their children as good an education and start in life as falls to the lot of those born in the lap of middle-class prosperity. And, secondly, I assume that I am offering advice, or giving information, only to those who intend to adopt the calling of the actor in the strict sense of the term; that is to say, seek for success in the path of the legitimate drama, as opposed to those other forms of dramatic art, such as opera, musical comedy, or burlesque, in which the art of the actor plays only a subsidiary part, and for which a different training and a different experience are required.

To find the stage included in the Cornhill Magazine among those professions likely to be adopted by the children or wards of respectable parents or guardians, is in itself a sign of the times, and marks a very great change in the status of the actor's calling. The shock that any child would have caused to those interested in his or her welfare, but a few years ago, by announcing an intention to become an actor or actress, has considerably diminished in its intensity. If the announcement would even to-day excite anxiety or disappointment, it would not, except among irreconcilable bigots, provoke despair and disinheritance. Such a changed state of affairs is, I do not hesitate to say, of unmixed benefit to the dramatic profession. The better educated, the better brought up, the recruits who enter its ranks, the better for the profession at large. If the art of acting has not immediately benefited by such a change—a supposition open to question but not to be discussed here—that is due to other causes, such as the want of practical training, the difficulty of obtaining proper experience. The fact that the ranks of the profession have ceased to be closed to men of birth and education by the prejudice of

fanatics, or the unfounded terrors of their dupes, marks a great step in advance and affords ground for justifiable congratulation. The less the stage is regarded as a something abnormal and extraordinary, the more its inner workings, its qualifications for success or failure, its advantages and disadvantages, its drawbacks and difficulties, even its much canvassed morality, are judged by ordinary standards applied to other professions, and looked at from a just and reasonable standpoint, free from ignorance and prejudice, by so much the more will it appear to be subject to the ordinary rules and principles that make for success or failure in the other callings open to men and women to-day.

But what the stage of to-day really stands in need of, and this is the first difficulty confronting a parent who is willing that his child shall become an actor, is some definite and recognised system for the education and training of English actors. Music and painting have their academies; the future Beethoven or Millais can learn the technique of his art in a properly conducted school, under the best masters. The future Garrick has no such opportunity. The sooner he has, the better for the stage. Whilst the doubtful blessings of a State theatre are the constant theme of academic discussion, the pressing need of a recognised Conservatoire, where the best actors, as in France—and they must be the *best*, if an academy is to be of any service—shall form the teaching staff, or, at any rate, exercise an active supervision and inspection, cries with a voice which is unfortunately not loud enough to reach the ears of the leaders of the dramatic profession; or, if it does, is stifled by those preoccupations and anxieties that overwhelm those who have to keep the public amused. But that such an academy, conducted on the highest lines, would be a boon to the earnest parent or guardian who seeks to further to the best of his abilities the wishes of those committed to his charge, can hardly be denied.

Failing this much needed Conservatoire, what is the parent or guardian to do? In the case of a young man, who, we will presume, has finished his school education and has made up his mind at an early age—and the earlier, the better—to become an actor, what steps to further his purpose should those responsible for his welfare take? I should without hesitation advise his parents, if they can afford it, to send him to the university. Both at Oxford and Cambridge, if a young man has anything of the actor in him, he will get excellent opportunities of showing it,

and, what is more important, of attracting the attention of those who can ultimately help him to a professional engagement. The performances of the O.U.D.S. and the dramatic clubs at Cambridge are always followed with interest by those concerned in theatrical affairs, and it is more than likely that a success made at either of the universities will reach the ears of the manager always on the look out for young talent. Unwillingly, very unwillingly at times, have these seats of learning been drawn into the service of the theatre. But now that the evil is accomplished, why should they not face it and offer facilities for acquiring the rudiments of a scientific training to the histrionically minded undergraduate, who would possibly give time, which he would otherwise most probably waste, to receiving instruction in an art which demands technical excellence in its exponents as peremptorily as any of its sisters? The fulfilment of such a hope is too remote for present discussion. In the meantime, let the undergraduate, or any young would-be actor, avail himself of any opportunities he can get of learning fencing, dancing, and elocution (but in this last respect he must exercise great care in the choice of a teacher, for elocution is a two-edged weapon); let him, in short, neglect no means of making his body graceful and supple, his speech clear and emphatic. And, above all, he must not let a passing success, with friendly audiences and incompetent surroundings, turn his head and make him think himself an accomplished actor. He will soon find, if he is intelligent, that an actor only ceases to be learning his art when he quits the stage for the grave, or, if he be very careful and fortunate, for the pleasures of a dignified retirement.

Apart from the opportunities which the two universities now afford to a young man, dramatically speaking, to 'feel his feet,' there is a further reason why it may be advisable for the future actor to spend some time at the university. An actor, by the very circumstances of his calling, which make his hours of work and recreation the exact antitheses to those of ordinary men, is cut off to a certain extent from social intercourse with his fellows. It is, therefore, just as well that, before he is fully launched in his profession, a profession in which in his early days he may have to rough it and come into contact with many sorts and conditions of men and women, he should avail himself, if possible, of the chances the universities give a young man of knowing the best men of his own generation, making friends, some

of whom he will keep all his life, getting into touch with many and varied interests, and going out into the world with the right to call himself a gentleman in the best sense of the term. The tendency of the theatre to relax the ordinary ties of civility among men and deference towards women, if it ever seriously prevailed, is waning rapidly—nay, has almost disappeared, now that the stage has ceased to be a discreditable and ostracised profession, and so the monopoly of those who had nothing to lose socially by adopting it. At the same time, from the fact that it is, like any other art, open to all men and women alike, independent of class distinction of any kind, a young man entering its ranks will lose nothing by having previously enjoyed the advantages of that peculiar training which, with all its shortcomings, is only to be found in our English universities. It is also important to remember that modern drama chooses its *dramatis personæ* almost entirely from among the upper classes of society, and that modern audiences expect and are now accustomed to see the manners of those classes faithfully portrayed on the stage. Therefore, refinement of manner, bearing, and diction is as much part of an actor's stock-in-trade as his face or his figure.

The would-be actor, having passed through his amateur stage, either through the medium of the university or that of the many amateur dramatic clubs which flourish in all parts of the United Kingdom and can number Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. George Alexander among the many professional actors who have issued from their ranks, naturally asks what will be his best means of acquiring that professional experience which no amount of amateur acting can supply. The answer will be, in all probability, 'Go into the provinces, play as many parts as you can, under no matter what conditions, and when you have done four or five years of that, you will perhaps be fit to try your luck in London.' This advice is excellent and would be useful as well, if the provinces furnished anything like sufficient opportunities for carrying out such a scheme of education. Unfortunately, at the present time they do nothing of the kind. Fifty years ago, when the large cities such as Manchester and Edinburgh had each their stock company, the members of which frequently played ten or twelve different parts a week, the school in which Sir Henry Irving and Sir Charles Wyndham 'learnt their business,' these stock companies offered a practical training to the young actor. It may have been a rough training, its merits may have been somewhat

exaggerated by indiscreet eulogists of anything that belongs to the past, but it was a great deal better than the nothing with which we have now to console ourselves as best we can. A serious fact, moreover, in the present condition of things is that not only are the stock companies to all intents and purposes extinct, but the répertoire companies—that is to say, the touring companies playing a number of different plays with a constant change of bill—are regrettably few. There are three provincial managers at this present time who continue to play first-class répertoires, and who have trained many actors and actresses of now established reputation: I allude to Mr. F. R. Benson, Mr. Edward Compton, and Mr. Ben Greet. If any young man can attract the attention of these gentlemen and find a place in their companies, let him unhesitatingly avail himself of the opportunity; or if he meet with any company of a similar kind—I only mention these three as being well known for the work they have done—let him get into it, if he can, no matter how humble may be the conditions or how light the remuneration. Touching the question of remuneration, the young actor starting with a small provincial engagement will be in a somewhat similar position to the young barrister; he will not be likely to earn a salary that will make him independent of paternal assistance, if such assistance be forthcoming. He will probably, in the kind of companies to which I have alluded, earn at the beginning something like thirty shillings a week, perhaps a little less, perhaps a little more. If his father be in a position to do so, he might well make up his son's salary to three, four, or five pounds a week, a sum that will enable him to live decently but without making his start in his profession too easy or the test of endurance too light.

It is of course possible that by means of interest, good fortune or merit, a young man may be taken straight into a London theatre, and begin his career by 'walking on' or playing small parts in the productions of some West End management. Under these circumstances, if he keep his eyes open, he may learn something by watching the proceedings of those more experienced than himself, and, as an understudy—at best an unsatisfactory position—he may graduate for better things. But his time would have been infinitely more profitably employed by facing an audience in large or small provincial centres, for there is no school for the actor like an audience: it is on the boards and in the presence of the public that he must, and can only, learn his

business; and if in the course of doing so he inflict some patiently endured suffering on the spectators of his early efforts, they will abundantly forgive him when he is able to minister ably and effectively to their lasting pleasure.

Having acquired, somehow or other, experience—for as the reader will perceive, the education of the actor to-day is essentially fortuitous in character—what is the prospect before the young actor during the next few years? He may remain some considerable time in the provinces before he gets the eagerly looked for opportunity of appearing in London. In that case he may ultimately come to earn a salary of as much as ten pounds a week; but there are not many salaries of that figure paid in the ordinary provincial companies; five to seven pounds would be considered a very good salary. In London, on the other hand, if a young man be successful—and the really young man who can also act with conviction and authority is so rare a product that his advent is invariably greeted with almost Messianic anticipations—a salary starting at five pounds may rapidly rise to ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds, and in the course of a few years to thirty, forty, or fifty. Of course such cases are not the rule, and the young actor who can steadily earn from ten to fifteen pounds a week in London may consider himself lucky. The profession is undoubtedly overstocked, not, in the opinion of those whose business it is to find casts for plays, with talent, but with many who rush into it because it looks so easy, because they are blinded by examples of rapid success which they have only imperfectly understood, and because causeless vanity and love of idleness are the principal demons that lure the thoughtless and unsuspecting across the threshold of the stage door. Such persons as these go to swell the press of incomers; in the general confusion and want of system in training or developing actors, by interest or intrigue, they may succeed in hindering for a time the advancement of the really capable. But there is always one consolation. The stage is a sure, if sometimes slow, leveller of reputations; the grain is gradually picked out from the chaff; often with the help of the public, who in their own mysterious way are by no means as incapable of detecting competence and incompetence as some of those who profess to represent their opinions would have us believe.

But, whatever the salary earned by an actor, be it large or small, whatever his reputation, be it great or little, the one element that enters most certainly into all his combinations, his

gains and his fortunes, is that of uncertainty. From year to year the average actor can never safely prophesy what his income is to be. Most engagements nowadays are made for the runs of pieces. But a piece may run for four or forty weeks. The actor may rehearse for four weeks, during which time he receives no salary, and play for two or three; such cases are by no means uncommon. He may then be 'out' for an indefinite period. The fact that he does not happen to be wanted is not due necessarily to incompetence; the ablest actor is liable at any moment to linger in enforced idleness from a variety of circumstances, over which he has no control. The conditions of what, for want of a better term, we may call the serious drama, are at the present time difficult in the extreme, both to those few who control theatres and the many who seek employment in them. The taste of the public would seem just now to incline markedly towards the lighter forms of dramatico-musical entertainment. No more eloquent commentary on the present state of affairs could be found than the fact that one of the leading producers of the musical comedies now so much in vogue recently proposed to raise the prices of his seats; and when a distinguished theatrical manager who had confined his energies and attention to the higher forms of dramatic art was asked his views with regard to his brother manager's proposal, he replied that his tendency would be, if anything, to lower his prices. I only allude to this for the purpose of showing that the difficulties and uncertainties attending the actor in his attempt to earn a livelihood in the legitimate drama—I use the word 'legitimate' for convenience and with no intention of slighting other forms of entertainment—are at the present time increased rather than diminished; that he is to a great extent at the mercy of public taste for his daily bread; and that it is only by a strict economy, foreign to the temperament of so many artists, that he can ever hope to gain for himself a permanent income. The great drawback to the actor's art is its want of independence, of 'self-sufficiency.' The writer, the painter, the musician, can pursue their art as long as they can provide themselves with the necessary implements; they need never be idle. The actor cannot act in a garret, it is little use reciting to bare walls; he cannot, in short, produce until he finds the necessary surroundings, the theatre, the play, fellow-actors. He is therefore the slave of certain indispensable and elaborate conditions, which must be fulfilled before he can

effectually exercise his art. And even when those conditions are completed, he is again dependent for bread, and to some extent for reputation, on the immediate decision of an ever unknowable public. Great as is the delight of acting—and it is a delight to most actors and actresses worthy of the name—greater, keener perhaps in its actual exercise than that furnished by any other form of art, it is dearly bought, and he who could go through its trials and difficulties with a light heart and an even temper, must be either a valorous Bohemian or a determined Stoic, or, if he be happily constituted, an admixture of the two.

If, however, the prospects of the English actor cannot at the present moment be set forth in a very hopeful or alluring light, he has one supreme consolation and resource, denied to any of his European brethren. He may, if he be competent, turn his back on an ungrateful country, and find both fame and fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. Of recent years America has brought balm to many a spirit wounded by want of opportunity or recognition among his own people. The conditions of the theatre in the United States are, in respect of popularity and profit, very much more satisfactory both to manager and actor than in this country. And happily for both peoples there prevails an unfettered and genial reciprocity in theatrical enterprises. Consequently, in dealing with the prospects of the English actor, it is necessary to inform him of his possible chances on the American stage, which can number among its 'stars' many who have commenced their careers on these shores.

If one might be permitted to lay down a few general rules for the guidance of the young actor, founded on personal experience, some of them would be as follows :—

1. Never refuse an engagement without the weightiest reason. The great thing for an actor is to be as much as possible before the public. And, however disappointing is sometimes the result, however modest the conditions, remember that good work, honestly done, is never wasted.

2. Do not make salary always the first consideration. It is better to act at a moderate salary than to be out of employment at an excessive one.

3. Do not let one success make you think that you have brought your time of learning and study to a triumphant conclusion. Such a conclusion is never reached while you are on the stage.

4. Be pleasant in the theatre to those around you, and straight in your dealings with them. As I have already pointed out, the actor's art is not a solitary one, and makes him therefore dependent to a certain extent on his relations with those he is called upon to work with. Therefore this counsel is both obvious and politic. And do not treat the women you meet in the theatre as though they had lost caste, and forfeited their ordinary rights to courtesy and consideration by becoming actresses.

5. Cultivate some kind of rational hobby. In these days of long runs, an actor, more particularly in London, has a great deal of time on his hands, which may as well be profitably as idly employed.

6. Do not mistake social for artistic success. Your smart and well-to-do friends will be just as reluctant as anybody else to pay money to see you in an unsuccessful play. If you make a hit in a successful one, not a few of them—such are the contradictions in human nature—will be among the first to ask you to give them seats for nothing.

7. Try to save money and justly appreciate unfavourable criticism. These will perhaps be the two rules most difficult to obey.

It will be asked, what are the prizes that the stage offers as a reward to those who are successful in the profession? There is one reward it bestows, that is independent altogether of those material considerations which have been the principal and perhaps not very exhilarating theme of these few pages; and that is the pure satisfaction that any artist feels in the right doing, in the mere successful accomplishment of his art. Whilst I would earnestly advise the young actor to avoid talking about his art with a big A, his 'art-work,' his 'art-life,' and such clap-trap, the rodomontade of incompetence, I would with equal earnestness exhort him never to regard his art lightly or contemptuously, and to turn a deaf ear to the sneers and disparagement which he will hear from the lips of the disappointed and constitutionally depressed. In acting, as in any other pursuit, some measure of faith in the excellence of the undertaking is essential to success.

But the practical goal to which the efforts of the ambitious actor tend is to one day become his own manager, to join the ranks of the much criticised and sometimes heartily abused actor-managers, on whom the public at any rate look with gratitude and appreciation as the only persons in this country who have, up

to the present, done anything for the practical advancement and development of the drama. To enter the state of a manager means to the actor for the first time in his career full independence, the ability to realise such ideals as he may have formed, to do the kind of work that most appeals to him, to be in a position to control and govern, to have in the popular imagination the undivided attention of the limelight and the freehold of the centre of the stage; in short, to occupy one of those commanding situations in which a man's solid gifts and personal idiosyncrasies find a sufficiently ample field for their exercise. All that has been here written of the uncertainties of the actor's calling applies with equal force to the material fortunes of a manager. He may spend 5,000*l*., more or less, on a production in which he has faith—and humanly speaking, no managerial judgment, whatever its age and experience, ever becomes infallible—and the public may decline to ratify his judgment and repay him his outlay. Theatrical management is bound to be to a certain extent a gamble, but a gamble under very unfavourable conditions for the individual who stakes heavily on the public's support of such baffling ventures as stage-plays; perhaps, indeed, the most unsatisfactory form of speculation as yet devised by man. Only rigid economy in the right direction can avert ultimate catastrophe, however glorious the triumphs in past achievement. At the same time, the great artist will often deliberately choose the great achievement with all its risks. And in our hearts he has all our respect and admiration. To the young actor one word of warning. He must not let early success tempt him to rush prematurely into management; the cares of such an enterprise have done damage to the art of many a well-versed actor; the present writer has heard more than one distinguished actor-manager mourn the time snatched from his study as an actor by the necessities of his managerial business. The young actor cannot afford to be counting his audience when his energies should be concentrated on the part he is playing.

And lastly, we come to that not least important factor in regard to the stage, its fitness as a career for women. A parent suffers far greater anxiety when his daughter declares for the theatre than when his son announces a like determination. For in the hearts of parent and guardian lurks the fear that the stage as a profession for women, apart from its material advantages or disadvantages, is morally dangerous. If this paper can

do anything to dissipate such misgiving, it will serve. In regard to the class of theatre, or theatrical company, with which this paper has dealt—and it would be impertinent in the present writer to give any opinion as to other classes of theatres, of the condition of which he has no practical knowledge or experience—I should say that they present no moral danger of any kind to any young girl entering them, and that if she misuses her independence, it is her own fault, or misfortune. Whatever peculiar temptation an actress may be exposed to is more likely to issue from that rebellious and unconventional temperament, by some called the 'artistic,' of which the world has seen so many instances in the lives of many of its great artists, rather than from the present condition of her actual surroundings. But we are not legislating for great artists: the ordinary well-brought up and well-educated young woman entering any of those provincial companies we have mentioned, or many others, or the London theatres devoted to legitimate drama, will find very little warrant indeed for forgetting or departing from the influence and traditions of a respectable home. In a recent issue of a popular magazine a number of our leading actresses have been asked their views as to their profession, as to its possibilities and propriety as a career for women, judging from their own experience. They are all, or most of them, actresses who have begun their artistic life humbly, on bare salaries, who have passed through all the initial trials, difficulties and disappointments of their calling. Not one word does any one of them say in regard to any moral danger to which the actress is at any time in her career exposed; there is not one of them who would not become an actress again, if she could live her life over again; and if those of them having daughters would dissuade them from adopting their mothers' profession, it would be because of the physical and mental strain involved in practising it, and for no other reason. Such testimony as this is better worth listening to than the silly falsehoods that are swallowed by a gullible public, greedy to an inconceivable degree of gossip and chatter about the private lives of public favourites, or the exaggerated statements of the disappointed. There is nothing kindles such resentment in the human breast, be it that of author or actor, as rejection or failure in the theatre. Dr. Johnson never quite forgave the players the comparative failure of 'Irene'; if Keats had not thought actors such 'barren asses,' they might have helped him to make a better play than

'Otho the Great.' For this reason there is a constant crop of detractors ready at all times, by written or spoken word, to avail themselves of any opportunity of traducing or scoffing at actors and their work. The inevitable trials and anxieties of the successful actor or actress are quite real enough, without adding to them the baseless fabrications of the unsuccessful. When a parent or guardian in the course of his enquiries hears the stage heartily abused or derided, let him bear these considerations in mind as useful touchstones for testing the accuracy or justice of such censures.

What I have written here as to an actor's training, prospects and emoluments applies equally to those of actresses. But there is one important difference in the respective chances of men and women on the stage. Women have, as a rule, a much greater natural facility for acting than men; consequently success will in all probability come to the young actress sooner than to the young actor. But for the very same reason the young actress, unless she enjoys in a very marked degree those qualities that make for lasting reputation as an artist, is more likely to be rapidly supplanted by the younger women who are constantly entering the profession and attracting the attention of those who know the value to the public of novelty in female charm and beauty. The competition is undoubtedly keener among the young women than the young men: youth and beauty in women meet with more instant recognition, because the woman can early in her career make the best of such gifts, whereas the less supple, less reposeful man takes longer to acquire that command of his resources, which will enable him to show himself to full advantage on the stage. Consequently, that a young woman may convert her speedier recognition into something more stable than that of mere physical charm, she must undergo just as hard work as falls to the lot of her brother artist—and perhaps a rather greater proportion of temporary disappointment.

To give definite advice to the young actor, to describe a definite or regular method of learning the technique of his art, is impossible, where all is indefinite and irregular, where systematic training cannot be said to exist, where mere useful practice is increasingly difficult to obtain. One can but indicate in a general way the best use that the young actor or actress can make of such means of instruction or gaining experience as present conditions afford; bearing in mind at the same time the

sage reflection of Diderot in laying down the rules of dramatic art. 'Especially remember that *there is no general principle*; I do not know,' he writes, 'a single one of those that I have indicated which a man of genius cannot infringe with success.' Whilst we do not mean for one moment to suggest that training and experience are not necessary, essential to the right development of an actor's genius, we would remind the readers of this paper that not only genius, but extraordinary talent in an actor or actress, will, owing to the extreme rarity of such a gift, often advance them at a rate that provokes the bewilderment or envy of those plodding by the way. Success in the theatre is to a great extent arbitrary and capricious, and will ever be so, for that peculiar co-ordination of the brain and the nervous system that goes to the making of the actor or actress is as mysterious and unaccountable in the conditions of its manifestation as genius or high excellence in any other art. Unfortunately, acting, in the absence of an obvious technique, looks much easier in its performance than any other art; and for this very reason many are deceived into thinking themselves fully endowed with the necessary gifts. When a parent finds his son or daughter possessed by the desire to act, believing in his or her peculiar capacity to do so, let him not seek to dissuade: that way almost inevitable failure lies. Let him rather invite the son or daughter to make trial of their capacities, taking care to find out as best he can the proper conditions—they must not be too easy—for making such a trial; let him warn them not against the art they have chosen to pursue, which is rare and beautiful, but rather against the difficulties, anxieties and uncertainties to which its practice is subject, difficulties that genius sometimes requires all its confidence to face, that daunt alike the successful and the unsuccessful, that make failure more complete and success less certain of material reward than in any other form of art; let him remind them that, irresistible in its fascination to the capable and the incapable, the calling of the actor is cruelly precarious in its exercise, and in this country wanting in those means of education and equipment that can make even the unskilful useful, efficient —in short, endurable. If the young man or woman be prepared to face these undoubted conditions, let them go on and prosper, and find in their art itself sufficient consolation for all afflictions.

In this paper it has not been the writer's intention, nor the purpose of these few pages, to consider the pleasures of artistic

achievement. They are, indeed, self-evident. If he has dwelt in a rather discouraging spirit on the pains and penalties which the actor is called on to endure in the exercise of his calling, it has been in the firm belief that no picture he can draw will be dark enough, no terrors he can hold out awful enough, to deter the resolute aspirant. He can only hope to have indicated to those called upon to further or sustain the determination of such an aspirant, the methods by which they may, if they have the means and the will, educate, control, and protect those committed to their charge.

SOUTH AFRICA ONCE AND AGAIN

In the course of the last three years it has been my fortune twice to visit South Africa, in war time and in peace—first in the early part of 1900, and again under very different conditions in the autumn of 1902. On the occasion of my second visit I took a camera with me, and my friends have been kind enough to take some interest in the results of my 'shooting.' It has occurred to me now that they and possibly others might be interested to have put before them a selection from my mental impressions also, which, being for the most part as fortuitous and disjointed as the products of my kodak, might be called 'snap-shots in South Africa.'

On the second occasion I landed at the Cape, went north, through Kimberley and the Orange River Colony, to the Transvaal, and returned home through Natal. These notes are therefore arranged in the order of my journey.

The general aspect of Capetown needs no description: here at home it meets the eye on every hoarding in every variety of colour, and its lurid presentment adorns many a tin and package of groceries. Accordingly the man in the street is perfectly familiar with Capetown by sight, the wall of rock and the flat town at its foot. Not that it is really flat, but it appears so by contrast to the overhanging mountain, and like many other things in South Africa it is well not to trust appearances. South Africa in general has no specially good reputation for truth, and in particular I make bold to accuse its capital of living a life of deceit, as it basks at the bottom of its semicircular sun-trap. There can be no doubt that Capetown to the uninitiated eye suggests nothing but quiet and repose, for which I hold the mountain chiefly responsible. The great square solid rock towering above, background of every view, closing the end of every street, has the aspect of a strong guard protecting the nestling town, an ever-present guarantor of peace in its changeless might. And the ways of the town only deepen the impression. For seeing that Capetown is the capital and port of a vast country, the terminus of railways whose measure runs into thousands of miles, there is very little bustle in its streets, very

little outward sign of activity anywhere; it is to all appearances a lazy, easy-going sort of town.

That is where the deception arises. Those who write history can tell us whether Capetown has ever been really at rest since it first became a town. I have my doubts about it, and if any part of South Africa can at the present be said to be in a state of repose it is certainly not its capital.

My first impression of the Cape was formed in the early days of 1900, when the black shadows of defeat still hung over everything. Almost at once after I landed came the news of Spion Kop, with the casualty list at its heels, and it seemed as if the worst might yet be to come. The town showed more life then; the bay was filled with line after line of transports, and the docks and railway could barely grapple with the work of sending up supplies to the troops on the Karroo; in the streets khaki everywhere, every other man a soldier. And yet, except in the case of distracted, overworked staff-officers at docks and station, everyone wore a studied air of calm and contentment, as if no one had ever heard of war or rebellion.

Calm and contented!—when it would have been a bold man to swear that his own brother was not secretly at war with him, either aiding 'those accursed English' or abetting a promising insurrection, as the case might be. It is a deceitful town.

The black shadows have been cleared away now, but will anyone who knows the country say that there is peace? True, there is very little khaki to be seen now. Except for the garrison, troops are only passing through on their way home, and docks and railway station have recovered from their fever. The huge standing camps have gone, the military hospitals have shrunk to nothing, the war and rebellion are over. It is all quite placid.

But if the visitor wishes to peer below the surface let him first buy a newspaper—any one will do—and if what he reads therein causes him no uneasiness, let him obtain a pass and go into the House of Assembly. There, too, everything is quite peaceful—on the surface. Calm gentlemen—with possibly just a suspicion of foam about the mouth—rise to address the House, and wave the olive branch in some such words as these, 'We must and will have pacification in this colony; let us all live together in peace. . . . Where is the man who helped my enemies? Let me but get at his throat!' And if he wishes for further reassurance let him stay to listen to scantily veiled threats of boycott

intimidation, and think for himself what talk like this in Parliament is likely to mean in the remote country.

That is the peacefulness of Capetown—rouge and powder hardly concealing an ugly disease. It is refreshing to escape up country to the realities of the veldt and memories of open war.

Travelling now (September) is very different from travelling in 1900. There is no need now for great generals to leave for the front by the back door of the town, or for the Johannesburg express to camp out every night for more than a week; for the Commander-in-Chief is safe in Pretoria, and General De Wet is busy sitting to fashionable painters in England. Coal trucks also have ceased to be considered luxurious, and even military passes have become a memory.

The traveller does well to leave Capetown by a morning train, otherwise he loses some of the finest scenery of the whole journey—the pass down which the Hex River finds its way through the Blue Mountains. Splendid peaks they are, even in September still covered with snow. The next morning finds us on the first plateau of the interior, familiar to everyone as the Karroo.

The Karroo itself does not change in two years: the strange fascination of the view, the scent which is better than that of a Scotch moor, are still the same, but for the traveller by rail there is now a new setting, a frame of blockhouse and barbed wire. Every few hundred yards there appears a little round house with a tin roof, all along the line trenches and barbed wire, the latter in fences, in single lines, in fancy tangles, in bales, barbed wire by the mile and the ton. The effect is incongruous; the Karroo may know the blockhouse by sight, but they are not friends, and barbed wire is an insult to any landscape. Two years ago there was not a blockhouse in the country; now their work is done and they stand deserted. Further up country, in the new colonies, the blockhouses and wire have been sold to the farmers and demolished; perhaps in the Cape the farmer wants to drive too hard a bargain with the military, anyway they still stand.

There are no guards to the bridges now, and the great bridge at 'Orange River' looks quite desolate without the little camp at each end and the guns on the heights above. The huge store depots and base camps at Beaufort West, De Aar, Orange River, are barely recognisable, bereft as they are of their piled-up stores of forage and supplies covering acres of ground, and the camps themselves can only be traced by the white stones which marked

out their boundaries. The yeomanry hospital at Deelfontein is still in its place, and still looks as perfect a hospital as ever; but elsewhere the site of a hospital can only be guessed by the little enclosure of white grave-crosses on the veldt outside the camp lines.

Once across Orange River Bridge we come upon well-known ground, Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, famous both as battle-fields, and with Graspan, Honeynest Kloof, Klokfontein, as the starting points of Lord Roberts' great march, the turning point of the war. And now except at Modder River there is nothing at each place but a hut and a siding, very different from the scene towards the end of February 1900, when camp succeeded camp along the line, at each siding tents by the hundred. But all was pretence and delusion, for the tents were deserted and their late occupants lying out in the wet, forty miles away across the veldt, round Cronje at Paardeberg.

At Modder River Station alone there is still a camp, the spot having regained its reputation for healthiness, and excursions are beginning to run down from Kimberley as before the war; but it must be long before this South African Maidenhead looks pretty again; years of military occupation are bad for trees.

Modder is the station for Magersfontein, and the cheap tourist of the future will there mount his 'char-à-bancs to Magers-fontein, one shilling there and back.' It is difficult to vulgarise a mountain or a cathedral. I fear that the South African battle-fields will not escape so easily. Magersfontein is only a few miles distant from the station, and being so accessible has been denuded of those relics of battle which might have helped the visitor to realise the scene on that December morning, when poor Wauchope led his men to destruction. The trenches are, it is true, still there; but they are now mostly very shallow, and the whole place has a swept and garnished look about it which does not assist the imagination. On the top of the kopje, however, there is a good example of the power of lyddite. Just in front of a Boer gun emplacement there is a boulder split from top to bottom into wedge-shaped fragments, and still green from the fumes of the shell—probably one from Methuen's naval guns.

If anyone still holds strong views about what ought or ought not to have been done at the battle, he may with advantage refrain from expressing them till he has climbed up to and stood on the east end of the main kopje. He will then not fail to realise at least the strength of the position, and the difficulty of

attacking it without a very large force or very great risk. But a difficulty arises here as on other battlefields of knowing what trenches were made before the fight and what afterwards, in the long period during which the two forces lay facing each other without action.

From Modder River to Kimberley is but a very short run. Kimberley does not show many traces of the siege, though it is still very pleased with itself on the score of its defence, and rightly so. The loss of Cecil Rhodes must of necessity be felt more directly and personally in Kimberley than anywhere else in South Africa, but the De Beers Company, apart from whom Kimberley has no existence, are not likely to depart from his traditions, and are carrying on the work he left unfinished. A siege monument of a very beautiful pink stone is being built at the top of the town, and road making and tree planting on the lines inaugurated by their late chief are going on apace. After its feverish and dissipated youth Kimberley has now reached a dignified and sober maturity. The keynotes of the place are prosperity and orderly progress.

If there are few signs of war in Kimberley, thirty miles across the veldt into the Orange River Colony brings us to a place which is still obvious battlefield and nothing else. Paardeberg is comparatively remote, and up till the very end of the war no place for picnics, for which reasons the traces of battle are so fresh that its fame might have been a matter of weeks instead of years. There are the trenches, the shelter holes in the river bank (still eight or nine feet deep); there on the level ground above is the burnt wreckage of Cronje's waggons—showing clearly the lines of the laager. The place is even now littered with all the nondescript *débris* of a hurriedly deserted camp—cooking pots, tin cans, clothing, boots, bandoliers, plates, knives, and cups, even such things as a tin bath and a coal scuttle—and if more were needed to complete the scene the ground is covered with other more grim 'properties'—cartridges and cases, shrapnel bullets and splintered shells. It is still easy to see where a big shell has burst by the hole in the ground and the fragments lying round. There has been no sweeping or garnishing here as on other battle grounds; the vultures and the weather have done the cleaning up between them, and it is owing to their efforts that it is now possible to approach the laager without disgust. If, however, anyone is an enthusiast for realism he may (*experto crede*) stir up the

mud in the river bed, and he can still get some idea of what the sanitation was like in the times when Cronje was tenant of this 'eligible river residence.' At the time of my late visit the river was almost dry, a great contrast to the turbid flood which assisted Cronje in making up his mind to quit the premises. At the time of the surrender there was great exaggeration as to the height of the river banks in the neighbourhood of the laager: they are probably nowhere more than twenty feet high. Paardeberg should be visited even at the cost of a journey of sixty miles, for it still tells of real war in its deadliest forms. I doubt if it will do so much longer.

Bloemfontein in 1902 is not at all the Bloemfontein of my first visit. In March 1900 the town was swallowed up in the camp; soldiers everywhere, and nothing to be bought in the shops, the Presidency turned into the military headquarters, with tents and orderlies' horses in its front garden, the Parliament House a hospital flying the Red Cross in place of the Free State flag. And then a few weeks later, when the army had gone, the town and camp had become one vast hospital, where patients were reckoned by thousands, and funerals were better not reckoned at all. Now Bloemfontein has returned to its former slumbers, a quiet country town honoured by the presence of a Lieutenant-Governor and a Bishop. The Raadzaal has undergone yet another change: having harboured legislators and sick Tommies in turn, it has settled down to the more prosaic business of a Law Court. President Steyn's palace remains as a memorial to his ambitions. Lack of time no doubt prevented him from erecting his statue: whatever the destiny of the country, it is unlikely that others will supply the omission.

Everyone who has not been there knows all about the Rand, so that to talk about it here would be a mere insult to the reader. Pretoria is a great contrast to Johannesburg; Pretoria is quiet and pretty, Johannesburg certainly is neither. The former is all trees and roses, and will some day be a wonderfully beautiful place. It is also full of reminiscences of ex-President Kruger; and now that the old man is harmless for ever, stories about his odd personality can only be amusing. The sad and depressing thing about Johannesburg is that all the inhabitants appear to be so poor. But then Johannesburgers were skilled in the art of leg-pulling, even before Mr. Punch discovered the fact.

There is a district of Natal called by the Boers 'Weenen' (weeping) in memory of a massacre at the hands of natives. The

name might equally well be applied by us Britons to the country north of Estcourt. For what must be the feelings of an Englishman traversing a line of country which begins with Majuba, and passing Dundee and Ladysmith ends with Colenso? A good country for our young officers to visit at the outset of their career, if they will only take its lessons to heart. The tale requires no adornment; the moral is pointed by a gravestone at every turn.

Ladysmith is perhaps the brightest spot in the record. There at any rate there is no need to feel ashamed, for we may forget Nicholson's Nek in the glories of Wagon Hill and Surprise Hill; and melancholy as is the tale of disease and death during the siege, it only increases admiration for the steadfastness of the defenders.

Standing on the Convent Hill one overlooks the whole town. It is little more than a village: one long street, a railway station, a town hall, a sprinkling of villas well set with trees and shrubs—a quiet pretty little place. The spectator has a feeling of bewilderment in wondering why anyone can have wanted to besiege such a place—why on earth they should have made such a fuss about it. Well, Ladysmith served its turn to good purpose, and we respect the little town accordingly.

There is much to visit round Ladysmith: Wagon Hill, scene of toughest of fights; Nicholson's Nek, of evil memory; Surprise Hill, night sortie most brilliant in its successful daring; and many more. But to fill up the picture of the siege, as the train leaves the town towards the Tugela, note where in the midst of a level meadow there stands an enclosure containing many hundred graves and realise its testimony to the stubborn will of the besieged, for this is where the hospital camp of Intombi once stood. Between Ladysmith and Chieveley there are many more graves down the line, beautifully kept, as are all the graves in Natal; even where the difficulties must have been great, as at Spion Kop, there is nothing wanting—all is well ordered and in the best of taste.

Spion Kop must always be such sacred ground that one hears with something of a shock of the building of a hotel and making of a road to the top. It seems a pity that so historic a place cannot remain as nearly as possible as it was, even if the number of visitors should be slightly diminished. The distance from Ladysmith is only eighteen miles, and it is easy to ride or walk up the hill on that side. However, in Natal people make the most

of their resources, and even the battlefields must be worked to the best advantage.

Apart from the military questions and all the sorry wrangling associated with it, discussion of which would be outside the scope of these jottings, there is not much to be said about Spion Kop, but there is much to be felt. The long white trench-graves on the summit move one more, perhaps, than any others in South Africa. The men lie buried where they fell, in the very trenches in which they fought and died, within sight of the goal they fought to win and did not live to know that they had lost. And you will hardly find in the world a grander sleeping place of the dead: the summit of a great hill, where in every direction the eye loses itself in distance, a view of mountain and river not to be surpassed. And that nothing may be wanting the turf among the graves is covered with wild flowers—blue babianas and golden everlastings. It is good to lie buried there.

Spion Kop is a place of sadness; of Colenso it is possibly better not to speak at all, for sadness there gives place to shame and anger. It is terrible to stand where the guns were lost and to think what happened there. There is little to distract the mind at Colenso; it is all hard fact: an entrenched kopje, a river, a slightly sloping plain, and twelve little stone posts to mark where twelve guns once stood. It is not a beautiful place, it only speaks of disgrace and humiliation. Take Upper Natal as you will, Englishman; Colenso is at one end, Majuba at the other: take your choice.

Colenso left behind, Southern Natal is a cheerful contrast. From Nottingham Road to the sea Natal is really a garden, but it is no land of lotus-eaters; everything is full of progress and British energy; Natal is wide awake, and her lethargic neighbours will have to change their Dutch methods if they intend to catch up the start she has already gained. She has done well enough out of the war, but who will complain? In a colony, not far distant, during the war men have made fortunes out of us with one hand while stirring up rebellion with the other. Natal was always on the British side of the fence, and she now has her reward. While the Parliament at the Cape is wrangling as to whether rebels should be compensated or not, Natal is holding a general election on the question how best and quickest to double her line of rail and snatch the growing traffic of the Transvaal. Floreat!

OSWALD CAUSTON.

A FRENCH ADVENTURER IN IRELAND IN 1798.

BY SIR WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.

FRANCE had done so much to foment the unhappy Irish Rebellion of 1798 that when troubles broke out she was morally bound to offer the Nationalists some sort of active help. She therefore prepared two expeditions, one at Brest, and one at Rochefort, which were designed for the reinforcement of the insurgents. These were to have sailed independently yet simultaneously; but, owing to lack of ready money and to general mismanagement, the Rochefort squadron departed about six weeks before the other squadron could be prepared for sea.

Its plan of operations was one of the maddest that was ever entered upon by sane and responsible leaders. The centre of Irish unrest was in Leinster, or, in other words, in the south-east of the island; but the expedition was directed to the northern coasts of Connaught, the western province. It might have been useful, even at a spot so far distant from the scene of the principal fighting, had it been powerful enough to create a serious diversion, and had it been properly supported; but seeing that it included only about 1,150 troops and four field-guns, and that this small body of soldiers, after having been flung ashore in a strange and poverty-stricken country, was promptly deserted by its ships, the undertaking was doomed to failure from the outset; nor did the behaviour of its Irish friends do much towards delaying the inevitable catastrophe.

The Rochefort expedition consisted of four ships, under the command of Commodore Daniel Savary, and soldiers under General Humbert, with Generals Fontaine and Sarrazin as his immediate subordinates. It sailed from Aix Roads on August 6, 1798, and on the 22nd of the same month anchored in Killala Bay, between Mayo and Sligo, where it disembarked the troops.

Monsieur Moreau de Jonnès, who had but recently recovered from the illness which followed his adventures at the Nore,[1] was attached to the Commodore's ship, the forty-gun frigate *Concorde*, in the capacity of second gunner. Unlike the majority of his

[1] See *The Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1902.

naval comrades, he was put ashore with the army on Irish soil, where he not only shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the invaders, but also had such exciting experiences of his own that it would be unkind not to recount them.

The troops, according to de Jonnès, were not of the best quality, and the vessels, all of which were small, were so excessively crowded that, had they been attacked while on the voyage, it would have been impossible properly to fight the guns. The hold was crammed with provisions; the orlop deck was blocked with cases of muskets and ammunition; and most of the people on board, five or six hundred in number, were confined day and night to the main deck, with little light, less air, no room in which to move about, and nothing to do. There seem to have been no sanitary arrangements worthy of the name, and sea-sickness attacked nearly everybody.

De Jonnès, a well-educated man, was not favourably impressed either by the men or by the officers of the expeditionary force, and determined to have as little as possible to do with them. Circumstances, however, induced him partially to modify his determination.

Each morning when he went on deck at daybreak he noticed an artillery officer sitting on a certain gun-carriage. He was a tall man of middle age, powerfully built, and stouter than soldiers usually are while still on active service. He had a most noble and intelligent bearing, and displayed remarkable patience when, as frequently happened, he was disturbed by the seamen in the course of their work. His perpetual companion was a little worn book, a copy of Horace. De Jonnès entered into conversation with him, and learnt that at the outbreak of the Revolution he had been one of the Fathers of the Oratoire, a religious body which once enjoyed as high a scientific reputation as ever attached to the famous Benedictines of Saint Maur. He had embraced the new order of things with enthusiasm, but, having been denounced for an attempt to save a family of *émigrés*, he had escaped imprisonment only by accepting a military commission which Daunou, the historian, had procured for him. His gunners were not with him in Savary's squadron, but were supposed to be in one of the ships which were preparing for sea at Brest. He hoped to pick them up somewhere in Ireland.

This captain's name was d'Herblay. His ecclesiastical training and his natural tendency to self-denial had prevented him

from resenting the usurpation of some less modest subordinate, who had ousted him from the berth originally assigned to him in the crowded ship; and when de Jonnès provided him with narrow quarters in the gunroom, and so relieved him from the necessity of sleeping on the upper deck, the old officer's heart was won. Thenceforward he and his benefactor became close friends.

The landing at Killala was effected without much difficulty, the place, according to de Jonnès, being held by three or four hundred men only. It is doubtful whether the defenders were even as numerous as that. Many of them were killed or taken, and so rapidly was the business managed that the bishop of the see had not time to get away, and was captured in his carriage. The enthusiasm of the invaders was extreme, and the rank and file began at once to talk about marching on Dublin. De Jonnès and d'Herblay were less sanguine. When all the available men were ashore, the equivalent of little more than a full battalion was ready to march inland, nor were any means of transport available. It had not been the habit of the Republic to provide its expeditionary forces with tents, hospitals, spare clothing, stores, or even pay-chest. The enemy's country was expected to supply everything. In this particular instance the improvidence of the French authorities had gone still further. Four field-pieces had been sent, but there were no ammunition waggons, no horses, and no gunners, d'Herblay's men, as has been explained, having been sent by mistake to Brest. But for this de Jonnès would have returned with Savary to Rochefort, and would have had but little to tell. D'Herblay begged him to remain and to assist him; but Savary had no desire to dispense with the services of his second gunner, and it was not until General Humbert intervened that de Jonnès was ordered to attach himself to the land forces. The General, who was a rough-spoken man, swore, with scant courtesy, that if the navy refused him what he deemed necessary, he would hold Savary and his captains responsible, and, in the event of failure, would impeach them before the Directory; whereupon d'Herblay obtained not only de Jonnès, but also a dozen seamen-gunners, and a vast number of promises which were never fulfilled. Indeed, on the excuse that bad weather was threatening, Savary put to sea almost immediately, and returned without adventure to the Gironde. He carried back with him about two hundred men whom he did not want to work his ships, and who, if he had landed them, would have constituted

a most valuable reinforcement. Thus Moreau de Jonnès found himself second in command of the artillery in what was called magnificently the Army of Ireland.

One of Humbert's maxims was that French soldiers could do anything. He therefore ordered the army to march on the morrow, and, as his temper was very stormy, no one ventured to represent to him that all the needful supplies were wanting. He would have shot anyone who dared to hint at such a thing. De Jonnès requisitioned the bishop's horses to help horse the guns, seized the Government post-carts to serve as caissons, and adapted the cathedral bell-ropes as traces; and so well did he manage, that on the following morning Humbert rewarded him with a smile of satisfaction. His most difficult task was the provision of a horse for d'Herblay, who was too stout to walk; but he succeeded in solving even that problem. The house in which he had his quarters possessed a fine cellar of wine. De Jonnès informed the steward, who had been left in charge, that the wine should not be touched if, at the hour fixed for the departure of the troops, Captain d'Herblay was suitably mounted. The result was the appearance of a capital charger.

The invaders marched southward, heading for Castlebar, where the British were understood to be in force. At Ballina, where the first halt was made, the French advanced guard, commanded by Sarrazin, put to flight a body of cavalry, and a number of Irish insurgents joined. De Jonnès declares that they were more ragged than any French beggars whom he had ever seen, and looked absolutely miserable. They had arms, but hardly anything else. Humbert gave them a civil welcome, but did not conceal his surprise and disappointment, and, it was clear, ceased from that moment to regard them as dependable auxiliaries.

The next attempt to dispute the advance was made on August 26, near Castlebar, where Generals Lake and Hutchinson had taken up a strong position with about 2,000 Irish Militia, a body of Yeomanry, some Fencibles, and several guns. The Militia broke and ran, the Yeomanry followed them, and although Lake did his best to rally his troops in the town, and posted some of his guns in the main street, the rout could not be checked, and guns as well as numerous prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. The prisoners were allowed to escape during the following night, as Humbert was unable either to guard or to feed them. The Irish insurgents distinguished themselves less in the battle

than in the consequent pursuit; and in the evening, when they returned, most of them had shoes, and some even shirts. That night Humbert declared the province of Connaught to be a department of the Irish Republic, and acknowledged John Moore as President. This gentleman occupied that dizzy eminence for about a fortnight.

After the action, which is known in Irish history as Castlebar Races, the invaders moved eastward by way of Swineford, Ballahy, Tobercurry, and Colooney, whence they swerved to the south-east across Leitrim. They were not seriously opposed, but they knew that troops were gathering against them from all quarters. Worse still, they were growing daily more hungry and more ragged. Their allies, far from bringing them supplies, took from them what they had. Ammunition was falling short; a general rising, which had been promised, was postponed on the pretence that sufficient French had not been landed; a pardon was offered by Government to repentant rebels, a few leaders only excepted; and there was too much reason to fear that the Brest expedition, if it had ever sailed, had been intercepted and dispersed by British cruisers. Signs of discouragement multiplied rapidly; there were numerous desertions; and the insurgents of Roscommon, whose chief was credited with special acumen, went off in a body only two days after they had joined. At length, after having crossed the Shannon at Ballintra with the intention of making for Longford, Humbert was surrounded by vastly superior forces under Cornwallis and Lake, and brought to action near the village of Ballinamuck. A very bloody action resulted, and the French, who behaved with great gallantry, were driven back. Not then realising that he could neither advance nor retire far, Humbert endeavoured to draw off, and, being hard pressed by the British cavalry, he directed an aide-de-camp to carry an order to a body of infantry to cover the retreat. This officer, a middle-aged man with his arm in a sling, hurried up to de Jonnès, and, conscious of the dangerous nature of his mission, begged him, as an extreme favour, to take charge of his young son, who was weak and ill. De Jonnès accepted, and the officer went off, only to be carried back a few minutes later, dead, with a ball through his brain. De Jonnès himself was warmly engaged for a time, and, upon returning with two guns which had been used against the British horse, he found the boy weeping bitterly over the body and almost fainting. As the attempted retreat continued, and no

time was to be lost, the youngster was put into a cart. A little later, when there was more leisure, d'Herblay and de Jonnès hastily examined the dead officer's papers, which appeared to tell the following story.

The officer was an *émigré* named Henri de la Tour, who had been authorised to return to France, and who had been restored to the rank which he had held before the Revolution. Just before the departure of the expedition he had had the misfortune to lose his wife, who had succumbed to a bilious fever, and, not knowing what else to do with his child, he had dressed him in uniform and taken him on board ship, where, in the prevailing confusion, the youngster's presence had apparently excited no remark. Indeed, as we know from the personal experience of de Jonnès, children of no more than fourteen fought in the armies of the Republic.

In the meantime negotiations were in progress for the surrender of the remnant of the Army of Ireland and of the wretched rebels who still adhered to its fallen fortunes. D'Herblay was not sorry to see an end of his troubles and discomforts; but de Jonnès swore that he would not give himself up, and that, rather than share the fate of the army, he would abandon it and endeavour to shift for himself. It was suggested that young de La Tour should remain with d'Herblay; but the boy would not consent to such an arrangement, insisting that he had been entrusted to the care of de Jonnès, and that with de Jonnès he would stay. The naval gunners also declined to surrender, and determined to stick to de Jonnès, who, early in the morning of the actual capitulation, succeeded in breaking away with his little party and in evading the British.

It was on September 8 that General Humbert was obliged to give himself up with 850 of his men, ninety-six officers, and two field-guns. De Jonnès had spiked the other two, which had then been thrown by the rebels into a mudhole, there to await a more favourable occasion. The expedition had been eighteen days on shore. During that period it had fought three skirmishes and one battle, had occupied two towns, and had taken a dozen guns and as many colours. De Jonnès ascribes its failure to the disunion and half-heartedness of the insurgents, and to the character of the French commander-in-chief, who was merely a brave soldier, and neither a military genius nor an assiduous student of his profession. For my own part, I think that the smallness of

the army, the lack of preparation and organisation, and the putting to sea of Savary, whose ships constituted the only base upon which Humbert could rely, would have rendered success impossible even had the general been a Frederick the Great or a Montécuccoli.

It is from this point that the adventure of de Jonnès becomes more particularly interesting. He had given his people a rendezvous on a chain of hillocks not far from the scene of the surrender. Of the dozen who had promised to follow him, several failed to find their way thither, the result being that he found himself in command of five only, one of them being young Henri de La Tour. The idea was to follow the course of the Shannon towards the sea until the navigable portion of the river should be reached, and then to seize some small vessel wherein to escape from Ireland. It was deemed most convenient to travel on the right bank, and to gain that bank the Shannon had to be recrossed. At length the party discovered a ferry. A gunner proposed to take forcible possession of the boat, and to fling the ferryman into the water; and perhaps it would have been well for the fugitives had they followed that advice. Henri, however, who spoke pretty good English, induced the man to carry over the party, two by two, in return for some bread, the only payment they were able to offer him, yet one which they grudged greatly, supplies being very short. The scoundrel voluntarily expressed the most fervent wishes for the Frenchmen's safety; but no sooner had they quitted him than he treacherously sent a shepherd after them, with instructions secretly to note the place in which they should lie for the night, so that he might betray them to the Yeomanry who were scouring the country.

The fugitives found quarters in a deserted farmhouse which stood upon a slight eminence, and which, it was clear, had been temporarily occupied by shepherds or other wanderers, for there were pallets of heather on the floor. De Jonnès did not like the isolated position of the place, from which there was no way of retreat under cover, and he would have preferred to billet his men in the midst of a thick wood; but the people were attracted by the prospect of having a roof over them. A sentry, therefore, was posted outside; three gunners were bidden to make their beds just inside and across the doorway—there was no door—and de Jonnès and young de La Tour settled themselves to sleep near the back wall of the house. Before lying down de Jonnès

assured himself that in case of need he could force his way out between the top of the wall and the thatch which overhung it. He also remarked that the thatch was extremely thick, fresh layers having been put on several times without the inferior ones having been first removed.

Suddenly, in the midst of the night, Henri awoke his companion, whispering that he heard a strange noise. De Jonnès seized his musket, and would have sprung to his feet, had not a body of men without fired a volley through the doorway at that instant. The sentry had been surprised, probably while asleep. As for the three unfortunate fellows near the entrance, they were riddled with bullets; and de Jonnès and the boy would have perished similarly but that they happened not to be lying exactly in front of the doorway. While their enemies were reloading, the fugitives scrambled up in the darkness and hid themselves on the broad summit of the wall, where they were concealed by the mass of thatch. De Jonnès believed at first that they would be able to let themselves down on the outside, and so escape while the attacking party continued to fire into the house; but he quickly discovered that the place was surrounded by horsemen, a few only of whom had dismounted and appeared at the entrance. He and his companion, therefore, were obliged to lie close under the eaves, exposed to the risk of a chance bullet, and incapable of defending themselves. At length, however, the Yeomen ceased firing, supposing that they had exterminated everyone in the house. One of them, to make quite sure, lighted a handful of straw, and entering bent over and examined the bodies of the dead Frenchmen. Then, returning, he reported that all in the place had been killed. During this time de Jonnès and young Henri were in a fever of anxiety, for they had left their muskets lying among the heather on which they had slept, and they feared lest the man with the light would notice that there were more muskets than bodies, and would push his examination further. Happily he did not.

As the Yeomen were in the act of mounting again before riding off, a man who seemed to be in command of them summoned a person who up to that moment had remained in the background, and told him that as a reward for his zeal he might take whatever he could find in the pockets of the dead gunners, but that he was to carry the clothes and the arms to his uncle, the ferryman, who would take care of them until the party should

return from the expedition on which it was then engaged. Thus de Jonnès learnt that the whole horrible business was no accident, but a piece of deliberate treachery.

As soon as the troopers had gone the shepherd, with an improvised torch in his hand, entered to gather the harvest of his baseness. He stuck his torch into the earthen floor, and knelt down in order to turn out the pockets of his victims. While he was thus busily engaged de Jonnès dropped down suddenly upon him, and with his sabre put an end to the scoundrel. The two Frenchmen then picked up their muskets and haversacks and stole away silently. When presently they looked back, they saw that the house was in flames. Doubtless the shepherd's torch had set fire to the heather with which the floor was strewn.

The fugitives worked southward, and at length reached the borders of the province of Munster, where popular sympathy with the rebels was very general, and where they were able to obtain some slight assistance from the peasants, who, however, had little better than potatoes to offer them. One evening they had a singular encounter. They fell in with a man who had the bearing of a French seaman, and who, in fact, turned out to be a quartermaster belonging to the French line-of-battle ship *Hoche*.

This man related how the Brest expedition, which was designed to supplement and reinforce that from the Gironde, and which had consisted of ten ships under Commodore Bompart, with troops under Generals Ménage and Hardy, had sailed on September 16th, but had met with all kinds of misfortunes. After looking into Killala Bay, and finding no signs there of Savary's expedition, the *Hoche*, with other vessels, had been brought to action by a British squadron under Commodore Sir John Borlase Warren, and had been obliged to surrender. This happened on October 12. The quartermaster had escaped subsequently, and was working his way across Ireland to the south-west, hoping upon reaching the coast to be able to ship on board some American craft. Three only of Bompart's squadron, it may be added, ever returned to France.

That evening de Jonnès and Henri had caught a distant view of the sea; but realising that they could not reach it ere nightfall, they bivouacked in a thicket, and very early in the morning, before it was quite light, resumed their route. Rendered less careful than usual by the belief that his long wanderings were drawing to a close, de Jonnès in the obscurity took a false step,

slipped down a declivity, and, ere he knew what had happened to him, found himself up to his neck in a soft bog, which threatened to swallow him altogether. To make matters worse Henri fell in after him. De Jonnès lost his musket, but he retained his haversack, which he managed to take off and force down through the mud until it provided him with a precarious foothold, and enabled him to keep his mouth clear above the surface. He helped Henri to do the same with his haversack; but still there seemed little probability of effecting an escape, for not only were the unfortunate Frenchmen weighed down by their wet clothes and the filth which adhered to them, but also the edge of the bog in that particular place consisted of a nearly perpendicular wall of stones and earth rising five or six feet above the level, so that the total height to be scaled was eleven or twelve feet. The fact that young Henri had stuck to his musket, which he had been carrying slung across his back, proved the salvation of both. Taking the weapon, and fixing the bayonet to its muzzle, de Jonnès, with immense difficulty, thrust the point deep into the lower part of the acclivity, and then, aiding Henri, who was a light weight, succeeded in hoisting him gradually out of the mire until, clinging to the weapon, the youngster drew himself clear, scrambled up, and got a footing on the musket. Thrusting in his sabre some feet higher, the boy managed to crawl to the top; and as soon as he had regained his breath he helped out his nearly exhausted companion; but directly he had done so he collapsed altogether and burst into tears. The fugitives had lost nearly everything, and were covered from head to foot with black, noisome slime, which rapidly hardened on their clothes. In addition, they were so weak and dispirited that for the moment they relinquished all hope of final escape, and would gladly have surrendered at once had a constable presented himself just then.

In time the situation began to appear somewhat less gloomy, and the pair struck away from the road across a large and well-tended shrubbery, beyond which they came in sight of a gothic mansion surrounded by lawns, terraces, and gardens, and having a fine outlook over the sea. Henri was for going boldly to the house and throwing themselves upon the mercy and charity of its inmates. De Jonnès, of a less trusting disposition, felt sure that the place belonged to some Tory nobleman or some dignitary of the Established Church of Ireland, who would show no favour

to a couple of republican Frenchmen who had been fighting against the Government and aiding the rebels. But the question was soon decided, for the fugitives had been seen from the mansion, and presently a manservant came out, bringing 'Lady French's' compliments, and an invitation to go up to the house. Henri had managed to get rid of most of the mud that had covered him, and had made himself comparatively presentable again; and de Jonnès seems to think that the boy's appearance had excited the attention and pity of some ladies who had been watching him from a balcony through their opera-glasses.

Now I do not know who this 'Lady French' can have been. The widow of Sir Charles Ffrench, of Castle Ffrench, in the county of Galway, had, a few months earlier, been advanced to the peerage of Ireland as Baroness Ffrench; but I cannot discover that any Lady French then existed. The family of French of French Park, in the county of Roscommon, now represented by Lord de Freyne, was not ennobled until 1839. Lady Ffrench, *née* Rose Dillon, was eldest daughter of Patrick Dillon, of Killeen; and it is possible that some young members of her family were in active sympathy with the Rebellion; but I am by no means sure that what de Jonnès describes as having taken place at 'Lady French's' house in the autumn of 1798 could have taken place at Castle Ffrench. That question, however, may be left to others.

After some hesitation the fugitives allowed themselves to be conducted to the mansion, where they were received most kindly, and where they explained who they were and what had befallen them as evidence that they were not the vagabonds they seemed to be. Henri produced the papers which had been found on his dead father, and which de Jonnès and d'Herblay had glanced at after the action. Moreover, a young man who was present, a nephew of Lady French, named Patrick,[1] who had his arm in a sling, recognised de Jonnès as having been at Ballinamuck. The young man himself had fought there on the side of the insurgents, and had been wounded. This introduction sufficed to put the strangers on a comfortable footing. Henri's papers, and the revelations which they contained, made that footing still more intimate. A gentleman, who had stood aside to read them, came forward with some civil comments concerning the distinguished family of de la Tour, and added carelessly: 'I suppose,

[1] The surname is not mentioned. Patrick is a favourite baptismal name among the Dillons, not among the Ffrenches or the Frenches.

sir, that the Mademoiselle Henriette de La Tour herein mentioned is your sister?'

'No, sir; it is myself,' said Henri, who, with much confusion, turned at once to de Jonnès, and frankly begged his pardon for having so long deceived him. 'My father,' continued the girl, 'made me promise not to reveal the secret so long as I could possibly conceal it. Besides, had you known the truth you would have tried to spare me the fatigues and dangers which we have undergone together, and I should have been so great an embarrassment to you that both of us, perhaps, would have been taken.' This romantic discovery appealed greatly to the sympathies of all present. For some time, however, the Frenchman, unable to credit it, was struck dumb.

The house was full of guests, and no difficulty was experienced in fitting out both de Jonnès and Miss de La Tour with clothes. In the dress of her sex Henriette was so beautiful a young woman that her friend marvelled that he had ever been able to mistake her for anything else; and he excuses himself by remarking that the soldiers of that day had not begun to affect closely-cut clothes and small waists. Indeed, there was a saying to the effect that the military tailors measured not the men, but the sentry-boxes, for the uniforms which they provided. As soon, however, as he knew the truth he fell over head and heels in love with her. Nor can it be wondered at, seeing that she took the earliest private opportunity of assuring him ingenuously that nothing could make any difference to the regard which she had acquired for him, and that, since her father had delivered her into his charge, she considered herself to be for ever bound to him. In fact she offered to resume her male attire and to go away with him; and when, that evening, at the piano she sang an Italian song, the burden of which was the delights of love in a cottage, the poor man had the greatest difficulty in the world to resist taking the impulsive girl at her word. Happily he kept his senses. He loved her; but he could not bring himself to fetter the destinies of so brilliant and innocent a young creature with his, for he was then little better than an adventurer, and had neither property nor prospects. Nevertheless, his passion might still have got the upper hand had he not, a few days after his arrival, found a French privateer brig lying in a little bay on the coast. He boarded the vessel, and having been offered a berth by the skipper, decided, very wisely, to accept it at once, and so to

place Henriette beyond his reach. He therefore wrote a letter of grateful thanks to Lady French, and one of tender farewell to Miss de La Tour, and sailed with the next flood tide.

Twelve days later he landed at Morlaix, having assisted in making a couple of prizes on the voyage. He sold his interest for a thousand francs to a Jew, and made his way to Brest, where on the roll of his demi-brigade he found his name scratched out and the appended note: 'Dead during General Humbert's expedition to Ireland.' He was reinstated in his corps, but he never succeeded in obtaining his arrears of pay, for he was gravely informed by the authorities that the question of his death could not be reopened.

He tells us nothing of the subsequent history of Henriette de La Tour, for whose hand, however, more than one Irish suitor had proposed ere de Jonnès quitted the mouth of the Shannon. The gallant Captain Patrick does not seem to have been of the number; but who knows what happened afterwards?

ASTRONOMY OF THE UNSEEN

DURING the past few years the conviction has been forced upon astronomers that the most promising field of study in celestial science is that of invisible worlds. Masses of material have been revealed by photography which are beyond the visual reach of the largest telescopes; many bright stars have been found to possess acolytes ponderous enough to influence their movements, but without intrinsic luminosity; and the millions of meteoritic particles which enter the earth's atmosphere daily, producing the appearance of shooting stars or meteors, show that space should not be regarded as a void, but rather as a plenum of dead matter.

It is easy to understand that as the power of seeing is enlarged by the improvement of instruments or the development of methods of inquiry, new spheres are brought within the range of human knowledge. Before the telescope was used to aid the sight, less than six thousand stars had been seen by the eye of man; now it is possible to observe one hundred million sparkling points upon the heavens, from the brilliant gems that arrest attention on a fine night to the faint stars just perceptible with the best optical power. Our eyes have in truth been opened by the lenses of giant telescopes, and we have come to know that greatness is not to be measured by visibility. For not only are the stars revealed by telescopes vastly more numerous than those bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, but they also contribute more to the total quantity of starlight received by the earth than the brilliant objects which make a view of the midnight sky an impressive sight. When it is remembered that about ninety-five per cent. of the starlight that reaches this world of ours is from stars beyond the grasp of unaided vision, it is not difficult to understand that what the eye sees is only a limited view of the universe.

If you will consider the astronomical 'evidence of things unseen,' the real existence of an invisible universe will be accepted without hesitation. It is not a matter of assertion, but one of interpretation of results based upon scientific inquiries. Effects are measured and are referred to causes which account for

them in every detail, though the exact mechanism of the action may not be understood. The fall of a stone to the ground will serve to show how this can be the case. Aristotle gave attention to the subject of falling bodies, but he added nothing to the knowledge of it existing at his time, and he did not attempt to make the simple tests which would have disposed of his doctrine—held for twenty centuries after him—that heavy things fall faster than lighter ones. Galileo measured the rate of fall instead of making casual observations of it, and by dropping a one-pound shot and a hundred-pound shot from the leaning tower of Pisa proved that heavy bodies do not descend any quicker than light ones. But though the experiments led to the discovery of the laws obeyed by falling bodies, they did not describe the nature of the action.

It was left to Newton, who was born in the same year that Galileo died, to carry the observations a stage further by showing that objects fall to the ground because of the force of attraction between them and the earth. This is, of course, only a minor consequence of the law of gravitation, but the example is sufficient if it indicates how observation has preceded explanation. An effect was seen, observed, measured, and then found to be the result of a certain cause; but what of the cause itself? Of this nothing can, even now, be said. In spite of the many attempts which have been made to explain gravity—how and by what means the attractive force between bodies is exerted—it must be confessed that no solution yet put forward has been accepted as completely satisfactory.

A falling stone shows us that masses are attracted to one another merely by virtue of their substantial qualities. From such a familiar case of relationship between fact and inference it is easy to pass to larger effects of gravitational action. For those who have little faith in intangible evidence the discovery of the planet Neptune may be put in as a plea for confidence in conclusions based upon it. Astronomers found that Herschel's planet, Uranus, did not conform to the path prescribed for it, but behaved as if subjected to some misguiding influence which disturbed its movements around the sun. The suggestion was therefore made that a body then unknown was responsible for the inconsistencies of Uranus, and calculations showed where it should be found. It is well known that Neptune was discovered in 1846 close to the position which mathematics based on the law of

gravitation had assigned to it. The discovery of this new planet thus afforded a striking instance of the ability of the law to respond to any demands which could be made upon it in the solar system.

The planet Neptune happened to be an object bright enough to be seen with telescopic aid, though it is quite invisible to the naked eye. If no telescope had existed when this new member of our system was discovered, the actual test of the validity of the mathematical results could not have been made—the processes of the intricate mathematical argument would have touched the planet and followed its movements, but, in the absence of ocular demonstration, the conclusion that a massive object existed beyond Uranus would have been regarded as an interesting statement which remained to be proved.

Another case in which the existence of an unknown mass was suspected before the body itself was seen is that of the Dog Star—Sirius. This star, the brightest in the heavens, is moving through space—as, indeed, all stars are—but its change of position is not uniformly in one direction. The difference is very slight, and requires good instrumental means to detect it; but it could not be disregarded when once it had been established, and an explanation had to be found for it. This was given by Bessel in 1844, who suggested that a dark body near Sirius was exerting an influence upon its movements. Referring to the matter in a letter to Sir John Herschel, he wrote 'Light is no real property of mass. The existence of numberless visible stars can have nothing against the existence of numberless invisible stars'; and upon this idea he based the opinion that Sirius was a double star, consisting of an invisible body as well as the visible one, the two forming a couple united by the bonds of gravitation. At that time it seemed scarcely credible that there were stars which could not be seen as well as those emitting luminous radiations; but Bessel's view has since received ample justification. Twenty years after he had given expression to his belief in unseen worlds, a faint star was discovered near Sirius, and it proved to be the body which causes the bright star to swerve from a rectilinear path.

Stars with bright companions were discovered by Sir William Herschel towards the end of the eighteenth century, and their majestic march around one another was recorded. Many of these twin suns are nearly equal in brightness, but in most cases the two stars are badly matched in regard to visual appearance, a

brilliant star often being joined by the force of mutual attraction to one several degrees fainter. In the star Sirius this difference is accentuated to a noteworthy degree, for while it is the brightest object in the stellar universe, its companion is so faint that it can only be seen by using telescopes of great light-grasping power.

There is really nothing strange in this disparity when the matter is logically considered. Why should we measure mass in the universe by what we are able to detect with our limited optical sense? To a blind man, or to an eye capable of seeing everything, the brilliant star Sirius would not seem to be overpoweringly great by the side of the dark heavy body to which it is united; and if mortals possessed a sense capable of being affected in proportion to substance, as the sense of sight is by luminosity, the dark sphere would have been noticed as soon as man turned his gaze towards the skies. For though the faint star now seen to accompany Sirius would need to have its brightness increased twelve thousand times to equal the brilliancy of that gem of the sky, it is nearly half as heavy when measured by the standard of mass.

There are other cases in which the companions of bright stars are very faint, but heavy out of all proportion to their brightness. As with Sirius, the astronomer Bessel expressed the conviction that Procyon, which rises about half an hour before it, had a dark companion disturbing its movements. Half a century later, in 1896, this companion was detected by Prof. Schaeberle, so we have here another instance of a body known to exist long before it was seen.

The difference between mass and luminosity accounts for the interval that elapsed between prediction and discovery in each of the cases mentioned. The companion of Procyon has a mass more than half as great as that of our sun, and is, therefore, capable of exerting appreciable gravitational influence upon a body near it. But while it is such a ponderous globe, its light is much less than that which the sun would give if placed in the same position among the stellar host. To represent the faintness of Procyon's satellite, the sun, after being taken away into space, would need to have its brightness reduced until it was only about a twenty-thousandth part of the present amount. It is therefore not surprising that the gravitational influence was detected before the faint glimmer of the rays from the star was seen and understood.

Three instances have now been mentioned in which invisible celestial bodies were found by indirect evidence before they were looked for with telescopic aid—we refer to the planet Neptune and the companions of Sirius and Procyon. Predictions fulfilled in this way should encourage confidence in conclusions based upon similar premisses. That is to say, if observations show that a celestial object is not moving through space in a straight line, they afford presumptive evidence of the existence of one or more bodies near it. The problem of discovering invisible stars thus resolves itself into one of studying stellar motions.

A comparison of the exact positions of stars year by year shows that every one has a motion of its own across the blue background of infinity. The amount of movement as seen from the earth is very minute, and can only be detected by accurate determinations of position; but it is none the less real, and has to be taken into account in precise astronomy. Catalogues of stars not only record positions—expressed by co-ordinates analogous to latitude and longitude on the earth—but also contain columns showing the rate and direction at which each star is changing its position. Every movement has a cause, and when deviations from a direct course are found it is certain that the star showing them is being disturbed by a massive body which may or may not be visible.

But what of stars which are moving straight towards the earth or away from it? such movements cannot produce any change of position upon the background upon which they are projected. This is true enough, but they can be detected by other effects. To an astronomer with a spectroscope, the light of a star is a gamut of colour crossed by dark or light rays comparable with musical notes. And just as the pitch of a note can be raised or lowered by rapid motion of the sounding body towards or away from the listener, so the positions of rays in the light scale are affected by similar movements of approach or recession. If the distance between the moving star and the earth is decreasing, the rays analysed by the spectroscope are increased in colour-pitch, and, if the distance is increasing, the rays are moved towards the lower end of the gamut of light; or, expressed in the terms of music, their notes are flat. So perfect a means does the spectroscope provide of measuring this movement backward or forward that the velocity of a star can be determined to an accuracy within a quarter of a mile a second, though the star

itself may be at an immeasurable distance from us. Here, then, we are provided with another means of studying stellar motions, and to it we owe the proof of the existence of many dark stars.

The first instance of the application of the spectroscope to the study of invisible globes in stellar space is that of the star Algol. More than a century ago it was suggested that the sudden fading of light, which this star shows at regular intervals of nearly three days, is due to a dark body coming between us and the bright star. Consider two heavy globes of approximately equal mass, one bright and the other dark, to form a twin system in space. At a point about midway between the two bodies an immaterial pivot would occur, around which revolution would take place. This represents roughly the condition of things existing between Algol and its companion. The two globes are always on opposite sides of the pivot, so that when the dark body is hastening towards us, to interpose itself between us and the bright star, Algol is being swayed back in the opposite direction. After the light has suffered the periodical eclipse, the dark globe is swinging back, and the bright one is rushing towards us.

About twelve years ago, Professor Vogel, of the Potsdam Observatory, proved by systematic studies of Algol's motion that the star does actually swing back and forth in a period coincident with that of its variations of light, in precisely the way it would behave if influenced by a massive body near it. The dark companion has never been seen, and probably never will be; yet there is not the slightest doubt of its existence among astronomers, nor can there be in any mind that has considered the testimony given by the spectroscope. About a dozen stars are known to fluctuate in light in the same manner as Algol, and each of them is regarded as having a dark satellite, which periodically comes between us and the luminous star.

The condition of things represented by Algol and other stars of the same type must, however, be exceptional. It happens that stars of this type have their light partially obliterated by the interposition of dark bodies between us and their luminous surfaces at regular intervals; but if these dead worlds passed a little above or below the line of sight from the earth to the bright star there would be no periodic eclipse, and therefore no visible indication which would lead us to suspect the existence of dark globes near the stars we see. Dark stars may revolve around bright ones in orbits inclined at any angle to the level in which the earth

travels around the sun, but only in those cases in which they are near this level when they pass between us and their luminous companions can any variation of light caused by them be noticed.

It might seem, therefore, that the dozen or so stars which are periodically dimmed by eclipse are the only objects which are known to possess dark partners; but this is not the case. If two globes—a bright one and a dark one—are really a united couple, each influences the movements of the other, no matter what the direction may be in which they revolve around their common balancing-point. The spectroscope shows that Algol is swung backward and forward by the invisible mass near it. By what may almost be termed a fortunate accident this dark body passes in front of the bright star every three days, and causes a sudden loss of light; but even if it did not come directly between us and the luminous surface the spectroscope would still detect a periodic increase and decrease of pitch of the light-rays. The spectroscopic evidence of the movements of stars towards the earth or away from it is, in fact, independent of variations of light. If upon analysing determinations of movements of approach or recession it is found that a star has its velocity increased and decreased in a definite period, we are justified in concluding that there is an invisible body in the neighbourhood swaying the bright one round an orbit by the controlling influence of gravitation.

A new field of study has thus been opened, and it promises to add very greatly to our knowledge of the universe. Measurements of the movements of stars towards or away from the earth have been made for a third of a century, but it is only in recent years that the method employed has been brought to sufficient perfection to enable the observations to be made to a high degree of accuracy. Now, however, that the rate of approach or recession can be determined within a few hundred yards a second, the exact analysis of the motions has assumed a completely new aspect. Hitherto it has been of little importance to know whether a star was increasing or decreasing its distance from the earth; but now, by examining the details of the movements, we find in many cases secondary impulses backward or forward, and they are unmistakable signs of bodies which have to be considered in addition to those of which we have ocular proof.

The star Spica is an example of a bright body which has a dark partner like that belonging to Algol, but does not undergo a

periodic loss of light by eclipse. Spectroscope observations show that the bright star alternately swings towards the earth and away from it in a period of four days, and the results can be completely explained by assuming that Spica has a companion that cannot be seen but is massive enough to make the visible star move in an orbit. This attendant may be a dark globe or a faint one so close to the star Spica that the most perfect telescope available is powerless to show the two bodies separately. But whether lucid or obscure, the evidence of the spectroscope has shown that a star which passed for a single body until a few years ago has really a partner which insists upon making its presence known.

The North Star—Polaris—also shows by its movements that it is under the influence of one or more bodies near it. In a period of about four days the star is found to swing back and forth, doubtless as the result of movement in an orbit. Moreover, there are indications that Polaris and its satellite are in revolution together around a third body, so that the system must be regarded as a triple one. The movements of the moon and earth with reference to the sun provide us with a similar case, though on a much smaller scale; for the moon revolves around our globe once a month, while the earth itself is traversing its path around the sun. It must not be supposed, however, that if we could view our system from the stars it would be possible to detect these relative movements of the moon and earth. True, the planets are dark globes revolving around the sun, but even the largest of them—Jupiter—is small in comparison with the sun; and if all were placed in one pan of a mighty balance, the sun at the other end of the beam would outweigh them seven hundred times. It would require much more massive bodies than the planets to affect the movements of the sun as seen from the stars. In fact, every star in the sky could possess a family of planets like that of which the earth is a minor member, without our being able to see any of these dark spheres with the aid of our most powerful telescopes or to detect with the spectroscope any movements due to their gravitational attraction. Seen from the nearest star, our sun would appear as a point of light having about the brightness of Polaris, and even if the planet Jupiter were a luminous body a telescope more than twenty feet in diameter would be required to see it separately from the sun.

The dark globes proved by the spectroscope to accompany some bright stars are therefore of quite a different order of

magnitude from the planets, and are comparable in point of mass with the stars themselves. The addition of such bodies to the material universe is thus of great significance. But the few cases of dark stars already mentioned only represent the firstfruits of the inquiry into the invisible worlds in space. As the result of the examination of the back-and-forth movements of more than three hundred stars, Professor Campbell finds that about one-sixth of them are at least twins, if not triplets. We have, therefore, the astonishing fact that one star in every six or so thus far investigated has near it a partner which can never be seen. New methods of inquiry may reveal many bodies beyond the power of the telescope to show to human eyes, but, even as the evidence stands at present, we are assured of the existence of a vast universe of invisible stars. The astronomy of the future will be concerned as much with the study of these dark masses as with those from which luminous radiations are received.

The spectroscope has demonstrated the reality of dark stars, but there are other means by which evidence of the existence of invisible matter in space has been obtained. Particles of cosmic material are continually entering the earth's atmosphere, and as they are consumed they flash across the sky as shooting stars or meteors. Occasionally these visitors from outer space resist complete destruction as they penetrate the air, and reach the surface of our globe as solid masses or meteorites, such as are preserved in the excellent national collection at South Kensington. When meteorites congregate into a swarm in our solar system, their frequent collisions produce sufficient heat to volatilise some of the constituents, and so give rise to the appearance of a comet. According to Sir Norman Lockyer, when such a collection of colliding particles exists in interstellar space instead of being in our own system, the faintly luminous vapour is seen as a patch of celestial mist, and recognised as a nebula. The evidence he has brought forward suggests that the light of every nebula is of meteoritic origin. The luminous haze seen or photographed may thus be but a visible manifestation of much friction among innumerable fragments of dark matter.

Photography has revealed many immense areas of nebulous material too faint to be seen with any telescope; in other words, it is possible, even when using the best instrument in the world, to photograph views which are of too spiritual a faintness for the eye to discern with the same optical power. We are therefore

naturally led to ask whether there is any limit to the extension of knowledge of invisible matter in the universe. New instruments and new methods bring new worlds to light, and it would seem that this triumphant progress must continue with the march of the human intellect. There are indications, however, that a rough inventory of the contents of the universe around us can be made with the methods of inquiry at present available.

Lord Kelvin has used mathematical considerations to make an estimate of the total mass of visible and invisible substance in space. Imagine that at one time our universe was filled with particles of matter at rest. Let this condition of perfect calm and peace be disturbed—one touch would be sufficient—and in the course of ages the globes which now roll through the dark blue depths would be moulded into form. The calculations made by Lord Kelvin show that if in the beginning the total quantity of matter had a mass equal to that of one thousand million suns, the movements eventually produced would be those actually observed at the present time. Or, to express the result in another way, the motions now known to exist can be accounted for by assuming that our universe once consisted of material equal to one thousand million suns distributed uniformly throughout its whole extent. As only one hundred million stars can be seen or photographed with even the most perfect instruments at the disposal of astronomers, the conclusion is reached that there is nine times as much invisible matter in space as there is of material capable of being brought within the range of our vision.

This result leads directly to other considerations. Both mathematical and observational astronomy declare that though our universe contains an immense number of bright and dark bodies, yet there is a limit to the quantity of material in it. Man is now able to count and weigh the stars, and he finds that the results have finite dimensions. But though philosophers may gather with the meshes of human knowledge all the material bodies in our universe, there are good reasons for believing that they can only cast their net in one abyss of a fathomless ocean. Space has been sounded over and over again, but no bottom has been reached. Here and there are stars which have had their distance determined, and the nearest is so far away that a messenger—a ray of light—travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second takes four years to come from it to us. Stars which are so near to the earth that their light takes not more than fifty years to

reach us can have their distances approximately determined, but beyond them are bodies so far removed from our part of space that the light we now receive left them hundreds of years ago.

Distances so immense are almost inconceivable to inhabitants of a globe a few thousand miles in diameter. Only by rising above our little system can its place in the universe be contemplated in true perspective. But even when the mind takes the whole of the bodies in the heavens within its grasp, it is met by infinity. It is conceivable that at some future epoch every star, lucid and obscure, will be accurately known, and every particle in the universe around us be measured and weighed. But when all this has been done the survey will still be incomplete. Space is infinite in extent; there will always be a beyond, however deep we may sound. All the millions of stars and dark masses, and the vast areas of dim nebulosity, observed or seen with the eye of scientific faith, constitute but an island universe, and there may be many other universes even greater than ours in other depths of infinite space.

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose photographs of celestial scenery are of unique astronomical value, has, as the result of many years of patient labour, been led to conclude that photography has practically exhausted its efforts to extend our knowledge of the celestial regions around us. When a sensitive film is exposed to the sky in an astronomical telescope or camera, the number of stars or extent of nebulosity depicted by it increases as the duration of the action is lengthened. The longer the photographic eye faces the sky, the more faint stars and nebulous streams are impressed upon its retina. It would seem, therefore, that by increasing the sensitiveness of the film or lengthening the duration of exposure to celestial rays, astronomers might hope to add new regions to the empire already gained for knowledge. Apparently this is not the case. Dr. Roberts finds that there is a limit to the powers of photography applied to the heavens. Using the most sensitive photographic plates, this limit is reached by an exposure of from ten to twelve hours. Exposures of longer duration than this do not reveal new stars or nebulous realms. So far can the astronomer go with his camera, but no farther, and no new secrets are shown to him, however long he waits. Let Dr. Roberts himself state the conclusions at which he has arrived as the result of a lifetime spent in the photography of the heavens :

Here, then, is evidence founded upon photographs of objects at different altitudes and positions in the sky, all obtained under favourable conditions, with an instrument of considerable power and on films of a high degree of sensitiveness, which I think may be accepted as demonstrations of the accuracy of the surmises of astronomers in the past that the part of the starry universe visible from the earth is limited in extent, and that, notwithstanding the enormous assistance afforded by the photographic method, we are again brought to a check because of the inadequacy of the powers we possess to enable us to peer beyond that part of space in the midst of which we are placed, and though we know that it extends over countless millions of miles we seem to be no nearer than our predecessors were in descrying a boundary.

In this remark it is almost possible to hear the sigh of an astronomer for more worlds to conquer, and a prayer for power to penetrate further into the mysteries of space. Thus does man aspire to divine heights; and, so long as the human mind can be projected into regions unknown, an endeavour will be made to reach them. There is inspiration in the thought that, however extensive our horizon may be, it is merely a boundary line between earth and heaven, and by rising to a higher level we can see beyond it. The limited view of the stellar universe, possible before Galileo, was extended by the discovery of the telescope, and now it is possible to see one hundred million stars. That represents the boundary, so far as visual observations are concerned; but the photographic plate has brought into view vast areas of nebulous matter which have never been seen. Here, also, the limit has been reached, and little hope is entertained of increasing it to any appreciable extent. But the spectroscope has again taken us to another point, and we are able to prove that space contains a large number of dark stars which can never be seen or photographed. Mathematical inquiry has extended this invisible universe still further, and given reason for believing that the mass of dark matter in our universe is much greater than that of all the light-giving bodies. Finally, when a position has been attained from which the whole of our universe can be surveyed, there is still the boundary over which we cannot look to see what exists in infinite space beyond. The human intellect may be brought to exalted planes, but so long as man is lower than the angels the realms outside the grasp of finite comprehension will remain unexplored. For

> End there is none to the universe of God,
> Lo, also, is there no beginning.

R. A. Gregory.

A GREAT MERCHANT SEAMAN.

CAPTAIN SQUIRE THORNTON STRATFORD LECKY.

BY F. T. BULLEN.

SUCH is the lamentable ignorance among the majority of our people of matters connected with the Mercantile Marine, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether one out of ten readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE will recognise that the name at the head of this appreciation has any claim upon his attention. Were any good to be done thereby, it would be most easy to write a few pages of diatribe against this really criminal neglect of our greatest industry by landspeople; but, alas! we are a pachydermatous folk generally, and are all too apt to say of some strenuous piece of writing, some evidence of an aggrieved advocate unburdening his soul, that a discount of some 95 per cent. needs taking off his statements.

So I will refrain from railing, with a good deal of relief, for it is no pleasant occupation, and endeavour briefly to call attention to the being and doing of a really great man of action, albeit he was all his life but a member of the despised Merchant Service, or the still more despised, in naval circles, Royal Naval Reserve, shamefully nicknamed 'the hungry half-hundred.'

Now if I were writing a biography of my hero instead of just an appreciation of his work as a merchant seaman, it would of course be incumbent upon me to deal comprehensively with his early years, the character of his parents, the sources of his education, &c. But under the circumstances I can plunge at once to the beginning of his sea career as midshipman on board of one of Messrs. Green's grand old frigate-built ships, the *Alfred*, of 1,000 tons register, in the year 1851, when he was fourteen years old. Only half a century ago, but during that fifty-one years more advance has been made in nautical matters, as far as regards shipbuilding and engineering, than in the preceding five hundred. It was delightful to hear the complacency of his tones as he dwelt upon the grandeur of his first ship, mere cockboat as she was to the vessels he commanded later, but tall East Indiaman of those days. Hear him enumerate her crew. Sixty able seamen, every one a sailor in the true sense of the word and

scarce a foreigner among them ; eighteen ordinary seamen, young men who could hand, reef, and steer, but were not yet up to all the complexities of sailoring demanded in that stern day from sailors ranking as 'A. B.'; four boys, six mates, and twelve midshipmen, officers in embryo, as they are in the Navy, and paying heavily for the great privilege of receiving their nautical training on board one of the fine frigates of Messrs. Green. I pass over Captain Lecky's summary of the wages earned by the crew as being a subject no landsman cares about, but pause for a moment at the master, who, Captain Lecky says, made over 1,000*l.* a year, not in wages, but mostly in 'primage' (a kind of commission) on the cargo, and because a certain amount of space was always set apart by the owners for the master's private ventures. Of course the *Alfred* carried only first-class passengers, equally of course she was handled exactly like a frigate of the Navy; certain hard and fast rules as to sail-handling and dismantling ship were strictly observed, and altogether it was abundantly manifest that the rigid division now made between Navy and Merchant Service did not then exist. The whole of that fine crew might have been transferred to a vessel of war and they would scarcely have noticed the change. But now a crew of intelligent landsmen would, barring sea-sickness, be just as soon useful on board a man-of-war as a crew as any scratch crowd taken out of a merchant vessel, even supposing the latter could be found all British subjects.

The *Alfred* went leisurely too, calling at Madeira and Cape Town on the outward passage [1] to Calcutta, and on the homeward at St. Helena and the Azores in order to break the monotony of the passage and obtain fresh provisions. But even then some smart passages were made, owing to the consummate seamanship of the commanders. These were the palmy days of sailoring occasionally heard of in the forecastle of a sailing ship from some survival, some worn and haggard old A. B., who, looking scornfully round upon the twenty wastrels of all nations comprising the crew of his 1,500-ton ship, thinks dolefully of vessels like the *Alfred* of 1,000 tons with seventy-eight sailors to handle her.

But young Lecky was not satisfied. The decorated clothing, the quasi-officer status, did not compensate him for what he felt

[1] Nothing more plainly marks the amateur nautical writer than his calling the journey from one port to another a 'voyage.' No *sailor* does. The round trip from home back to home again constitutes the 'voyage,' all the port to port journeys are 'passages.'

was a great waste of time. These vessels were stately, high-class, altogether admirable, but the upward path was slow, as slow as their passages were up the Hooghli under sail (no tugs in those days) even though handled with the most wonderful seamanship by those aristocrats of the sea, the Calcutta pilots. So upon his return from his first voyage he broke his connection with Messrs. Green, forfeiting all the patronage they were then so well able to bestow upon their pupils, and without saying a word to anyone hied him off to Liverpool, where he indentured himself to Mr. James Beazley, a gentleman totally unknown to him, but in whose ships he felt sure he would get all the opportunities he hungered for of learning the profession he loved. He says parenthetically concerning this bold step, 'I had neither friends nor acquaintances in Liverpool, and had my poor mother only known what I was doing she would have sent a policeman after me.' But she did not know, and the ardent young seaman chronicles with just pride how, before his indentures had expired, he had become successively bosun, third mate, second mate, and chief mate of the *Prince Arthur*, 1,146 tons, esteemed one of the finest clipper ships of her day. Some of these positions had perforce to be held surreptitiously, as the Board of Trade did not permit an apprentice while serving his time to hold a certificate. But immediately upon the expiration of Lecky's time, or at nineteen years of age, he was appointed duly-qualified second mate of Messrs. Beazley's *Star of the East*, a magnificent China clipper, very heavily sparred, with a reputed speed of 17 knots. Lecky naïvely says he 'never saw her go more than 15,' and this coincides with my opinion, based upon considerable experience, that the sailing ship never swam that went more than 16 knots under sail, and the Yankee stories about 21 knots, &c., are what we might expect from this versatile and imaginative people.

Lecky's next venture was a startling one, to those, that is, who know what sea life means. Not succeeding in hitting it off with his new seniors (such a man must always have been a thorn in the side of a less capable superior officer), he left the *Star of the East*, and became second mate of the American ship *Jacob A. Westerfeldt*, proving at once his courage and capacity to rule. It would take far too long to explain why this is so; may it suffice to say that he who can successfully keep his end up as second mate of an American sailing ship must emphatically be a *man*. But one voyage under the Stars and Stripes was enough,

and returning to Liverpool he joined the *Swithamley*, of Liverpool, as second mate. Upon arrival in Kurrachee or Karachi, as the pedants have it, he took his discharge and joined 'Her Majesty's Indian Navy.' Not, he is careful to say, the Bengal *Marine*, or the Bombay *Marine*, or the Royal Indian *Marine*, but a *pukka* 'Navy,' formerly the 'Honourable East India Company's Navy.' In this service he remained as first-class second master, until it was broken up and officers and men dispersed. Lecky had not served long enough for a pension, but a month's pay for each year of service was given him and others like him. Far beyond pay, however, was the experience he had gained, the sea-lore of all kinds with which he had stored his mind, letting no opportunity slip of acquiring such knowledge as should be useful to him later on in his beloved business. His words about the conditions of life in this latter service of the Indian Navy are full of the highest appreciation.

Now he must needs become a peaceful merchantman again, and accordingly we find him making a Southern voyage in the *Nell Gwyn* of Bristol, 'a very smart craft.' But on returning home a chance offers itself for him to risk life and liberty on board the blockade-runner *Bahama*, endeavouring to get into Charleston during the American Civil War. She was not really fast enough, the venture was a disastrous failure, and Lecky, to use his own phrase, found himself 'on his beam-ends.' With all his transcendent abilities he does not seem yet to have acquired the unsailorlike virtue of thrift, and so is glad to ship for the Mediterranean as third mate of a four-masted steamer called the *Bellona*, which was everlastingly breaking down and otherwise making herself a thorn in the flesh to her unhappy officers and crew. On returning to Liverpool Lecky left the *Bellona* at once and obtained a second officer's berth in what was then looked upon as, next to the Cunard, the crack Transatlantic Line. Beginning in the *City of Washington*, he served on board half a dozen of the fine Inman steamers, being then promoted to the position of chief officer of the *City of Manchester*.

This work, however, was far too humdrum for young Lecky (he was even then compiling the book which has made him famous among seafarers everywhere), and he had no fear of taking legitimate risks. So he left the Inman Company's service, much to their annoyance, and superintended the construction of a new S.S., the *Krishna*, building at Liverpool for a newly-formed

company called the 'Bombay and Bengal Steam Ship Company.' He says, 'I did not command her long, for the concern went smash, but my luck held good, for I immediately got command of a screw collier trading between Liverpool, Cardiff, and elsewhere!' Again typical of the man, for there be few sailors who would consider a change from chief officer of an Inman Liner to skipper of a screw collier a bit of luck. He did not find it pleasant himself, and was consequently gratified in no small measure when Messrs. Lamport and Holt, the well-known shipowners of Liverpool, bought her and took over her master and officers. Thenceforward his lines ran pleasantly enough for four-and-a-half years, trading in these comfortable steamers between Liverpool and practically all the ports of Eastern South America. During all this time he was busy in every hour of his spare time (and how much spare time the skipper of a deep-water ship has no one knows but a seaman), improving his own mind and making use of his powers for the benefit of others. It was now that he completed the first edition of his great work, 'Wrinkles in Practical Navigation,' a work that has had a wider circulation (and justly so) than any book of the kind ever written, a book brimful of practical sea-lore, to be found on as many officers' shelves in the Navy as in the Merchant Service, and yet without a line which the author considered would lead people to suppose they could learn seamanship and ship-handling out of books, an idea he abhorred.

Yet Mr. Lecky's career as a shipmaster was still far from being assured and settled for life. Presently we find him, having suddenly left Messrs. Lamport and Holt's employ, sailing as chief officer of the *Patagonia*, then a crack ship of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. On his return he obtained command, which he kept in various ships of this fine service for six years, contributing during that time an enormous amount of valuable information to the charts of South America, especially those dealing with that most intricate part of the world which includes the western half of the Straits of Magellan and the Gulf of Peñas. The Admiralty charts of those regions all bear Lecky's name, but are gradually being superseded by the results of the closer surveys of modern days, the work of men who have nought else to do. Marine surveying, Lecky declares, was one of his hobbies, marine engineering and iron (steel) shipbuilding another, as distinguished from the business of his life, which was ship-handling and navigation.

Suddenly severing his connection with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company for reasons with which we have here nothing to do, he started with Lord Brassey, at the latter's invitation, on the famous cruise of the *Sunbeam*, but without any official or semi-official position on board—merely as a guest. He only went as far as Buenos Ayres, where an urgent message awaited him requiring his return home for some legal business. He immediately embarked on board an old ship of his, the *Hipparchus*, and came back.

But now—and this will perhaps seem inexplicable to those who do not know the sailor—he found himself stranded, wearing the soles of his boots off in the weary inspection of public buildings gratis, and seeing his wife, his children, and himself growing thinner every day. At last, unable to bear this forced inactivity any longer, this splendid seaman and commander found himself compelled to ship as boatswain of one of the 'City Line' boats, the *City of Mecca*, for Calcutta. On his return the captain, officers, and engineers, jolly good fellows every one, surely without a trace of professional jealousy, but whole-hearted in their admiration of the talented bo'sun, gave him a 'swagger' dinner at the Cannon Street Hotel, and bade him farewell upon his appointment as Commodore Captain of the British steamers of the 'American' line from Liverpool to Philadelphia. He was now in his element. With full powers, honoured, believed in, and fully trusted, he was quite happy. He superintended the building of each new vessel by the great Belfast builders Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and commanded each one at sea when built. Apparently the sea had no more prizes to offer him, and there was before him a certain prospect of a snug berth ashore as ship's husband or overlooker of the Line at no distant date. Yet this was as early as 1884, when he had been only thirty-three years at sea altogether, and in spite of the great lack of continuity in his service, generally a fatal bar to high promotion with any rapidity. He was now in the full vigour of manhood, only forty-seven years of age, with a record behind him, apart from the production of his wonderful book, of which any seaman might well be inordinately proud, even with every advantage that wealth, education, and influence could possibly give. But if seamen as a class were asked what constituted Squire T. S. Lecky's claim to the highest honours among his fellows there would be no dissentient voice—his book. There has never been anything like it for navigators in its scope, accuracy, perspicacity, and withal popular

style, whereby the most abstruse questions were made clear to dull minds, easy of working and ready of application. In addition to all his other qualifications, however, he had found time to put in his drill as a Royal Naval Reserve officer, both ashore and afloat, to such good purpose that he was enabled to retire with the rank of Commander, one of the few merchant shipmasters legally entitled to the rank of 'Captain.' He also commanded the *British Prince* transport throughout the Egyptian War of 1882, volunteered to go to the front, went, and gained the medal and star.

In 1884 an advertisement appeared in the principal newspapers inviting applications for the post of Marine Superintendent to the Great Western Railway. In response to this nearly six hundred candidates sought the berth. Captain Lecky cynically details the weeding-out process by means of which this regiment of applicants was reduced to fourteen. These survivors were invited up to Paddington, where by the directors they were gradually brought down to three. And Captain Lecky achieved the high honour of securing the post, in spite of his many highly-placed Naval competitors and the fact that his predecessor had been a Vice-Admiral. Now this to the average landsman may not seem a fact worthy of notice, but indeed it is of the highest import, and one not at all relished in 'Service' circles. Only five instances of the kind come to mind: Mr. Henry Toynbee and Commander Campbell-Hepworth, C.B., R.N.R., to the post of Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological Office, Mr. C. Wilson-Barker to the command of the *Worcester* training-ship, Commander Caius Crutchley, R.N.R., to the secretaryship of the Navy League, and Captain Lecky's appointment, all of which were and are abundantly justified.

Captain Lecky entered upon his new and vast duties fortified by the assurance that he had the entire confidence of the directors, that he as a practical seaman, administrator of nautical affairs, and enthusiast in the mysteries of practical engineering and iron (or steel) shipbuilding would be given a perfectly free hand, and for sixteen years he abundantly justified that confidence. Of course it was open to him to be a figure-head, and, choosing able subordinates, assume credit for their careful work while taking life exceedingly easy himself. Such men are not unknown or difficult to be pointed out to-day. But Lecky threw himself into this new business with all that passion for detail, love of hard work, and indifference to fatigue which had ever

characterised him, positively gloating over the herculean character of his labours. In one of his letters to me he enumerates them, premising that he had no superintending engineer. The supervision of an engineering works employing 250 hands, the Irish Steamship Service, the Weymouth-Cherbourg and the Weymouth-Channel Islands Steamship connections might each have justly claimed the whole of one man's energies, no doubt. But Captain Lecky's energies needed just such an outlet as the whole of these duties combined, and he adds as an afterthought that the oversight of all the Great Western Railway's docks all over the kingdom also devolved upon him. He also says, 'I never knew what hard work really was before' (one may be pardoned for wondering what this man's idea of *really* hard work was), 'but I never was happier, for I loved my work.' Exactly, and to their great honour be it said the Great Western Railway directors recognised this to the full, treating their willing, enthusiastic servant as such a man deserved to be treated, and winning his whole-hearted gratitude for what he calls (as the highest encomium at his command) their perfectly gentlemanly behaviour towards him.

Alas! though spirits be willing, flesh is weak, and Captain Lecky found that, love his work as he might, this mortal veil needed consideration too. Several warnings passed unheeded until two years ago the condition of his throat made it absolutely necessary for him to retire. He was only 63, but he had lived as much as some men would have done had they reached 1000. Thenceforward his letters are sacred, telling of his quest of health, his martyrdom at the hands of specialists (37 operations upon his throat in three months), and underlying them all the grim shadow dogging his fearless footsteps. He who had faced mutinous crews fully armed, who had fought on the battle-field, and been all his sea-life in constant touch with horrible forms of mortal disintegration, had now to lie and wait the stealthy approach of the conqueror, never more terrible than under circumstances like these.

His complaint was diagnosed as granular pharyngitis, but one cannot help suspecting a grimmer spectre behind that glib description. However, that may pass, for he is dead.

And I, his humble and quite inefficient chronicler, ask forgiveness for offering this tribute to his memory under the plea that such men as he are far too little thought of by this nation of *laissez-faire*. In the Merchant Service, Squire Thornton Stratford

Lecky was reared, in the fullest sense of the term. He owed no college allegiance; his wonderful attainments in mathematics, engineering, and shipbuilding were all earned by strenuous application while at sea, and followed up as occasion offered ashore, and his example should be a most stimulating one to shipmasters to-day. It speaks strenuously to merchant shipmasters to raise themselves, to cry aloud and spare not. It tells them no longer to endure the callous ignorance of the nation generally, the cold neglect of their naval confrères (how the latter will 'squirm' at this word!), and the venomous detraction by hungry guinea-seeking clerks, knowing mathematics and nought else, who would make of every shipmaster a blear-eyed pedant, unfit for aught save detraction of his fellow-man, born of impotent envy.

This is no place to introduce anecdotes of Captain Lecky's career. But I may be pardoned for giving just one, as showing conclusively that Captain Lecky was not merely a consummately able shipmaster with all that such a title implies, but also a 'tall fellow of his hands,' a quality that counts so enormously at sea for good or evil accordingly as it is used. When he was mate of the *Prince Arthur* he had a *very* rowdy crew (the emphasis is his own and means a great deal) of 33 hands. Now let him tell his own story. 'One evening, after I had had a big fight with this lot, I called the carpenter on to the poop and explained that in future whenever he saw me mixed up in a *mêlée* he was to come along with his axe. The carpenter, a Scotchman as usual, looked at me and said, "Na, na, sirr, Ah canna dae that." I got very indignant, whereupon he explained that it was the axe he objected to. He said, "Ma weepuns arr ma han'saw an' a broad cheesul, for ye ken, if Ah mak a stroak at a mahn wi ma axe an miss him, he'll hev ma befoar Ah can recover masel, but Ah defy him tae hold on tae ma han'saw, an if he did why Ah'd juist lop aff his han' at the wrist wi ma cheesul." I subsequently found him a good useful man in a row at Akyab when I chased the whole crew out of the ship and laid her up, times being bad and freights nowhere.' Some day, I hope, Captain Lecky's life will be written for his fellow merchant seamen, to the lasting benefit (I believe) of the latter. But at present there is nought remaining for me to write but my grateful appreciation of the courtesy that has enabled me to pay my small tribute to the greatness of one whom I consider to have been the greatest Merchant Seaman of his century.

THE PARIAH.[1]

I MET a weary wandering wight
'Mid deserts wild and rude,
Who seemed to shrink from human sight
And seek for solitude:
Like one he was who feels the weight
Of yet unpardoned sin:
His anguished brow and timorous gait
Betrayed the fears within!

'Oh, say,' I cried, 'poor outcast, why
Thou seek'st this dreary place,
All, all alone, with fearful eye
And darkly-muffled face!
Some secret grief has made thee shun
Mankind's familiar path,
Or thou some desperate deed hast done
And fear'st the avenger's wrath,——

'Whate'er the burden be that so
Lies heavy on thy breast,
Or conscious shame, or hidden woe,
Or ordinance transgrest,
Yet may confession heal the offence
And purge away the stain,——
Ay, though those mantled lineaments
Should bear the brand of Cain!

'Confide in me, whate'er it be:
Thy sorrows all reveal:
(Here may'st thou find a heart that's kind,
By suffering schooled to feel)——
What stroke of fate has reft thy bliss,
What crime thy conscience seared?'
'Sir,' he replied, 'the reason's this——
I'm trying to grow my beard!'

A. D. GODLEY.

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THE CECIL RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In considering the probable success of the scholarships at Oxford given to the United States by the late Cecil Rhodes, two things at least are clear: that, in America, the desire for a college education steadily becomes more widespread even among the youths who must make large sacrifices for it; and that youths with the scholarship, the fine personal character, and the promise of later leadership desired by Mr. Rhodes in the beneficiaries from his gift frequent the colleges in large numbers. Every year scores of college students cross from the United States to Europe, working their passage on cattle-steamers, or acting as tutors or guides, in order to grasp certain advantages which Europe offers and America does not. Surely, if these youths are willing to occupy positions that may be galling and even to endure considerable personal discomfort in order to round off their education by means of foreign travel, no narrow provincialism will, as some newspapers have suggested, keep American young men from accepting the generous gift which will open to them the learning, traditions, and rich culture of Oxford.

The purpose of Mr. Rhodes was to provide two youths from each state or territory, of the age at which American boys enter college—seventeen to twenty-one—with three years of residence as undergraduates at an Oxford college. He did not intend to have his gift used for graduate work at Oxford, but rather he meant to give lads of special promise an opportunity to understand and share in the Oxford training which has been the foundation of the culture of many of the leaders of English thought and action whom these same lads have been taught to admire. The beneficiaries are to be selected not only for their high scholarship, but also for marked qualities of manliness, for leadership among their schoolfellows, and even for proficiency in sport. Youths of the 'muscular Christianity' which the late Bishop Brooks delighted to preach are the persons Mr. Rhodes desired to aid.

It is at best so ungracious a task to scrutinise a gift-horse sharply that one may, perhaps, waive discussion of some questions sure to disturb anyone who has watched at any large American

college the yearly influx of students from all over the country. For instance, does the school provide an adequate test of the manliness and personal character of the candidate? Is it not an experience often repeated to find lads who, under the comparatively rigid curriculum of the schools, gave no special promise, developing, with the freer choice of work which the college gives them, in a way surprising to their old masters? Is not school leadership usually dependent on athletic accomplishment, and does it not often happen that the famous athlete of school or college plays but an inconspicuous part at the class reunions with their estimates of men readjusted by mature experience? Is anything commoner in American college life than to find that the leaders of the class in the first year have given place toward the end of the course to others far better fitted to lead among lads of seventeen or eighteen? The standards for a leader are very different from those which hold among their brothers of twenty to twenty-five. The fact is, certain marked differences between the preparatory schools and the colleges of England and the United States, differences which Mr. Rhodes was not likely to know, make it doubtful whether the generous and idealistic gift will work just as the donor hoped. We may put aside the question whether most American preparatory schools provide enough training in Latin and Greek to make it easy for a boy to pass directly from them into Oxford. If there be a gap, boys who have determined to go to Oxford will fill it as they now fill the gaps between the instruction of some schools and the requirements of the larger American colleges, by outside work. But it is clear that Mr. Rhodes, in deciding on the qualifications for a holder of one of his scholarships, had in mind, very naturally, English boys and English public schools. The latter have the boys under supervision for some years, so that the masters have ample opportunity to judge them accurately. In the United States, the boarding-school has only recently come into wide-spread use, and often, even now, a boy goes to one of them only for the last year before he enters college. And even now, the majority of the boys preparing for college are trained at the local or state schools—what, educationally speaking, correspond, I believe, to the High Schools in England. This means that the student is under the teacher's supervision only for a part of the day, that often there is not enough common social life in the school to make organised athletics possible, and that the relations with the masters are

confined to the class-room and are of the most formal kind. That is, it will not be so easy in the United States as it would be in England to get satisfactory information as to the character, the leadership, and the athletic attainments of candidates. Moreover, the young men most likely to wish to present themselves as possible beneficiaries will come in large part from these day schools, for the boarding-school is expensive and comparatively few boys there need money for the completion of their education. Now the American public is not accustomed to scholarships comprising considerable payments of money, but granted without regard to the financial condition of the recipient. Consequently, a boy who has done exceptionally well at school, but is able to pay his way, hardly ever thinks of applying for a scholarship at the college of his choice. If he did, most of the American colleges would tell him that their scholarships were closed to him because intended only for youths in actual need. The school friends of the boy, too, would think his sense of honour very dull if, by any such application, he showed himself willing to block the chances of other students whose preparatory training or whose powers might make their accomplishment less than his.

At the present time, Harvard College distributes yearly some hundred scholarships with a stipend. Of these not a dozen are open to boys who have sufficient money to put them through their college course. The college recognises exceptional scholarship in youths of means by scholarships without stipend. Therefore, if the Rhodes scholarships are to be assigned without regard to the financial condition of the candidates, this fact should be made unmistakably clear in announcing them to the public. Otherwise, few youths, if any, who are of high scholarship and great promise, but well able to pay their way at Oxford, will present themselves. Under any circumstances, in the present state of public opinion in regard to accepting a scholarship with a stipend, if a possible candidate can perfectly well meet his expenses, I doubt if there will be many would-be beneficiaries except from the group of youths who are but scantily supplied with funds. This does not mean that among these there are not many lads who thoroughly deserve to win the proposed scholarships, but it does mean that in considering their applications there will be special difficulty in getting the information desired as to their fitness on all the grounds for choice. In the first place, these youths get their preparation, for the most part, in

the day-schools; in the second place, those of them who go to the boarding-schools are likely to be so absorbed by two duties, winning good grades and making both ends meet, that they will have little or no time for athletics or for showing leadership among their comrades. These differences between English and American conditions will make the selection of candidates no easy task for the administrators of the gift.

But grant, for the moment, either that American custom as to accepting scholarships with a stipend will rapidly change, or that the youths of very restricted means can be accurately judged, what is likely to be the attitude of young Americans towards the gift? I doubt much if just the kind of youth desired by Mr. Rhodes will meet the administrators of the gift half way. In the first place, until the end of the first year at Oxford, the holder of the Rhodes scholarship will have little chance at anything except classics and mathematics, for by the requirements of Oxford colleges he will take Responsions on entering, and, as a marked man wishing to do well, Moderations at the end of his first year. This will leave him two years for his preparation for honours, or for special work. For some years, interest in American schools in Greek and Latin has been decreasing. The tendency is for the colleges to force down into the preparatory schools more of science, of the modern languages, and of the study of English composition and literature. Very recently an experienced and successful master of a secondary school told the writer that he could no longer arouse among his pupils any interest in Greek, and that what maintained such interest as there is in Latin is the oft-repeated statement that knowledge of it is necessary to intelligent use of English. How different all this from the attitude in English schools! At Harvard College many students enter without Greek, and the majority do not go on with Greek or Latin after they have matriculated. The usual course for the first year includes French or German, an introductory course in history, a course in English composition, a general course in English literature, and an introductory course in economics, government, philosophy or fine arts. The youth of well-defined scientific trend substitutes for some of these one or more of the following subjects, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geology, or mathematics, leading directly to courses, during his second year, in engineering. In some of the colleges, provided certain regulations as to a proper sequence of courses within the same

department be followed, a boy is from the start almost entirely free to choose whatever courses he pleases. After the first year there is but little prescribed work in the leading colleges of the United States, and even in the most conservative the freedom of choice increases yearly. Therefore, as against at Oxford a group system which in natural science promises some freedom for three years, but in the other groups little freedom till the second year, a youth considering whether he shall offer himself as a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship can set off at least three, and in some cases four years, of a fuller or an entirely free choice in American colleges. The kind of lad whom Mr. Rhodes had in mind—who is already a leader, or wishes to become one—takes in the colleges of the United States not the classics and mathematics, but courses looking towards the law or business. Many such students, recognising that they will be from twenty-five to twenty-seven years old before their work at a law school will end or before they can obtain a salary sufficient to support them comfortably, take each year, in colleges permitting the arrangement, enough courses to win the B.A. degree in three years instead of four. Is it likely that youths of these interests and of this temper—and it is to be remembered that among them are the men who most closely meet the requisites for the Rhodes scholarships—will be enthusiastic about adding to their study of Greek and Latin in the preparatory school; carrying both languages at least an extra year; and taking a course in which they are given real freedom of choice only in the last two years, and then only to a limited degree as compared with what is allowed in the leading American colleges? Moreover, professors of economics, sociology, history, and government, are often able to place advantageous openings in the way of their more distinguished students—a fact not likely to be overlooked by youths whose family or friends cannot be expected to provide an opening when the college course is ended. Naturally such opportunities in the United States would not be so likely to fall in the way of the young American graduating from Oxford. Is it not probable for all these reasons that boys of the class just described will enter the home colleges?

There remain one or two other classes of possible candidates. First, there are the boys, no matter what the state of their finances, who find no attraction in law, medicine, or business, and who wish a college course for the varied experience and pleasure it may afford. Is not such a lad very likely to follow his school-

mates to the college chosen by them? Will not the college traditions of his family weigh strongly with him?—for in the United States there are Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Harvard families, just as in England there are families whose sons have for generations been Oxford or Cambridge men. Here and there an individual may have the curiosity and the independence to make him break away from his fellows, but the number is not likely to be large. It is from the remaining class that the majority of the candidates will probably come—from the boys who have developed in the preparatory schools a strong liking for the older curriculum of classics and mathematics. Those who for their own pleasure or because they plan to become teachers of the classics may wish to master Latin and Greek must find the scholarships almost irresistibly attractive. Young men with the promise of sound scholarship and large usefulness as teachers, who are at the same time sure to appreciate fully the beauty and the inspiration of Oxford life, will surely appear as candidates. There will probably be among them, too, youths who will later play a prominent part in the educational life of the United States, but, with striking irony, theirs will be leadership among the men whom the donor of the scholarships has declared unfitted to treat affairs of the outside world. Even if it be granted that the professor of to-day is not fitted for responsibilities outside the college walls—and the matter cannot be settled by a mere assertion—surely the scholarships will justify their existence if they give many earnest, intelligent young Americans three Oxford years which must enrich them mentally and spiritually.

But there is a chance that the scholarships may do much more —may ultimately be the chief force in restoring the study of the classics to something of its old popularity in the United States. The present neglect of Latin and Greek results, not merely from growing recognition of the fact that a wide knowledge of the classics is not necessary in most of the activities of life, but far more from the deadening effect of men who have learned in Germany to regard the letter almost to a forgetting of the spirit, and who treat the classics as philology rather than as literature. So rare is it to find undergraduates of American colleges talking of classical literature with the knowledge and enthusiasm with which hundreds of their fellows talk of English literature, that one meets such persons with surprised delight. Yet the few Oxford men in the faculties of American colleges have shown

repeatedly that, if left unhampered, they can still teach the classics so as to transmit to their pupils some of their own zest for the subject, and a little of that special mellowness of culture which marks the Oxford man. If, after a time, a small group of young Americans returns each year from Oxford, bringing an enthusiastic love for the classics as literature, and something of the power Oxford can impart of so teaching Greek and Latin as to make both a pleasure lives of their students, the present neglect of the cla erican youths must change. Yet, even as the alluring p kes one think gratefully of the generous donor of the s, one smiles at the curious irony in things which may Cecil Rhodes an important influence in re-popularisin s in America.

GEO. P. BAKER.

BEFORE HOMER:
SEA-POWER AND THE ODYSSEY.

THE story of the cities of the Plain of Argos is, after that of Athens, the most fascinating in the unrivalled record of Hellas. In the Argive Plain, or high above it on the spurs of the enveloping mountains, one's bright but changing dreams of the Homeric age for the first time take on a certain definiteness and repose. The history of Hellas before the Olympic victory of Coræbus will, perhaps, never possess the barren precision of annals. But it is certain that the question of the pre-Athenian Hellas—the Greece that was the horizon of the minds of Plato, Herodotus, and Alcibiades—a question too long discussed by wise men at desks a thousand miles from the island of Kalypso and the Mediterranean seaboard, is not likely to be illuminated except by the sun that beats upon this coast. For the observer who looks down, for instance, upon the Argive Plain is taken into the confidence of the country; and Clio there comes to him unsought and offers him her hand.

Consider for a moment this special instance of the Plain of Argos. Clouds of myth, which long ago became a part of our Northern poetry, of legendary mists lighted by watchfires in the night and muffling the far sounds of clashing shields, roll continuously over the Hellas of this epoch, which only Homer has revealed. Now and then a warrior, with a look as of the 'half-gods,' or the tall form of a woman made in the likeness of an Eastern Helen, all statuesquely and divinely fair, appear in majesty or grace through the rifted clouds. But as to whether these are shapes of men or only men's imaginings, we have been too long left in doubt, and too quickly we had decided to accept them as the latter, with the regret that so much that is so winsome should be so unreal. They vanish from us in the dust raised by the great migrations. As we listen we catch the sound of a southward struggling clan, and in the words 'Return of the Heracleidæ,' we forget, and almost doubt the existence of, the anterior world of which Homer, as in the polished surface of some Dædalian shield, brings us the reflection. Certain that this formula names an undeniable episode of history, we treat too

readily the Homeric poems, which tell of an even earlier time, as a collection of baseless fables. We incline, in reference to Homer, to be as uncritical as was moralising Plato; whereas we should be wiser, with Helbig and the writer who is the subject of this article, to gather from the 'Æneid' the point of view of Vergil.

Much of the error undoubtedly is due to modern methods of teaching Greek. The school histories have fixed received traditions, and preserved, no doubt, some useful formulas. But to the boy aiming at the usually empty honours of a university degree, such an episode as that described by the phrase 'Return of the Heracleidæ' seems an obviously expurgated fragment of an old, uninteresting play, fit for graybeards to grow grayer over, but a thievish interloper on his own athletic hours. Greek rivers, he thinks, may have been all very well, if one were born an Achilles, and needed the un-Christian baptism that his mother gave him; but they flowed only on the map, and his own arm aches at the thought of the strain on the muscles of the arm of Thetis in holding her boy so safely by the heel. The word *ichor*, with its magical possibilities, still left something to be explained. As for Argos, whether the word means town or plain, it always seems the farthest possible removed from the reality, as it was and is. The schoolboy, and too often his professor, certainly does not fix it at any special point in relation to the Mediterranean world, although he can draw an irreproachable map of Hellas, with a labelled dot marking its site. Argos is known to be *ἱππόβοτος*, but why 'horse-pasturing' is little clearer to us than it was to the Athenian editors of Homer. And whenever the average modern student forms a mental picture of Mykenæ, he thinks of it too rarely as being what it really was, a kind of Rhineland, Auvergnat, or Scottish-border castle upon a mountain route, where robber barons levied toll, and surrounded by the huddling homes of villains and retainers. In contrast with this picture of the real thing, most of us place within this castle a very Greek old man, with a divinely long white beard, a 'lord of men,' fond of wassail and good cheer, taking one long quaff under nodding plume and helmet before setting out with shake of head and bluster of protruded lips and slapping of thighs to seek some matchless Helen. Helen, to us to-day, as before us to Marlowe, is always the matchless, something quite illusively lovely in the grace of stately robes, as excellent as Grecian maid could ever seem, very lithe, very alluring, and very fair, and the rest of the picture is

wont to be much coarser and more Northern, save that the heroes and the half-gods are never hirsute, but always with a bloom on their cheeks, where rosy life-blood shines.

One's notions are still vague and fantastic, even after Grote and Curtius, and most of their successors. For the writer of these notes, finally, on visiting Argos, while there was still the old illusion, criticism found a foothold. He forgot the ingenious optative; he put his ear to the soil; he unlearned all and began afresh.

It is this experiment, tried systematically at a score of points along the Mediterranean seaboard and among its islands, by a French scholar, M. Victor Bérard, that has had almost miraculous consequences. It has resulted in the construction of one of the most remarkable books of our time, which it is the humble business of the present article merely to bring to the attention of British readers. But consider for a little longer in detail the special instance of the Argive Plain.

In what was once the Museum of Boulak, on a *stelê* of black granite about two feet wide and three feet high, is a poem, 'famous,' says M. Maspero, in the literary history of Egypt, and in this poem is the following passage—the god is addressing the king, Thotmes III., a ruler of Egypt of about 1200 B.C.:—'I am come . . . the *isles* of the *Danaoi* are in the power of your Majesty. I make them look upon your Majesty as a furious lion who crouches upon their corpses across the valleys.' Whether this *stelê* be correctly rendered is a question;[1] but at all events this hint, this vague rumble of distant contests along the Mediterranean coasts at a period anterior to the war of Troy, or even to the expedition of the Argonauts, receives interesting corroboration in a number of correlated but uncoordinated facts, some of which science has already begun to string together. An absorbing question arises: Who were the original inhabitants of Greece? Who, precisely, were the combatants in the Trojan War, if indeed there was a Trojan War? And what, later on, were

[1] On this point I have received a letter from M. Maspero, from which I extract the following passage: 'La traduction *îles des Danaens* n'est pas entièrement certain en cet endroit. Il est, pourtant, question ailleurs d'un peuple dont le nom est identifié par les uns à celui des Danaens homériques, par les autres à celui des Daunieus d'Apulie. La première identification est celle que je tiens bonne. Ces peuples étaient alliés des Shagalasha (Sagalassos) d'Asie-Mineure, des Tourâha ou Tyrséniens de l'Asie-Mineure et de l'Archipel, ainsi que des Ouashasha probablement d'Asie-Mineure, qui attaquèrent l'Egypte dans les premières années de Ramsès III.'

these extraordinary shifts of population, these migrations of which we hear the rumblings as of marching feet, but nothing more?

No result of science is surer to-day than the knowledge of the early hold obtained by the people of the East in Greece. Exclude Homer, exclude such a monument as that just mentioned, and we may say that written documents have nothing to tell us in answer to these questions. But Homer cannot be excluded, nor the monuments. Yet even thus, it had seemed that only here and there a passage as doubtful as that from the Egyptian *stelé* could be cited to throw light upon these problems. To be sure, there remained the science of comparative architecture, with its ambiguous replies; and, more effectively still, comparative mythology opened up to adventurous critics perilous trails across its thickets. Archæology, with the large suggestions of the discoveries of a Schliemann or an Evans, contributed, and is still contributing, its tentative response to these questions. Yet there remains a witness surer than all the others: a scientific method, until quite recently employed only at random, but now at last defined and brilliantly applied by the author of 'The Phœnicians and the Odyssey.' The method in question is the method of Topology, and the witness that of the land itself.

The position and nature of the country of Hellas being, as it was, to those who dared the sea, a stable western limit and resting-place beyond the Cyclades, would suffice to suggest that, deep in the unnatural glories of that aureoled past, where the forms of men loom in a vague majesty and Titan deeds with Titan forms are the romantic order of the time, there was a race of average men, close-knit to the modern world by all the laws of historic continuity; men as restless and as eager for love and war, and for money and for pleasure, as we are to-day. Nation after nation went up and down the bright Mediterranean coast in peaceful commerce or in pirate conquest, founding station after station, dropping from port to port, bringing news from neighbouring lands, and new products and the seeds of thought. We had, to be sure, beforehand the Attic legend, the story that out of Saïs, hunted from his country, came the wise Egyptian, Cecrops, who gave the Athenians laws on marriage and funeral rites, and taught them the virtue of the olive. We were told, as well, that in Bœotia a certain Kadmos had sailed across the sea from Phœnicia and brought light with letters, and that there followed the seven-gated town. In Argos, likewise, a brother of the King

of Egypt, Danaos, fleeing with fifty hard-hearted daughters, settles and becomes the founder of the great Peloponnesian house.

These myths are the poetry of colonial expansion, but they are not merely poetry.

The story of the hard-hearted daughters of Argos I held in my mind as I crossed one day the great stretch of the Argive Plain under a dreary sky, and the myth, dissolving, deposited its sediment of history.

There before me was a broad plain between bounding mountains, not only in shape but in relative proportions much like the upper surface of a shovel, with the upper inland end narrowing as it reached the spring of the mountains, and broadening towards the sea, with fair, open stretches of enticing country. Inland, at the head of the plain, on the right as one came from the sea, and on the shoulder of the hill, was Mykenæ; some miles farther down on the same side towards Nauplia, but standing out at a greater distance in the plain, was Tiryns, rock-girt on its natural Acropolis; far across on the other side, roughly speaking half-way between the two, was Argos. A line connecting all these points would have made a not by any means distorted isosceles triangle. There were the three world-famous Argive cities in easy distance one of another across the plain; and there, too, was the great curve of the shore where the Ægean washed its waves brought all the way from Egypt and from Crete. A bark from Asia Minor, skirting the coasts of myriad-islanded Hellas, sooner or later must reach the mainland; and, sighting it off the Attic promontory, unless hard-pressed by weather, would turn farther to the south, if seeking to put in to land, and thus avoid the dangerous seas of Cape Colonna. And, skirting southwards past Ægina and the island of Hydra, the mariners would, of a sudden, find themselves beating inward as they rounded the Cape near Spezzia, driving on a south-east current up the Argolic Gulf; and, ahead of them, a smiling stretch of meadow-land, backed and bordered by defending mountains, a joyous plain, to the eyes at least of long-cramped oarsmen, and lying gently inclined as if wooing them to beach their craft there and to mount it from the sea. This is the Plain of Argos, and the interesting point is this: it is the only considerable stretch of country at once accessible and fertile, lovely to look upon and easy to get at, to travellers from over Eastern seas in Greece. All the rest of the Eastern coast looks high and barren from the sea, and bids the wanderer seeking for a home to

fly lest he starve amidst rocks. Among accessible points along the south-east coast tempting to colonisation, the plain of Argos lies unravaged and alone.

During the period of restless intercommunication between the bordering countries of that inland sea, a process which, until M. Bérard, those who write our histories had taken into no adequate account, people from the East, from the coast of Asia Minor and the islands, or from Egypt, people who had been in contact with more Eastern nations still, the Phœnicians, Assyrians, and the Egyptians—any one or all in one—sailing westward, finally, therefore, found themselves just off the Hellenic coast, and, beating for anchorage, caught glimpse of but two desirable spots: the great re-entrant Saronic Gulf broken up cosily into sheltered roadsteads and pretty harbours by the green islands, and the deep but narrower indentation of the Gulf of Argolis. Here, first, we should expect to find in historic record two bits of inhabited country, and such, as we shall see, is the case. But, lovely as is the Saronic Gulf, its shores are uniformly steep, and spaces of mossy meadow, like Demeter's haunt at Eleusis, or the port of Megara, are unusual. Not until such Eastern seamen sighted the deep, fair meadowland of Argos would they find a spot fit for the nourishment of a people, the building of a town, or the founding of a trading post. Yet here Nature seemed waiting to be violated. If there were inhabitants already, as undoubtedly there were, many of them were enslaved, many accepted the foreign invader, and some of them were driven out, wandering even across the isthmus into Attica. These exiles were the original Hellenes, perhaps of Celtic blood, and I suppose them to be the most southern offshoots of the original occupants of Hellas, who came into the country by way of Thessaly and the north. The traders from the East arrived in such large numbers as quite to occupy the country, and enslaving some of the Hellenes, they lorded it over them, not merely from sheer force of arm, but from their greater cunning and civilisation. It would be futile to speculate as to whether these were, in reality, the Achæans, and as to whether 'Æolians' was merely a different geographical term for the same general body of foreigners. To say, too, that it was the 'Achæans' who built or rebuilt Tiryns and Mykenæ, and ruled most of the Peloponnesus under the Atridæ, would be to precipitate a stupid war of words. Yet it was no doubt they who amused themselves in the 'Argonautic Expedition,' and in

fighting men who were really their brothers in the Trojan War. Then, after the Trojan War, a host of the original Hellenes came pouring back across the great highways of the Isthmus, and in their turn drove out those who had exiled their fathers. This movement is what is known as the 'Return of the Heracleidæ.' The strength of the landsmen and the mountaineers overcame with little difficulty the more refined interlopers of the South. The latter were forced to flee, and some colonised Asia, while some went to the islands and some to Attica, taking with them their culture and leaving barbarism behind them. The population of Attica, amalgamated thus of such unlike elements, was destined from this very fact to become the finest-tempered in Greece. Several centuries went by without serious revolutions of another sort, when at last a man named Corœbus gained a victory in the Olympic games; somebody thought of recording it, the idea seemed happy, and 'modern history' began.

These considerations illustrate only vaguely a method which, in the hands of M. Bérard, has shown itself one of the most astonishing instruments of penetration of the past that human ingenuity has invented, and, I may add, capable of not merely hypothetical results, such as are the above considerations, for which I would not wish to hold M. Bérard responsible. The name of this magic pickaxe is Topology, and a clue to its virtue may be had in a knowledge of the fact that topology is not synonymous with topography, but bears the same relation to topography as geology does to geography. Before M. Bérard there had been rude anticipations of this instrument not only by Curtius and Hirschfeld and Taine and Buckle, but by smaller men like a Desmoulins or a Lenthéric. M. Bérard, however, is the first to systematise, in elaborate application to the Mediterranean world, an idea with which a certain public has already been familiarised by M. Desmoulins' expression, 'social geography.' His method, as justified in his book, is the new instrument—*novum organon*—supplementing archæology, the rash generalisations of which he castigates amusingly. He deciphers the palimpsest of philologic and ethnologic strata, laying the foundations of modern history (which, says he, begins with the Medic Wars), while offering once and again a triumphant example of the utility of working hypotheses in the march of science. Yet, after all, there is so large an element in his reasoning that is deductive, that it appears at first sight perilously *a priori*. Only when, later on, justified by

its fruits, this method taunts the sceptic exultingly, is the scholar reared in another school silenced and convinced. In this sense his method, being temporarily so recklessly wanting in induction, is unscientific. He begins, for instance, by the assertion that command of the sea, *thalassocratie*, must have been always a Mediterranean fact. This fact was 'so' because it cannot have been otherwise. But here he is with Curtius and many another, and with common sense. Where he becomes admirable and original is in his method of proof that this self-evident truth is, at the same time, a scientific fact. For, pursuing his theme, he shows how such a thalassocracy deposits, always in the same spots (the configuration, climate, winds, and fauna and flora of the Mediterranean remaining virtually identical) the relics of its reign, the *débris* of its civilisation; so that we have successive layers of tell-tale signs, names, and words, still subsisting at the points where the *a priori* laws of topology show us in advance that the dominant races were bound to leave their mark as sea powers.

Hear him, pages 28, 29:

The results of the application of topology and toponymy to historical questions will have a general value; that is to say, if properly applied to any given point, the discoveries thus made will be valid for all other sites of the same epoch. An English dock is everywhere the same. If you know the customs and ways at Gibraltar, you know also those of Malta, Aden, and Singapore. These results will be, moreover, an object of debate and verification, because they are the rational consequence of scientific induction. The methods of both these sciences are based, in fact, upon immutable laws; they start from present or future experience to go back to facts of the past; the Mediterranean of to-day explains the Mediterranean of forty centuries ago.

Let us see how, under our very eyes, one of these Mediterranean layers is being formed. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the English have gained control of the Mediterranean traffic. Their marine and commercial terms, their merchandise and habits, their measurements and methods of navigation have made their way from Gibraltar to Port Said. The Mediterranean of to-day holds, as though in suspension, these English materials, which one day will be deposited and become sediment, when some other power—German, French, or Italian—will have taken the lead. It would then be possible to study the English strata around Gibraltar, Malta, Smyrna, Cyprus, and the Suez Canal. This English layer will cover nearly everywhere the French formations of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries. Settled under the English stream, already half fixed but not yet covered and always apparent, this French layer is spread nearly equally over from Algiers to the Caucasus and from Beyrouth to Marseilles. The Frankish *thalassocratie* of these two centuries is well known; its beds have been well explored. We can easily recognise their deposits, thanks to the travellers of that time, Tournefort, Lucas, &c., and to the diplomatic and consular reports and also to the local traditions. The Italians had a monopoly for five or six centuries before the French. A thick Italian layer is still visible at certain points; but this being generally covered by the Frankish layer, our researches would be made easier if

we had the documents that are locked up in the archives of Genoa and Venice. In their turn the Italians had the Arabs as predecessors. It may be said that this Arab *thalassocratie*, which lasted three or four centuries, is almost unknown to us, not for want of documents but for want of study and exploration. Its layers no longer appear under the new formations, which have entirely covered it; yet with a little attention we might still perceive them almost on a level with the soil. Remark how, in the everyday speech of our Mediterranean mariners, Arab words are still maintained: *Admiral*, *felouque*, &c. It is the same with the Byzantine layers which, under the thin Arab leaf, lead us to the dense, compact and uniform banks of the Romans and Greeks. We know but little of this stratum, and we scarcely study it. Underneath it, on the contrary, the grounds of the classic epoch are familiar to us. We recognise at a glance the specimens and the fossils; Alexandria and Laodicea, the Meander and the Tiber, Rhodes and Marseilles, Ostia and Panormus are fresh in our memories; they form the background of our historical science. These layers are, we believe, the oldest ones in Mediterranean history.

But study this Greco-Roman stratum, and in the oldest layers you will recognise, even after a superficial examination, remains that are not contemporaneous with the mass, which, furthermore, have not glided there from a subsequent deposit, but must have come from a still older layer. They are either names of places that no Greek or Latin etymology can explain—Ida, Samos, Korinthos, Salamis, Rhenela, Kasos, Massicus, Cumae, Oenotria, &c.; or positions of towns contrary to all the theories of the Greeks—Tiryns, Chalcedon, Astypalæa, &c.; or political systems, amphictyonies of *seven* ports, neither the model nor key of which is given by Greek policy; or trade routes formerly followed by we know not what caravans nor for what traffic, and abandoned, it would seem, from the day when the Greek people, master of its destinies, became conscious of its own needs and had the free disposal of its forces; such, for instance, was the Odysseian route from Pylos to Sparta, or the legendary route (Theseus) from Troezen to Marathon. If, incited by these facts, you seek further light in the oldest geographical document of the Greeks, I mean the *Odyssey*, you will there soon find the same words and the same incomprehensible phenomena. The names, routes, habits, conceptions, and theories of the *Odyssey* do not seem to be Greek. The poem is at least full of reminiscences that seem to be *ante*-Hellenic, because they are *anti*-Hellenic, contrary to all we know of the Greek language, thought, life, and civilisation. Even in keeping to the general tone of the *Odyssey* and the other Homeric poems, Gladstone had already justly noted how the fine Homeric formulas—for example, 'I have the honour to be the son of So-and-so'—were afterwards unknown to the Hellenes, who have always been, and still are, ignorant of the protocol. Underlying the formations of the classical epoch, topology, toponymy and the study of the *Odyssey* oblige us to suppose the existence of a still older layer, of a thalassocracy anterior to Greek navigation.

Already, in his 'De l'Origine des Cultes Arcadiens' (Thorin: 1894), M. Bérard, after Muss Arnolt and M. Clermont Ganneau, had offered us, in discussion of the overland routes of the Phœnicians, a brilliant and conclusive demonstration of the impact of the Semitic races upon the central cantons of the Peloponnesus, and inaugurated the method with which he now triumphs over the Mediterranean as a whole.

To-day he goes still further, and proves that the Odyssey itself, at all events the 'Ulysseide' (v.–xv.), is but a Phœnician *periplus*, a Levantine coaster's log-book, transposed in Greek verses and poetic legends by the Greek temperament. He has thus arrived at one of the most brilliant demonstrations that philologic studies have ever offered us, namely, the proofs that literary cosmopolitism, which M. Tarde fancies to have been unknown to the Greeks and Romans,[1] has never been more remarkably exemplified than in the relations of the Greeks with the Orientals.

The search, then, of as many ante-Hellenic topological facts as possible, and the proof that they all reveal a Greece dominated and civilised by the foreigner, or exploited by seafaring peoples of Semitic origin, is the object of this book. Its pages are crammed with delicate demonstrations of this fact. The demonstration becomes of an extreme elegance in the elucidation of a whole set of passages from the *Telemacheia*, or the trip of Telemachus in the Peloponnesus. These passages illustrate the law, as M. Bérard calls it, of the 'traversed isthmus': a phrase that sums up briefly the habit of the primitive navigators to shun the sea whenever it was possible to take an overland route. For the sailors of the Odyssey the sea is only the *ὑγρὰ κέλευθα*, a perilous path for small craft that, while easily beached, were as easily upset. Accustomed as we are to staunch, seafaring vessels, we have forgotten the dangers that beset the traveller who had at his disposal only the lighter craft of these primitive times; and, oblivious of this law, our efforts to identify many an ancient site have been doomed to disappointment. This, indeed, is one of the great reasons why the text of Homer has failed thus far to be taken for what it really is—a rhythmic Pilot Book, as accurate in its descriptions as an Admiralty Pilot Chart, a Marseilles *Portulan*, a Dutch 'Mirror,' or any one of the mediæval 'Nautical Instructions' still used by our mariners. And the accuracy of the text is as precise for land as for sea journeys.

The law of the *traversed isthmus* lets us into the secret of a hundred mysterious passages, both in Homer and in later texts. It tells, for instance, why Ilion was a sort of inland pre-Hellenic Byzantium, for it was built expressly on the all but obligatory trade route between the Hellespont and the West, coasting merchantmen preferring a thousand times to deposit their cargo in

[1] *Psychologie Économique*. G. Tarde. Vol. i. p. 15, Alcan, Paris 1902.

the Bay of Besika, on the Ægean, and to transfer it thence by the plain of the Scamander, in reality an isthmus, to the Bay of Koum Kaleh, in the Dardanelles, than to risk the perils or delays still recorded in all the pilot books of these waters, which beset a vessel attempting to double the Point of Sigeum. Troy, therefore, naturally became the commercial emporium between the mysterious and tempestuous Northern Sea, and the calmer waters of the Ægean. Its princes were the commission agents of all the peoples of Northern Asia, who became their friends; so that the catalogue of the Trojan allies as given in the Homeric poems is, perhaps, rigorously exact.

I suspect—and let me suggest this case in point to M. Bérard—I suspect the little port of the Region of Retz, the Pornic of Browning's poem, to be one of the prettiest illustrations of his elegant law which it would be possible anywhere to find. There are a dozen or more ports along the Atlantic coast between La Rochelle and the mouth of the Loire, but few, if any, have the special character of the port of Pornic; moreover, the majority of these ports are of quite recent geologic formation. The ancient shore of the Gulf of Poitou, for instance, passed by Luçon and Marans; and almost the entire length of this coast has suffered transformation since the epoch when the Phœnician mariners, issuing from the Pillars of Hercules, skirted this western limit of the Empire of the Celts in search of a comfortable anchorage in safe ports. Pornic, on the contrary, is a sort of natural creek between the schist cliffs, dating from a respectable geologic past. A little river empties into this creek, a river which even to-day is navigable, and which offers a natural road of penetration for the Region of Retz. For craft of feeble tonnage no port could be 'safer,' and along a seaboard where the shifting sands and marshland were, with prayers to Poseidon, religiously avoided by the Greek mariner, Pornic quite naturally became the *Portus Secor* of Ptolemy and Marcien, so that its topographical importance is evident.

But its topological importance appears to me hardly less certain, and it is in reference to this importance that I spoke of it as an excellent case of the elegant 'Law of Bérard.' Examine the map. This port of Pornic, which comes so happily to break the sandy or marshy monotony of the western seaboard of Gaul, and which is, moreover, as we have seen, an ideal and safe port for small sailing vessels, has also the advantage of being near the mouth

of the Loire and of *Portus Namnetum*, Nantes, the emporium of the Veneti. But in order to reach this great port by boat, not only had the Phœnician captain a long course ahead of him, but also he had to run certain serious risks testing his skill in navigation. The seamen of these small craft, obliged to round the Point of St. Gildas, would have before them the strong currents and the tides at the mouth of the great river of the Loire. And why face these dangers and waste this time when, by running into Pornic, they might find perfect, almost familiarly Hellenic, shelter, safe anchorage and a pleasant strand, whence, once their vessels were unloaded, the cargo could be easily transported by the little river of La Haute Perche, well into the heart of the Region of Retz, and thence quite simply and expeditiously to Nantes, where they commanded, by the Loire, all the markets of the interior of Gaul? The Phœnician coasters must by instinct have applied 'Bérard's Law,' using the Region of Retz as a veritable isthmus to be traversed, rather than seeking any longer to tempt the uncertain sea.

The same law of the *traversed isthmus* applied to the land routes of the Peloponnesus leads to the most interesting discoveries. Where Strabo walked with halting gait, M. Bérard strides quite sure of himself, identifying sites with a happy facility which suggests that Hermes himself has kept him company. 'Give me a boat and twenty rowers,' says Telemachus at Ithaca; 'I mean to go to Sparta and to sandy Pylos for news of my father, Ulysses.' How did he go? Where was Pylos? It would be a pity to reply, for this would be to compromise the joy of the reader who follows in M. Bérard's work the brilliant and conclusive argument, supported by maps and pilot charts and reproduction of plates from the 'Expedition of the Morea,' leading up to his apparent challenge to the archæologists to verify his reasoning by setting their pickaxes at work in the splendid 'Mycenæan' ruins of Nestor's capital. For he has found that capital; and not only Pylos, but every detail of the journey he explains, proving, by the way, these portions of the Odyssey to be the work of a Court bard of the Neleid kings of Ionia.

Read, then, his Book III., entitled 'Kalypso,' in which he takes up the Odyssey properly speaking, the 'Return of Ulysses.' The *Odysseia* opens in the island of Kalypso, where Ulysses has been seven years in captivity. Had this island any real existence, or is it only a poetic fiction, a sailor's Utopia and

paradise? Everyone will recall the description. This ideal landing-place, so rich in springs of running water, provided secondly with one of those caverns which, as M. Bérard with the help of M. Maspero spends long pages in explaining, was a veritable boon to the primitive sailors in these waters; thirdly, a port, which is an *island port*, but a port of a small island that hugs the mainland, a state of things which a quantity of ingenious topologic considerations show to have been an essential element in a coasting trader's paradise; and fourthly, a verdant isle where, too, there is a look-out whence to dominate the pirate-haunted sea. All these characteristics make, indeed, a virtual mariner's paradise; and when such a site as this is known to the sailor you may be sure he will give it a name. Now, in the deepest strata of the Mediterranean civilisation what philological fossils can we find showing traces of a Semitic pre-Hellenic thalassocracy, which would have noted just such characteristics as these recorded in the Odyssey? There are, for instance, the three names, *nis* (hawk), *megara* (cavern), and *'in* (spring): and on the coast of Greece, Megara, with its port of Nisa and its goddess Ino (the White Goddess), has all along puzzled historians because of the inexplicable commercial importance which it held centuries before Athens came to the fore. Why and how, no one had known. From a Greek point of view, Megara never played any *rôle* whatever, yet the Greeks attest that once it had been mistress of the seas. What is the meaning of this pre-Hellenic grandeur? Fifty learned but fascinating pages by M. Bérard are required to give the grounds of this answer, namely, that Megara was a Phœnician emporium, a native bazaar, visited by Phœnicians who embarked at Nisa; and topology confirms the argument drawn from the presence on this coast of such an abundance of Greco-Semitic doubles.

But while Megara, with its cavern, its springs, its sea-birds, its harbours, presents all the characteristics of the Homeric paradise of the island of Kalypso, and is haunted by the memory of Phœnician sailors, it is, after all, only a typical site, just the sort of place, in a word, for which the great primitive sea-power of the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians, were always on the look-out. The particular sailor's paradise vaunted in the Odyssey is, on the other hand, as definitely localised as it is faithfully described. '*Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ τὴν νῆσον ἀφίκετο τηλόθ' ἰοῦσαν*,' says the text, and it adds that the island of Kalypso is inhabited by the daughters

of the pernicious Atlas, who knows the abysses of the whole sea, and who alone possesses the high columns reared 'twixt sky and earth. Apply, with M. Bérard, Helbig's well-known principle of the essential precision of the Homeric epithet, and control the result by the ingenious methods of topology. The consequence will be the identification of the island of Peregil, the African Algésiras, with Kalypso, an island that originally, no doubt, bore the name of Ispania (the Semitic root *sapan* is the exact equivalent of *καλύπτω*). With the downfall of the Phœnician hegemony in the Mediterranean this island ceased to be frequented, and the name *Ispania* floating, so to say, in the Straits of Gibraltar, was transferred to the continent, where, as at Gibraltar, the caverns riddle the coast. M. Bérard thinks, for good reasons, which he develops at length, that the Latin versifier, Avienus, who translated the 'Periegesis' of Dionysius, and who describes in similar terms the coast and island at this point, may have used for his documentation the same Phœnician log-book as did the poet of the Odyssey. The Carthaginian Himilco repeated for Avienus what his predecessor had already related for the writer of the Odyssey. For there can be no doubt as to the Phœnician origin of the authority that served in the description of Peregil in the Odyssey. The Achæans never went so far as the Pillars of Hercules. They had no knowledge of the island of Kalypso, whereas the existence of the Phœnician thalassocracy can be proved in detail. Of this no open-minded reader of M. Bérard's work can for a moment have any doubt. The study of Phœnician sea-power proves that the Odyssey is acquainted with the naval exploits of the Sidonians. The poem serves to explain Phœnician navigation, and inversely this navigation alone can account for a thousand facts with which the Odyssey is contemporaneous. In Eastern waters and in the Archipelago the same Greco-Semitic doublets, which M. Bérard indicates in the Odyssey, are to be found pretty much everywhere. Strabo, after all, is M. Bérard's master, for he said: 'If Homer described so accurately the region both of the Inner and Outer Sea, it is because he had his science from the Phœnicians.' And the French topologist has shown that the Odyssey is subsequent to a vanished Phœnician sea-power, and that the speech, the habits and the ideas of Homeric sailors preserved multiple traces of Levantine influence. But he goes still further, and professes to prove that the entire Odyssey is mainly a witness of this Phœnician influence, that

Phœnician pilot charts were its source, and that the author of this Greek work was a disciple of the Sidonian geographers.

These three or four instances of M. Bérard's method, and of the results which he claims can be reached by it, have unfortunately had to be indicated only in the barest form. They are intended by the writer of this article merely to awaken curiosity in a book in which a remarkable erudition has been put at the service of one of the most brilliantly-endowed temperaments that modern scholarship possesses. Common sense, ingenuity and imagination, and, I may add, the plucky daring that characterised the Revolution generals of M. Bérard's own French province, have enabled this scholar and traveller to steer his bark gaily across the floating sargasso sea of weedy erudition which, under the name of archæology and philology, encumbers the great open ocean of science. His topologic compass keeps his prow true. In science, as in morals, an act is known by its fruits, and no book in the long literature of Homeric controversy, nor yet any on the origins of modern history, has been so rich in suggestive ideas and in workable hypotheses as 'The Phœnicians and the Odyssey,' by M. Victor Bérard. It is the most brilliant justification of the principle that a right method makes the essential difference between science and sciolism. To state his entire thought, the writer of these notes does not hesitate to declare that this book is a sort of *novum organon* for Greek scholars, and there would seem to be good reason for hope that subsequent investigations will show that, whatever M. Bérard's errors of detail or of hasty generalisation, their list will compare very favourably for him with those that merely roughen here and there the surface of the monument reared by Bacon. To have furnished Röntgen rays to the philologist, the archæologist and the historian is no less creditable a task than to have published a *vade mecum* for devotees of the physical sciences.

W. M. Fullerton.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

X. FROM BRIGHTON.

I OUGHT perhaps to apologise for the use of the term Provincial in connection with any place so intimately at the centre of civilisation as Brighton, or, as its local press loves to call it, London-super-mare. But a general heading must not be pressed against every particular that comes under it, and I can assure my Brighton friends that, if it had been convenient to write a series of Capital Letters, Brighton should have occupied an honoured place among them. And yet Brighton was not always a capital city, a little London. A hundred years ago it was a small fishing village, whose only title to fame was that it had sheltered King Charles on the night before he crossed over to Fécamp, after the defeat at Worcester. Its historical associations are now more closely linked with our second merry monarch. And there are those who keep a tender place in their memory, quite undeserved, I admit, for the Brighton of the Georges, who cannot bring themselves to take a grain of interest in the everlasting and invertebrate Regent Street, and Portland Place, of Victoria and Edward. There lies before me a picture of the Steyne as it was at a happy moment in 1805. The Steyne, as all the world knows, was the wide grass promenade, lying east of the Pavilion (as the Prince of Wales's Chinese Palace was called), and stretching to the sea, on which all the rank and fashion of St. Brightelm's town used to meet and promenade, before there was any King's Road along the seashore. Nothing could well be more captivating than this picture with its suggestion of fine manners. To begin with, the costumes of both men and women are elegant and graceful, whereas those of to-day, at least those of the men, are unqualifiable. The mere fact that we wear trousers stamps us as barbarians. I have never been surprised at the zeal with which some of the clergy seek the offices of bishop or dean or archdeacon, because I have recognised that such office carries with it the inestimable privilege of discarding this obnoxious garment. But that is by the way. I was saying that anyone who looks at this

old print cannot fail to be fascinated with its ease and charm There is the Prince himself, sitting his horse with princely grace, and exchanging a word on the weather with his Master of the Household, Major Bloomfield. Near them walks the Duke of Grafton, leaning upon his staff. The Earls of Clermont, Berkeley, and Craven lend tone to various groups in the picture; Sir John Lade, the Prince's driving tutor, talks to Mr. Treves; the Bishop of St. Asaph and Mr. Wilberforce represent religion, Mr. Mellish and others the sporting interest, and Martha Gunn, in the remote corner, indicates the supreme purpose of bathing which has brought all this rank and fashion together. Now how did these children of the golden world fleet the time, before there were any shops and piers and aquariums? Of course they bathed; and much more heroically than we do now. We learn, for instance, from Miss Burney's Diary, that she and Mrs. Thrale bathed at six o'clock on a November morning by the pale blink of the moon. For the rest they walked at certain fashionable hours on the Steyne; played cards at the so-called 'Libraries'; drove to Lewes or to 'Rottendean'; danced in the evening at the Castle Inn assembly or went to the play; and invented all the time ingenious occasions for betting. The thorough seriousness of their frivolity will be best understood by the record of it from day to day in the Court News of the London journals, some passages from which I proceed to give for the year 1806. Let us begin with the Prince's birthday:

August 12.—Nearly five thousand people are assembled near the camp, scrambling for the roast beef, which flies in every direction. Eight hogsheads of ale are on the ground. 'Long live the prince' echoes from every quarter. A proportionate quantity of bread is also distributed to the multitude. The Pavilion is surrounded with gentlemen and ladies; the Masters Fitz-Clarence are at Mrs. Fitz-Herbert's,[1] where they have a juvenile party; they are lovely boys, and for their age highly accomplished; the Prince is extremely fond of them.

July 31.—The Steyne last night was fuller than at any preceding time this season. Mr. Mellish, Mr. Burke, Mr. Derby, and Mr. Crampton laid bets on leaping over handkerchiefs, rails, &c. Mr. Crampton was the hero; but much as he excelled, it was nothing to the leap he made at Harrogate from the ball-room into the very high orchestra. Mr. Harke made a match to run a given distance with Mr. Mellish, giving Mr. Mellish five yards, and Mr. Harke won. There were many matches between boys, supported by gentlemen. The Earl and Countess

[1] Mrs. Fitz-Herbert's house was on the west side of the Steyne; it is now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Berkeley, the Earl and Countess of Barrymore,[1] and Sir John and Lady Lade were among the spectators.

August 5.—The Steyne is very dull to-day; we have not been gratified with the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Earl of Barrymore will entertain a select party to dinner this evening. The sporting Mr. Clark is still here; he has taken lodgings in George Street, and on going up to view the ante-chamber got jammed in the staircase, which is very narrow, and it was with much difficulty he could be extricated, to the great amusement of his brother sportsmen.

At six o'clock His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales walked on the Steyne in company with Sir John Lade, the Earl of Barrymore, and Mr. Crampton, who jumped over the rails, over the Earl of Barrymore's horse, and finished with a somerset in which he hurt his ankle.

August 7.—There is a gentleman here of much eccentricity of dress and manners. He wears a green coat, very short, and very full-plaited sleeves, green pantaloons, boots, and a whip in his hand. His whiskers meet under his chin, his hair very highly powdered, and a round hat fixed on the side of his head; and with the dress I have described sometimes wears a large cocked hat, bound with broad gold lace. He appears about thirty years of age, his name is said to be Cope, and with all his eccentricity of appearance looks like a gentleman; he is always alone, walks slow, and stops and looks at every lady he passes. We cannot call him the courteous stranger, as he never honours us even with a smile. If notoriety be his object, he has fully succeeded, as the windows are filled with ladies whenever he passes.

August 13.—The Grand Ball at the Castle Tavern last night was one of the most splendid which was ever witnessed. At eleven o'clock His Royal Highness entered the ball-room. The ball was opened by Lord Petersham and the beautiful Miss Goldsmid. The prevailing costume was silver tissue, and the head dresses folded in the Grecian style. The comb, with the Prince's plume and the motto *Ich Dien*, was universal. At two o'clock His Royal Highness and the whole Prince's party returned to the Pavilion, where much mirth and good humour continued until a late hour this morning.

August 17.—Mr. Cope at four o'clock walked on the Steyne; he wore a huge cocked hat with gold tassels. He was surrounded with company, who expressed their surprise at the size of his hat; when he answered that he was then performing a different character from that of the preceding day. He is the gaze of Brighton.

Tuesday morning a deputation of the inhabitants of the town presented the following address to the Prince, to which every shareholder of note had previously most cheerfully subscribed his name:—

'*To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

'We, the Ministers,[2] High Constable, Churchwardens, Overseers, and principal Inhabitants of the Town of Brighthelmstone, with the most grateful

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[1] Lord Barrymore and his brother, affectionately known to the Prince's circle as Hellgate and Cripplegate, the latter having a club foot, are the heroes of many mad stories. Lady Lade, from her skill in blasphemy, was called Billingsgate.

[2] This document bears internal evidence of clerical composition, being plainly modelled on the address preserved in *Acts* xv. The Vicars of Brighton

recollection of the many gracious instances of Your Royal Highness's patronage conferred upon us, to which alone are to be attributed that prosperity and those advantages unfelt by, and unknown to, any other Provincial Town, most humbly approach Your Royal Highness to express the dutiful and thankful sentiments which this recollection inspires, and more particularly calls forth on the anniversary of this day. While we entreat Your Royal Highness to accept these our humble acknowledgments and congratulations, we devoutly implore the Supreme Disposer of all events to preserve a life so invaluable to us, to whom your immediate protection is so liberally dispensed, and so dear and important in its general consequences to the nation at large.'

His Royal Highness received the address with that urbanity and polite condescension which so happily mark his character, accompanied with a gracious intimation that he would still continue to honour the port of Brighton with his august presence, patronage, and regard.

October 2.—Last night the *elegantes*, attracted by the serenity of the weather and the beams of the moon, which played beautifully bright on the undulating ocean, promenaded the Steyne to a very late hour. The calmness of to-day and the dulcet notes of the military bands bid fair to hold out a similar invitation for the present evening. The Jerusalem ponies have been in high requisition all the morning; not only the young misses, but the valetudinarians of the hardier sex, seem to consider it no degradation to take their airings on those patient quadrupeds.

The Green Man, who has entertained us so long with innocent absurdities, has effectually confirmed what before, from the singularity of his costume and the incoherence of his conversation, could be scarcely doubted. It seems this harmless though unfortunate maniac, for so he really proves to be, leaped yesterday out of a window, and soon afterwards over the cliff. The rumour is that, in a fit of phrensy, he fancied there was a serious riot, and that his immediate presence was essentially necessary to quell the disturbance; acting under the influence of such worthy motives his derangement and the consequences are the more to be deplored. He is reported to have sustained some severe contusions, but his life is not considered in danger.

The innocent diversions of beauty and fashion, which these few extracts from a contemporary press summon up vividly before us, were brought to an end by the arrival of the London and Brighton railway, carrying the great and serious middle class. I propose to conclude this letter with some passages from a diary of this present week lent me by a friend, which will place the old and the new interests in clear contrast. But to prevent the reader's feelings receiving too sudden a shock, I will make here, by way of buffer, a few remarks upon the practice of sea-bathing. So far as Brighton is concerned, it was first prescribed by Dr. Russell

up to this date had been mainly noted for their longevity; five successive vicars having held the living for, on the average, more than half a century a-piece. The Vicar in 1806 was the Rev. Robert James Carr, whose patriotism was presently rewarded by the Deanery of Hereford, and later by the Bishoprics of Chichester and Worcester.

of Lewes as a cure for glandular disorders, the patient's body being previously prepared for immersion by drinking sea-water. Dr. Russell's picture by Zoffany is in the town collection, and his name is borne by one of the streets running into the King's Road, in which his house stood. The bathing machine was at once invented in its ideal perfection.[1] The process of bathing was conducted by functionaries called bathers and dippers, those male, these female. Of the bathers the most celebrated was Smoaker, whose real name seems to have been John Miles; the most celebrated of the dippers was Martha Gunn. Both these professional persons seem to have been much attached to His Royal Highness, as certain anecdotes testify. There is, for instance, a tragi-comic story of the Prince's holding Martha in conversation by the palace kitchen fire till a pat of butter was melted which he had seen her pocket. Then there is Smoaker's refusal on one occasion to let the Prince bathe, even offering to box him if he persisted:—'I aren't agoen' to let the King hang me for letten the Prince of Wales drown hisself; not I, to please nobody. I can tell 'e.' Another story tells how, when the Prince was ill, Smoaker walked to London, and called to enquire at Carlton House. This was a striking instance of the Prince's popularity at Brighton; which was indeed so great that when, two generations later, Mr. Thackeray proposed to give his lectures upon the Four Georges at the Pavilion, which had then become the property of the town, permission was refused him. I proceed to append a few extracts from my friend's diary:

December 31, 1902.—We came down here this afternoon. Our method of living at seaside places has perhaps an element of madness in it. The method has relation to the object in view, which is complete release both from household cares and the pleasures of society. Hotel life secures the first half of the desired end, but not the second; lodgings secure the second, but not the first. Our usual compromise, therefore, is the French method of a private lodging with meals at a restaurant. But the lodging question itself is usually one of some difficulty. To ask a resident friend to provide rooms would be to

[1] Mr. J. G. Bishop, in his book called *A Peep into the Past*, quotes the following description from 'a writer about 1770':—'The bathing machine is a wooden box about double the size of those of the sentries in St. James's Park. It is raised on high wooden wheels. The bather ascends into it from the beach by several wooden steps,' &c.

announce one's arrival and so destroy the sense of absolute disengagement; and our method of taking the principal watering-places round the coast in geographical order prevents our establishing those intimate relations with landladies which go to mitigate the severity of life in lodgings. Our habit is, therefore, to deposit our effects in the cloak-room of the railway station, and go in search of the nearest dairy. My wife argues with great insight that a clean person, as a dairyman must be, will be scrupulous about the cleanliness of his acquaintance. Hence lodgings kept by the friends of a dairyman will possess the first virtue of lodgings. This practical rule has, I am bound to say, generally worked satisfactorily, except so far as sanitary considerations are concerned, and they would naturally be beyond a dairyman's purview. On this occasion we are fortunate in finding rooms in a house where we lodged twelve years ago; the landlady is the same and remembers us; the cook also is the same, and we remember her. The furniture is much the same; a practicable sofa, fairly practicable arm-chairs, a pier-glass of the Regency: an ebonised what-not of the sunflower epoch, a clock that perhaps 'went' at our last visit, but goes no longer; and a few Landseer prints; but advancing civilisation discovers itself in the electric light. From the window the sea looks much the same, and is making just the same noise. I confess the noise is always a fresh surprise to me.

January 1, 1903.—It was foggy when we rose to pay our new year's vows: but the sun quickly asserted himself and the day has left nothing to be desired in the way of good omen. Perhaps the sun put me in good humour with my kind, but certainly the people I have met in the course of the day strike me as a credit to the nation. There is very little of that flamboyancy in dress that I remember in old days; there was hardly a 'buck' or 'dandy' to be seen, and the ladies—even those who sit outside the Metropole Hotel to be seen of men—seem content with a 'suit of sable.' Part of the explanation is, I think, that the Universities are down and the schools in vacation, and a sprinkling of our demure undergraduates, with a considerable posse of parents, sets the general tone of quiet good breeding, which is so noticeable. I was even struck with the good manners of the 'Professor,' who gave a lecture upon diving at the pier-head, illustrated by experiments. It cannot be easy to address an audience from a spring-board in a bathing dress, and it must be difficult to speak at all when all the facial organs are running with sea-water; but our Professor acquitted himself excellently without any false airs and graces. At least so it seemed to me, but the sun may have got in my eyes. Superior persons jeer at the title of Professor, but I think I should like to bear it; provided I professed a recognised science in a recognised University. There is a grave decorum about the word that pleases; only its association with

hair-cutting and legedermain and poetry has undoubtedly a little soiled it. My respected acquaintance Mr. Booker Washington, who has done so much for the education of negroes, is the subject of a story which throws a grim light on the degradation of the word in the United States. Two New York citizens were discussing his settlement, and one asked the other how he treated him if they happened to meet. 'I shake hands, and say, How d'ye do, Mr. Washington?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I can't bring myself to call a nigger *Mister*; I just say, Good morning, *Professor*.' I wish all professors who address meetings would emulate our professor of the pier-head and develop as satisfactory a wind-chest. One could see the bellows working fifty yards off.

My first general impression, then, this morning was as to the civility of the visitors; my second was as to the vast number of second-hand furniture shops. This might be expected in a town consisting largely of lodging-houses; only the furniture exhibited in these shops is not of the sort that embellishes any 'apartments' I have ever stayed in. Nothing seems to be marketable here but cabinets and chairs by Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam, Heppelwhite, or (I must add) their modern imitators. It seems remarkable that people should buy substantial furniture when out for a holiday; and with London only seventy-five minutes distant; perhaps they do so in the last days of their sojourn out of sheer *ennui*. Of that I shall be a better judge later.

January 2.—The sun has not reappeared to-day, and a stiff south-wester is blowing. The cabmen do their best to bestow their horses behind the shelters on the parade, and bestow themselves inside their cabs. A few enthusiasts who have come for sea air and mean to get it are being blown along the front. *Nos pejores* are content to take air tonic is less heroic doses.

> Meantime, the mind from pleasure less
> Withdraws into its happiness.

I find in the lodgings a history of the old Chain-pier, which seems to have been destroyed in a gale on December 4, 1896. I could not have thought anything so pedestrian as a pier was capable of inspiring such affection as palpitates through these pages. Perhaps, then, there are persons who entertain a passion for the Thames Embankment, or, more analogously, for Hammersmith Bridge. I learn that the pier, the first of its kind, was built by Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel, Brown, of the Royal Navy, who had served with distinction in the French war, that it was begun in 1823, and completed in a twelvemonth, and that it cost 30,000*l*. I am myself more taken with what the author relates of the human interest attaching to the structure, and note with pleasure a list of the distinguished visitors who in the three-quarters of a century

that it breasted the waves, have 'for the sum of twopence gone out to sea and paced its vast deck (as Mr. Thackeray says), without need of a steward with a basin.' Among them are the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, the late Shah of Persia, the late Queen Isabella of Spain, Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone on more than one occasion (on one of these occasions it is recorded that the great Liberal statesman was weighed, and turned the scale at 12 st. 9 lbs.), Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, Lord Palmerston, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Mr. G. A. Sala. Who would not give a penny for the thoughts of each of these great men as he gazed seaward, and 'watched,' as Mr. Thackeray says again, 'the sun setting in splendour over Worthing, or illuminating with its rising glories the ups and downs of Rottingdean?' But our pennies must now be content to remain in our pockets, even as our twopences must—unless we go on the modern pier and drop them into the long line of slots which gape to receive them.

We lunched at Mutton's—savoury, old-world name. There are many caterers now in Brighton for the sea-sharpened appetite, but only Mutton's seems to possess the old-world type of head waiter, who meets you with a smile and takes a personal and sympathetic interest in your wants. Too many eating-houses have women-waiters. A woman-waiter is in place in an A. B. C. shop, because women understand tea, at least I know a few who do. But the gastronomy of luncheon is Greek to most women, as one may see any day at the Army and Navy Stores. I hate to have my carefully chosen meal brought me by a person who, to judge by her manner, would as lief have brought me anything else. Even more obnoxious are the Swiss and German waiters which so-called 'restaurants' affect. They bring you your victuals with an air which says 'I am here in England for two years to learn your debased language and recover as much as I can of your stolen wealth, and then I will insult you from a safer distance.'

January 3.—This afternoon I achieved a certain minimum of exercise, but the rain soon drove me into shelter. Fortunately I was near the Dome and took the opportunity of inspecting the new Municipal Buildings. How would the great founder of Brighton, George the Fourth, have stared if he had been told the town would grow big enough to need a public library and staid enough to care to possess one! As far as I could judge, the books seemed excellently chosen, and the arrangements for housing and borrowing are of the most modern. The picture gallery cannot hope, at any rate so soon, to attain equal success in its own line. There are at present too many pictures of George the Fourth, and too many mayors of the borough. But a well-known Sussex painter, Mr. La Thangue, is well represented; and there are some good water-colours and mezzotints.

From the Municipal Buildings I made my way under an umbrella to the Aquarium, now, as I learn, the property of the Corporation. How curious it is that Aquaria should endeavour to combine such diverse interests as they generally do. No one expects to find a circus at the Zoological Society's Garden in Regent's Park; but perhaps it is because fish are bloodless that the contemplation of them is felt by many people to need supplementing by human gymnastics. But surely in this way the mental and moral, as apart from the merely scientific, use of an aquarium is defeated. Nothing is so soothing to overwrought nerves as to watch the silver fish silently and smoothly gliding through their watery element; 'without haste,' as the poet says, 'and without rest' and also apparently without effort and without care. Of course I recognise that this air of happy peace is produced by segregating each species by itself; but that is only to say that an aquarium is a work of art, like poetry. I would not advise the patient whose nerves needed the soothing influence I have described to visit the Aquarium at feeding time, any more than I should advise him to visit a poet in his own home. When I heard that the Westminster Aquarium had been purchased by the Wesleyan Methodists, I confess I wished it had been secured by the Society of Friends; for they would have found 'the incommunicable muteness' of the fishes a powerful stimulus, if the word is not out of place, to the tranquillity of their devotions.

January 5.—In the King's Road this morning I ran against X., who was, I knew, playing the good-natured husband and keeping his wife company during a course of treatment under 'Doctor Brighton.' But when I met him he was evidently suffering from a good deal of suppressed human nature; and proceeded to denounce that 'kind, cheerful, merry' physician as a quack and impostor. 'Come to the Aquarium,' I said; 'have you seen the fish lately?' I proceeded to explain the soothing effect exercised on the nerves by the placid motion of the fish in their quiet tanks. But my friend looked dangerous, so I changed the subject and suggested a walk. 'Where can we walk,' was the reply, 'shut in as we are between the Devil's Dyke and the deep sea?' He added, with some heat, 'Please don't suggest Rottingdean, "once the residence of our Imperial Poet."' 'No,' I said, 'I suggest Lewes; it is only eight miles east across the downs; the wind will blow us there, and we can take the train back.'

I need not describe Lewes; its praise may be read in all the Sussex guide-books. But to be seen as it deserves, it must be seen from the Castle mound. As one looks down upon its clustering red roofs, or on to the hills that surround it, or watches the Ouse winding its slow way to the sea, one is grateful to whoever spared enough of the old Castle to provide so magnificent a prospect. Within the Castle rooms is a museum that bears witness to the catholic tastes of the veteran

Sussex Archæological Society. Here are to be seen ancient cannon, ancient canoes, ancient tapestry (for some reason labelled 'fire-backs'), brass rubbings, flints, man-traps and spring-guns, wax-seals, an Elizabethan chair, a copy of the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb, the earliest known Sussex plough, a mummy, Sussex pottery, and innumerable other objects of such variety as to keep the mind nimble in leaping from one to another. The most interesting, and the most likely to be overlooked, is an inscription in an eighteenth-century script on a brass plate fixed above the door leading out on to the roof. It seems to express the mingled hope and doubt with which the first lightning-conductor, as recommended by Dr. Franklin, was fixed by the local authority:

'Protection from Lightning. This simple rod of iron will in any direction to the distance of Twelve Hundred Yards from itself Secure Persons and Property from its direful effects!'

New principle Vane in friction Balls.
Erected without date or name
To blast its Folly or record its Fame.

The Priory of St. Pancras, which lay in the valley to the south, the first priory in England sent out from the famous Abbey of Clugny, has a certain length of wall remaining, but not much of interest. After the dissolution it fell to the share of Thomas Cromwell, who made havoc of it altogether. Archæologists have to thank the railway which sacrilegiously runs through what was its chapter-house for bringing to light its most interesting relic; indeed, one of the most interesting discoveries of the nineteenth century—namely, the leaden cists containing the bones of the founders of the priory, William de Warrenne and his wife Gundrada, daughter of William the Conqueror. Curiously enough Gundrada's tomb had already been recovered. In 1775 Dr. Clark, the rector of Buxted, noticed that a tomb of one of the Shirleys in Isfield Church was propped up by a slab of black marble which bore an inscription on its under surface. This proved on investigation to be the lid of the tomb of Gundrada; of which the Shirley of the period had become possessed by lawful or unlawful means. Now the two leaden coffins and the marble tombstone are preserved in a new Norman chapel specially built to receive them on the south side of Southover Church, close to the ruins of the priory, out of which the church was re-edified. When we were shown into the *sacellum* by the clerk my friend shivered as with an ague. 'It is nothing,' he said, 'new Norman Gothic always affects me in this way; Early English or Perpendicular I am not specially susceptible to, but—I don't know how it is—new Norman work quite unmans me.' Luckily there was nothing to detain us in the chapel after we had

viewed the inscriptions on the leaden coffins, and on the marble. The first two lines of Gundrada's inscription are interesting:

> Stirps Gundrada ducum, decus evi, nobile germen,
> Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum.

The 'balsam of morals' is a good phrase which I should like to commend to a noble lady of to-day who has undertaken the reform of all the English churches.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

A SLAVE IN AFRIQUE.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE PAPERS OF SIR RICHARD HASTINGS, VENTURER AND SOLDIER UNDER HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II.

A GREAT sound—it seemed no more—shocked upon our ship, and the world went out in a cloud of red splinters.

I found myself in the waves, but not sinking, wedged against somewhat which lifted itself and me with it. And at the first I could see only a green heave of water wherein a little coil of blood unwound itself and was lost. Then I caught at the thing which upheld me, and half turned, to see a great golden face staring blankly past me to the sky. 'Twas the carven *Victory* on our prow, the which had been rent away by the cannon shot, and I lay pressed between her wing and outspread arm, while the death of battle and the sea reached for me above and below. In a daze I lay, not knowing fear, then grew suddenly aware that the Dutch and English were still thundering at each other as before I fell—a lifetime ago which was not five beats of the clock.

I drew myself higher in my place, and ever the wide golden eyes stared past me unwinking at shifting smoke and still heavens. A child's terror of the great dead face touched me, and then a man's reasoning fear, wherein I knew myself mortal and in mortal peril. Therewith the battle broke upon me again, as a fight waged in air, so far it was above. Dutch or my own English, which should triumph? I sank till all I could see or feel was a choking wash of salt; I was borne up and looked across a plain of warring waters to the hulls of the ships, which plunged and shuddered, and from clouds of angry smoke dropped spars and dead men into the sea. Above and still above were the panting sails and little rents of colour which were the flags; it dizzied me to look so high, yet up there was conflict. And the ships reeled over, sliding as though the water, like their own decks, had been slippery with blood; and the white cliffs of the Foreland shook

in the shaking smoke till I wondered idly if the cannon shot were prevailing against them.

A ship was fired—Dutch, surely Dutch—and the others drew from her aslant while she spouted flame, the gold on her carvings gleaming red till the smoke took it. Two were locked together as men who grapple for mastery. Then the noise which had no more any meaning, the shots at hand, the smoke and wayward flame which circled all the distance, drew together and over me. The *Victory* still stared and pointed, but my senses were swallowed up.

Life came again in a struggle to lift my head from the stifling water. I was drifted so close under the lee of a vessel that I sent out my voice in a cry for help ere I bethought me how little one voice could do in that manifold outcry, or one life count in a struggle of two nations. So near I was that I grew assured the sucking of the ship's passing must draw me down to my death, yet so oppressed with bewildered sickness that the fear moved me little. My gaze travelled dumbly up the ship's side, noting great gaps, and how the railing of the galleries was splintered, and how a spar hung loose in its cordage like to a broken arm. Faces of men looked out on me, sailors and gentlemen, all grown alike in the fierce fixed gaze wherewith they watched an oncoming enemy which I could only see in their eyes.

Strange thoughts slid through me as I lay and waited death. The sights about me grew to be pictures, and I remembered how, had it been fitting for a man of my station, I would fain have chosen a painter's life. The shots and driven flames brought to mind the lights and drum roll of a great masque at Whitehall, and my memory went drifting through all the past.

A shot screamed over me, so close that I shrank. Another, and the smoke above me was torn apart, and I saw with strange clearness the faces of two on the poop. I knew them, for I had seen the admirals ere we set sail. One, with the square strong countenance, restless, with working jaw, was Albemarle, the restorer of the King. The other face was like fine wrought bronze, and the eyes seemed to see all the battle and all battles. That was Prince Rupert, little known or loved at Court, but summoned forth by conflict as a ghost of old wars. For a moment in my brain sickness I seemed to think a leader's thoughts. Then the *Victory* stirred beneath me, and death closed over me, salt and still.

When next life tugged at me I was very loth to come back, for I had gone so far into death and the waters as that I seemed to have all but gone beyond. The first I knew was a stir of light which wearied my eyelids and a heavy odour in the air which seemed to mean pain. I dragged myself half up and looked for the wide eyes and carven smile of the *Victory*, but in place thereof I saw a confusion of ropes, casks, and the like, half revealed and half hid in the flicker of the torch which a man held above me. My battered body ached cruelly, so I sank back and stared in a mute question at the swarthy face. I was safe, yet I could not feel safe, for the glance which met mine was a slow cold measuring such as we bend on a thing of use and barter, not the gaze of man to man. I strove to frame some question in words, and he answered to me in Spanish, of which I caught only the sound. Then he turned from me, pointing above with a gesture I understood not, and I was left to gather up my senses as I might.

Lying so, I became aware of a sound which had been about me from the first, a creaking groan which was not the straining of the ship—I was most surely on a ship. This was more measured and beat time to our movement, as though one heard the laboured pulse of the vessel with every onward stride. Suddenly I knew and my heart too set up a laboured leap, though I did not yet understand why the discovery should so move me. I had travelled, as became one of my quality, and at Marseilles had been aboard a Spanish galley. This was a galley which had saved me, doubtless after long drifting, and I heard the sweep of the oars which urged her on. Once again I scanned the place where I lay; 'twas a long apartment formed, as I at length made out, by the middle cabin and the cabin of the prow thrown in one, and it was heaped with all manner of stores and martial munitions. Blankets were spread in one part, as though the sailors slept there, and on one of these I had been flung. More than this I could not descry, so lay staring into the dim and heaving light and wondered when I should regain England. I must reward my rescuers—that was plain—and at that thought I noted that I was half stripped. Rousing myself I sat up in a fevered search—not a gaud nor a piece of money was left me—the rings were gone from my hands. A chill fear trailed over me and was gone before I could body it to myself in words. The panting creak of the oars sounded louder and smote me with a menace.

How long I lay thus I could not tell, but the slow swing of the ship was in my blood and brain ere the man came again to my side with food and wine of a sort on which I fell greedily. As I ate he eyed me and spoke ere I had well finished. I was to come, so much I at length made out of his oft-repeated words: I was to join the *ciurma*—the *ciurma*—what then? The meaning leaped on me as the waters had leaped to engulph me—the gang, the gang of galley slaves. I sprang up, afoam with protest and prayer and cursing. Hands gripped me, hands felled me, hands dragged me out and chained me down in hell.

From that time was neither life nor death nor day nor night—only blanks of grey light and gold and darkness pricked with fire and a rage of labour and despair. There were things beside me shaped like men, which snarled and groaned and were silent, straining at the oar. There was one walked the gangway above us between the rows of crouching slaves, with his shrill silver whistle for ever at his lips, so the note grew one with the sting of the whip he wielded.

After a space these things blurred into a swoon of sound, and the oar was moving me, swinging me back and forward in my place while I talked with a perfumed gentleman who was leaning against the rail of the *Folly*, the King's ship moored on the Thames near Whitehall. That day on the *Folly* was my first trial of the water, and the faint swaying turned me dizzy. One called for wine, and a sop of bread soaked therein was thrust into my mouth; I could not take it myself, for while I leaned on the rail of the *Folly* my hands were somewhere far below pulling the vessel for ever through water which was not clean, but smelt of sweat and blood.

The lash of the *comito* curled about my shoulders and I awoke. The man thrust another sop of bread between my lips, and bade me in the bastard Spanish I had begun to understand to fall to my work if I would not be thrust down into the hold. That meant, I knew, to live or die as I might in the sick green water which washed about there. I could not face the foulness and gripped my oar again.

I did not die. Life festered in me as the manacles festered in my flesh. For I, being, it may be, suspected of rebellious intents, was treated with the uttermost harshness, not being permitted, as were some of the wretched captives, to leave the bench at times, fettered only by the wrists. I was clamped to

my place by an iron ring about my waist. The galley, I soon learned, was a Barbary pirate, though manned in part by renegade Spaniards. The slaves, my fellows, were of all races, and, as I deem, of all degrees. I felt for them at first a shuddering pity, soon changed to loathing and hatred as they set up mine own shame and misery before me in a manifold mirror from which I could not turn away.

I divined little of all that went on about me, for I had been new to the life of even our own ships when I set forth on a fatal folly of seeing battles for myself. Yet I know we bore ruin where we went. Often we gave chase to some hapless merchantman, our fierce, forward-pointing guns pursuing her with threats till we came up alongside, it might be; and then followed a lustful hour of seizure; then flight, full-gorged, and another prey. In my ears now are the mingled yells and wails, which were yet one cry, tearing through the very flesh that heard—who had a heart yet remaining to hear. And things I remember I would forget: how once the body of a girl child was flung across our oar shafts, and there hung, none of us being free to put it away, and the face turned to me.

Sometimes there would be as much fighting as rapine, and the guns from our forecastle would sound hollow and frequent. Then the answering shot perchance would crash down among us, freeing some, which, poor fools, knew no better than to welcome death with a shriek.

Again would be endless sailing to no end we could descry, while the skies shifted above and the splash of the driven water grew an agony not to be endured. Days of storm came, when the lash of the wind outstung the driver's whip, when the tortured vessel strained to die and could not, being a slave like us. Days of calm there were when our fevered breath clung round us, and death silently laid hand on one and one, yet called not me. I, meantime, laughed to myself for sight of the level Essex meadows of my home and the waters, cool and sweet as only English waters be, always, always within a hand's-breadth of my lips.

Once, looking up to the stars, which danced and gibbered—'tis folly to say the stars are still—I saw a shape traced there like a cross, the which had never been in my skies. That day I wept.

At length—how many suns had risen and set between I know not—came a time when our galley struck on an unseen rock. We were off the Afric coast, and put in at a desolate island, which

did offer naught save water and the flesh of wild goats. There the leak was roughly and all too scantily mended, and we made for the mouth of the Gambia for traffic or rapine, as might be. Yet, ere ever we reached it, the vessel on a sudden gave a shudder through all her length, and settled softly to one side like a wearied thing. Whereupon rose a distraction of trampling and cries. The *comito* rushed along the gangway striking off our chains, bidding us frenziedly to this work or that—we were sinking. I did not obey. Why should we not sink? I sat resting against my oar, which till then had never suffered me to rest, till I saw a stretched silver rim of water slip over the galley's side.

Death in the free waves seemed good to me. But death was not yet. As our ship went down and I was flung free of the choking swirl she made, the thought came to me of the sharks and other monstrous sea-creatures which infest southern waters. I struck out, swimming blindly, fearing the rescue of captivity as much as the perils of the sea. Hard by the coast we were; and at sight of firm land a desire of life laid hold on me, but not life at the oar. While thus I struggled in soul and body I heard a splash behind me. With the hunted slave's desire of covert I plunged, and saw a shadow slip across the sun-shot green above. Had I endured a space longer there below what long misery had been spared! But the need of breath mastered me, and I rose, gasping, to find black faces peering at me above the side of a shallow boat. There was no escape. In my heart I blasphemed against the God which had tossed me from one despair into another, and then prayed that same God for a speedy end.

The natives laid hold on me, talking the while in a strange tongue, clicking and muttering. I was bound with their loin-cloths and cast into the bottom of the boat, which then shot swiftly and deftly coastward. I drew my courage together. The chance of succour was not yet past; for along the Guinea coast came traders of many nations, and the Portuguese had set forts by the river's mouth. The Gambia—Gambia: whence did I know the name? Then I recalled old tales of Prince Rupert's adventures there—Prince Rupert, whose face, through the smoke of the sea-fight, had been my last vision as England dimmed from me. On these homeless shores the memory of that battle beckoned me with a cheer like that of mine own hearthstone. Death there had been friendly and familiar.

Into the river we came, and passed hard by a pinnace manned by Portuguese sailors. And I—I lay hidden with muffled mouth and heard their laughing shouts to my captors, saw home and hope and the common, priceless rights of life draw past me to the open sea. A rage stung in me—a resolve to outweary my evil destiny by endurance. Minute by minute I would bear what minute after minute should inflict; and I shut the eyes of my soul to the future as we drew up stream into the stranger country.

What had brought my barbarous masters to the coast I never knew. Trade belike, for the natives—so much I learned—held traffic of elephants' teeth and wax and ambergris against such goods as the white men brought. Or mayhap they were of a wandering tribe, for such there be among the Africans. Be it as it may, they bore me with them—destined slave or sacrifice, I knew not—far into the trackless wilds. Long we fared by water, then to the land, then to water again, moving endlessly along an earth-coloured flood in black-green abysses of leafage. I strove to take note of all, and for fantastical solace of my woes would devise tales of my return and of the wondrous discoveries I should unfold to the Royal Society.

Yet how could I name what I saw when all was alike alien, sweeping before me like a dream or some pageant of Eastern arras? By thickets of sworded reeds we passed, which gashed the unwary hand, by noisome swamps where the trees stood a-tiptoe from the foulness, lifted high on skeleton roots. And ever the river crawled beneath us, and strange beasts, horned and tusked, moved on its banks and beneath its current. More dreadful to me were the human shapes beside me—the black faces which leered and chattered over my despair. And yet they did not torment me, but fed me with plantains and nameless fruits and bore me still on and on. The unheeding sun glared on us, or, setting, flushed the sky with conquering colour and turned the river to a road of jewels which should have led to El Dorado; and the red rolling moon sucked the noxious vapours bred of the swamps, which must soon, I thought, bring fever and deliverance.

What time passed I could not reckon, but I know the moon waned—savage-like I grew to count thereby—and there came a season of darkness. 'Twas not the time of their tornadoes, yet a tempest such as I had not known the sky could hold broke on us. It struck the forest with its scythe, and the giant trees shrieked and fell, tearing with them the matted roof of green; it

struck the river, and the stream writhed and leaped like a beast of prey. The earth crumbled and grew liquid beneath it, and the air was solid with storm; and the lightning rent bare the heavens to their deeps.

When the fury was spent we might not essay the flooded river. By land we went—eastward, as I deem—though nor sun nor stars might be trusted where naught was real and stable to my sense. We were in the forests then, great beyond the measurement of thought, and great with cruelty. Oftentimes the trees shot up with never leaf nor blossom till they had reached their uttermost height, there mingling in a vault of gloom no sun could pierce. We walked darkling, yet there above was a miracle of blossom, for masses of the far-off flowers strewed all the ground with shattered colour. From the trees above hung mighty cords, thorny or twisted like to coils of wire. With one of these growing ropes my captors bound me as I stumbled on. Then again all was colours. Each tree shot out scarlet or purple or ivory tips; their very trunks were silver-hued splashed with boding red. The thickets by which we pressed mocked us with fairness while that they gashed and tore us with cruel spikes.

All was astir with hostile life—snakes slid from beneath our feet, apes mocked us from the branches, greater beasts menaced afar. Death everywhere, and no fang nor sting nor crunching jaw would have pity on me. Always about me the black forms, black soulless faces. Tortured by thorns and the cloud of poisonous insects, I struggled on through the blinding heat, the world reeling by, till one day I defied my companions in English and cast myself prone, ready to die where I fell. They dragged me up and on, a half day's march, till we came at night to a river —the Gambia again, I thought, but could not be assured—and by some sense I knew our wandering at end.

The terrible journey was done; what still more terrible goal I had reached I dared not think. I had no will to break my strength by any conjecture, but waited rather what should come. The scene about me was strange enough to hold the thoughts of a man even on the brink of death. At one hand was the great river, narrowed though it was, still a mighty stream. It flowed darkly, save where a ripple showed steel-edged in a passing gleam. I thought of the monstrous creatures which had crashed on its banks or thrust up waiting jaws from beneath the tide, and I shuddered at its calm. Above the stars hung low and throbbed—

the splendour of that alien sky was indifferent and pitiless. All about us rose the dank smell of rotting leaves—the very sense of captivity and death.

I turned my eyes to the mighty knotted trees which encompassed our little isle of openness. Fires blazed redly, sending up shafts of light against the trunks to fade in the thicket of shadows above. Dimly, near the verge of the free space, I could see rough huts, crouched there like living beasts of the forest, and about them moved the uncouth shapes of my captors, blotted in the darkness, gleaming duskily in the red ring of the fire, with a glint on white eyeballs, and teeth which seemed to grin always in a horrid mock and threat.

I looked round on earth and sky, all strange: no leaf on any tree which I had known before; no creature beneath the water or in the woods; no face in all that heathen gathering but turned on me a horror of strangeness. Suddenly through the chattering yells, the wild rattling of drums, broke another sound, the measured beating of iron as on an anvil. The note came to me full of a sense of home, and I stood, in memory, at our village forge by the cross road, listening to the smith at his work while a traveller's horse stamped impatience on the stones. There in the African forest, under the unsparing stars, I looked again across the green of English harvest and pasture beneath our kindly clouded skies. The remembrance brought help in its pain. I would show these savage peoples that I could die as befitted an Englishman and Christian. In the galley I had been one of a herd of driven baited beasts. Here at least I stood alone, a man.

A group of my captors approached me. I saw they had all knives at their girdles, and their spears were tipped with rough iron. They knew, then, how to smelt and hammer metal; thence had come the sound which had been to me as the bells in an English twilight. And now these knives—I faced them and waited.

One who seemed the chief of the party, wearing a necklet of bits of ivory and what looked like gold and—I gripped at my senses and my courage—staring human eyeballs, signed that my bonds should be cut. I was seized by the arms and led forward towards a hut, which stood alone beneath a giant palm. As I moved I heard the deep-mouthed roar of some wild thing far in the forest. The strangeness of the wilderness gathered round me as I came up betwixt one of the great fires and the opening

of the hut. In a ring about us stood the savages: the flames shone red on naked limbs and on bright scant raiment. Every face turned not to me but to that dark vacant opening.

I, too, watched it, and thought of some priest with a sacrificial knife, or a barbarian chief eager for the flesh of victims.

A huge clamour of drums and voices, and a figure stepped forth from the shadows into the red outreaching light. All the pressure of a strange and savage world I had endured, but at that I cried out in craven fear, in terror of a familiar sight more dread than any dreadful strangeness. The man which stood there in that ring of pagan folk was surely of the world which I had left—ay, but of the past of that world. For the stained buff coat he wore was such as soldiers had borne when the first Charles was king: the hair was long and loose on his shoulders, after the fashion of the Cavaliers, and across his breast was a crimson scarf. On his face, too, was the seal of the past, yet was it not so much the look of age as of youth arrested.

For a moment the stranger's eyes met mine with the gaze of one who strains across great waters. Then the certainty of madness overcame me. Wrenching myself from my captors I turned and fled, to be stayed by an arrow in my shoulder.

They dragged me back to the feet of the savage chief, who was yet so surely no savage, and I cried out on him in English as he bent his eyes on me. He spoke, but it was in the barbarous tongue of those about me, giving some order. Instant to his will, two of the Africans bent over me, and I felt their sharp knives in my shoulder. I had counted on torture, but not that it should be thus inflicted at the word of one who might, in seeming, have ridden in those civil wars whereof the noble rumour yet sounded. Shuddering I closed my eyes, and felt a searing touch of heated metal. Then something cool pressed the hurt. I was lifted and borne a few paces, and set gently down.

I found myself within the hut, stretched on a couch of rudely woven matting. In the centre of the place burned a low fire, which scarce lightened the darkness. Outside I could hear the barbarous chanting with its long wild cadence. I shivered, thinking of the figure which moved there in mocking semblance of the world I knew. Hope, and even desire of escape, had left me. I lay dumb, surrendered.

Time passed; the purple African night must have been drawing to its close ere the clamour without died down. And

still I was not led forth to my doom. At length a foot grated, the door—twisted of long strips of bark—was pushed back, and he entered whom I most dreaded.

He stood a moment gazing through the gloom. I could feel his eyes upon me. Then he dropped somewhat into the fire which gave out a clear bright flame.

'You are English,' he said softly; 'tell me of England.'

The words came slowly, as with a rust of long disuse. I felt my heart quicken to the man, yet I remembered what I had endured.

'Why did you torture me?' I cried.

He shook his head, smiling slowly.

'The arrow was poisoned—'tis their manner of warfare. The knife was needed, see you? My brother used it on himself when once they struck him, but not many could match him there.'

His brother—then he was a man like another, with ties of kindred.

'Who are you?' I broke forth.

My question unlocked the floodgates of his memory. In a sudden wildness of words he told me of himself and his past.

Listening, the giant unfriendly forest drew away, and the savage sounds, growl and mutter, and roar changed into the purposeful note of war, marching feet, the clank of steel, a trumpet blare, and warcries in our gallant English tongue. He told me of olden battles when he had ridden with his brother, Prince Rupert, leading on the Cavaliers for God and King Charles. For this man which spoke to me from the encroaching shadows was Maurice, Prince Palatine, lost at sea—so all men held—many a year ago, years whereof himself had lost the count. He spoke of the voyages through which he had followed his brother—still leader, always leader, he said and smiled—wild journeyings wherein they were loyal admirals in truth, yet mere pirates as well, venturers and broken men. And as he spoke I, crouched in the dark beside him, saw the blue water, shot with fire, the islands of spice and palm, and divined the hopes wherewith the venturers had set forth and the driftwood of fulfilment.

So rapt from myself I was that when he made halt and cast a handful of bright-burning nuts upon the embers, I started in renewed panic at the things around.

'But that was long since,' I cried; 'since then you have lived——'

'I have not lived—I have waited,' he made answer, and I saw the unchanged youth through his worn face.

Swept into sudden wreckage nigh the Indies, his Highness had been saved by a corsair of Algeria. His captors halting to traffic with the Portuguese, he had fallen into the hands of the savages. They had borne him far up the country by deserts where, so geographers tell us, great dragons dwell. These he had not seen, yet many beasts strange and terrible, and rude customs and dread. Daily, at the first, he had awaited death—to be burned in sacrifice, to have his heart torn forth as an offering to the formless Thing they worshipped, or to be thrust forth to die, a dart through the jaws nailing him to silence. But whether they guessed a princely leadership in him, or simply because Heaven so willed, they had held him rather in uncouth honour.

'I am a captive among them, yet a king,' he said; 'it hath been known before.'

He led me to the door and we looked forth; two men set against the unappeasable wilderness. I looked on the river and forest, which breathed in the stillness that deep breath that is only known to the wilds. And above us hung the unperturbed sky. Maurice the Prince at my side looked instead, I deem, on England, the memory whereof had fenced him in from madness.

'When Rupert comes'—Maurice gave a laugh like a cry—'when Rupert comes—he was leader always, and I glad and proud to follow—I have but held the garrison—when he comes there will be conquest. I have stored my gold and ivory, bit by bit, against the hour when the Cause should need it. He will discover the city of which my people tell, many moons to the south, a city with roofs of gold. And at last, at last, the King shall be served aright.'

Wonder came over me as I thought on Prince Rupert as I had seen him at Court—a wearied man, whose smile stung like a taunt. He moved in the King's palace as one who watches a masque and is not beguiled. And here in the wilderness his brother dreamed dreams of youth.

The flooded river shivered along its length like a writhing snake, and a dull scent rose and hung about us.

'The air grows deadly,' said Prince Maurice, and would have turned back. But I paused to look on a figure crouched close at hand, half seen in the doorway's glow.

'What is this?' But even as I spoke it stirred, and I saw the

eyes fixed doglike on the Prince. He gave a quick word, and the woman slid shadowlike into the shadows.

Moved by some fear of treachery I questioned of the lurking watcher—the chief's daughter, he told me, who should be wed to the next leader of the tribe, not uncomely in her savage fashion.

'And will you wed her?' I questioned, 'for she surely loves you.'

'Therefore I cannot,' he said and smiled, for that I could not understand.

And while we stood together the breath of the waste places quickened to a stir. One instant the night was a marvellous dusk of purple, then the trees fired like torches: light struck along every jewelled creeper, the river flashed, and day leaped on us like a lion.

Three times the sun rose, and three times the terrible moon of the south, and we tarried together in the camp.

I heard of my companion's wanderings, of the strife with neighbouring tribes, when he had taught his own to forge and fashion steel, the hunt of great beasts, of the manner wherein he had won those tusks of ivory and the gold snatched from the depths dug long since by vanished peoples. Yet ever and again he turned to the past and to England, and when I would have heard of the hidden springs of the rivers, of the sands where salamanders sport, and of the isles of the Hesperides, which be close, men say, to those shores, he spoke of the peace after long striving, of the truth and right which should reign when the King had conquered all his foes.

I know not what held me from saying that the King—his sacred Majesty Charles II.—had long reigned at Whitehall.

He spoke and I parried his questions or was silent, and there would come, borne to us from the menace of the unpeopled forest, a dry and deep roar of some monstrous beast anhungered.

I stared at the bright poison growths, at the sucking, seeking tendrils flung from tree to tree, and thought the England he spake of a more alien land than this ancient and uninvaded strangeness. For he spoke of old wrongs righted, of peace and honour regnant, of the seas linked by our loyal ships. And I remembered the doubtful strife wherein I had looked my last on English faces, a strife first begun on this same Afric coast which had circled its way to our shores—Dutch and English in a death grip of mastery over the uncharted places of the earth. He spoke of a king who should restore ancient order and lift the standard trampled beneath

the feet of the Ironsides. I had seen the King smiling and gaming at Whitehall among his fair light women.

All had seemed well enough when I, too, jested with the player Nell and bowed to my lady Castlemaine, ay, though the navy rotted and Dutch ships flouted us in our harbours. Now, I know not why, 'twas other in the encompassing solitude and savagery, while the man beside me builded a past which had been and a present which was not, and the great voice of the wilderness snarled derision.

So we tarried together, and the barbarous folk ringed our lives in and did not touch them. I schemed escape, but when I spoke thereof to my companion he put the thought far from him as one who fears the fulfilment of desire. And, watching him, I wondered at length whether it were needful that in such case a man should sink to be savage among savages or be but the shadow of an olden life. For such he seemed, still turned to memory, and to hope which was but an echo of memory, till I too, in mad moments, half looked to see Rupert break through the ranked opposing forest as long since he had charged through opposing ranks of the enemy. I tried to lay hold on the things about me, but their strangeness flung me back. And still I dreaded the sick and stifling air and fever of blood and brain.

Then God had pity and sent peril.

A neighbouring tribe fell upon us in the stillness before the onrush of dawn, were once thrust back and once again came on.

Then I saw that Prince Maurice had been in truth a general. For his dreams fell from him, and with swift word and deed he arrayed his pagan army. About the huts were palisades built, woven thick and strong with thorny growths, and there the women sheltered, and thence came showers of darts among the enemy.

Our assailants came creeping through the wood, crouched behind their shields, their heads, decked with barbarous gauds, peering menace at us. And, sudden as the wild beasts, their kindred, they leaped from stealth to fierceness and hurled themselves across the open with cries that were not human.

Maurice had drawn his men into a rough line, and they rushed upon their oncoming foes with a savage mimicry of a charge, shocked upon and drove them back. Followed a striving, mad as a horror of fever—shield against shield, black writhen limbs and faces that grinned and glared over the jetting blood. Spears smote hollow upon rattling shields, the shrieks of pain and rage

rang out and were answered by mocking voices of beast and bird from the forest deeps. Half in the blinding sun they fought, half in the vault of the wood. And flowery masses, crimson and white and streaked with clashing colours, dropped from the gloom above and lay tumbled upon the dying and the dead.

One great African strode from the rest against me, swinging his sword—one of ours, I divined, and poisoned like the arrow from which only steel and fire had saved me. I had not known myself for a coward, but I shrank from him sickening, my eyes held by his huge body, black and gleaming, and the ferocious face. An idol of savage war-worship it seemed, no man which faced me. Yet I gripped my weapon—a native sword it was—and made ready for onslaught. Who could fence with a hurricane of the tropics? The chief leaped upon me: he held his sword, not in our fashion, but with his hand beneath the hilt, as we grip a dagger, which did yet further disorder me. I hewed and parried blindly and saw once a gout of blood upon the black bare chest, yet knew death grinned and gained upon me.

Sudden a sword flashed between. Prince Maurice stood there and the chief turned on him. I fell back, and those about us stinted in their bloody work, while the two fought, England and Afrique at grapple. As I watched the sure swift sword-play, I doubted not of the issue, though Maurice bore no shield. He held back that giant fierce bulk with an unswerving edge of steel. Once a blow fell which had slain a white man, but the savage held to it, the gaping lips of the wound opening and closing as he moved. A last feint, a thrust, and the chief stumbled prone with a cry like the very death-cry of the wilderness. And Maurice, springing across his body to other foes, shouted aloud in English and called on his brother's name.

I, too, plunged into the *mêlée*, finding these leaping fiends could be slain like men. But they outnumbered us sorely, and we were pressed within our defences. As we stood there behind the thorny barrier, they thronged against us, neither side making much account of darts: some fought with arrows fixed in them and quivering. In the medley of black forms, bedizened with feathers and skins, brandishing their strange weapons in strange ways, stood that one figure, a cavalier of King Charles, and dealt death —a forgotten warcry on his lips.

Then, while yet the struggle swayed uncertain came a crashing in the wood, and there plunged forth that mighty beast an elephant

—tusked and serpent-tongued, monstrous to behold—and there were natives clinging to and guiding it. It smote our foes in the rear and they wavered in panic.

'Our Horse and our reserves,' said Prince Maurice, beside me as he gripped the spear of an enemy and cleft the arm which wielded it. 'Now upon them, for God and the King!' and he sprang forth, I following, rent with choking laughter.

Between two onslaughts our assailants broke and fled, and there followed carnage worse than the fight. Maurice wearied not of slaying, but I sickened of the work. One wounded wretch, twisting at my feet, I would have spared and turned to the Prince with my plea. He silenced me shuddering.

'Take no prisoners!' and gave the *coup-de-grâce.*

Then I understood.

At length all was ended, and only the dead were left amid the mockery of scattered tropic flowers.

I went up to our leader where he stood over a man which lay bent backward in the death-throe, both hands clenched at the spear-shaft in his breast.

The Prince roused at my coming.

'Victory!' he said, wheeling to greet me.

Some devilry moved me to echo his own words.

'Victory,' I said, and smiled, 'for God and King Charles.'

And even as I spoke I saw the despair of unending exile sweep across his face. He turned from me covering his face, and I heard him sob like a woman.

The Afric girl I had seen before came from a hut, stepping across the pools of blood, and crouched before him, a bowl of palm-juice in her hands.

On the fight there followed barbarous ceremonial of triumph, mourning, and revenge. They could love and hate, these pagan peoples, even as ourselves. One warrior I saw kneeling by a slain friend or kinsman, loose the dead man's sandal, and bind it on his own foot to wear for remembrance or for vengeance. And a sense of fellowship woke in me at the sight.

But one pageant they demanded which neither I had divined nor he whom it most concerned. On the morrow of our struggle they met very early on the banks of the river, the fighting men drawn together in their uncouth bravery having, I grew to feel, something of fitness with the untamed place where they stood. On the one hand the forest reared itself, impregnable; on the

other swept the river, vexed and turbid. The bank beyond was flat, and there the mist lay so heavy that it seemed a plain of water stretched out endless.

Nigh to the water's edge was a seat or throne curiously twisted, and offerings were laid before it—flowers and fruit and ghastly trophies of the dead. Beside this, as I drew near, stood Prince Maurice, and with him three of the tribe—one a priest bearing a sacred drum—and at his feet knelt that same girl, the chief's daughter, decked out with strings of ivory and gold and pebbles which yet might be gems. The Prince beckoned me, and began to speak ere I had well reached him. They would make him king—I gathered the meaning from his swift and troubled words—would wed him to the woman there, and have him to rule over them who had so fought their battles, or they would sacrifice him to the weal of the tribe in some other, perchance some terrible way.

'Yield to them,' I counselled. But he shook his head.

'I am vowed to another work. The King will need me, and Rupert.'

I looked upon him, then at the barbarous court, the mocking crown laid ready, worthless weeds and feathers twisted with its ivory and its gold. The sunlight swam before me; the black figures, the savage pomp of shield and knife and bright, fluttering colour dazzled and were gone. I saw in memory the presence-chamber at Whitehall in its perfectness of beauty, of careless grace and gaiety; I saw the King for whom the Cavaliers, dreaming and believing, had fought and died, enthroned again—ay, among his favourites and his harlots.

In Afrique, fenced by an untrodden world, Maurice might still dream and believe, and, exiled, find his England. I laughed to myself, avowing it. Rupert, at the King's side, even fighting the King's battles, had long foregone such follies.

'Your Highness,' I said, 'his Majesty hath come to his own again, and rules at Whitehall. Prince Rupert, your brother, has mourned you as dead these many years.'

'The King has come to his own; then he needs me not,' said the Prince; and I saw age fall on him as he spoke. 'And Rupert—but Rupert will seek me,' he ended with a great cry.

But I took up the crown and held it towards him.

There came a silence upon us, and Prince Maurice turned his eyes to the flooded river. A light grew in them as he gazed.

'Did I not say he would come? Look you—the ship!' And he pointed to the water, where never ship could sail.

I strained my eyes over the misty plain, half believing in reason's despite, as I heard him welcome every familiar line and the ship rose in his words, complete with widespread sails and carven prow, and eager watchers crowded on her poop.

'I knew Rupert would seek me,' cried Prince Maurice, his eyes still on the phantom vessel, which sailed for him alone. And by this the sun had pierced the mist in a great red foreboding glow, and a path of crimson stretched from shore to shore. The light incarnadine smote the Prince's face as he gazed and showed in it rapture and youth and the high assurance of deliverance. Then he looked back over the people with something of kindliness, wellnigh of regret.

'But we will come again,' he said, and his glance kindled. 'England shall yet bear sway in Afrique—ay, despite Portugal and these invading Dutch. She shall span the deserts and pierce even these forests, and the earth shall give up its treasures. Yes, we will surely come and conquer for our King, and reach the hidden city of gold. But now Rupert waits me.'

He turned again to the water, but stayed him beside the kneeling girl. Raising her to her feet he looked in her eyes, and then bent suddenly and kissed her cheek, as he might have saluted any highborn lady of his kinsman's court. Then, still with that welcoming and dauntless joy in his eyes, he walked steadily on towards that waiting unseen ship till he reached the river bank, till the earth failed beneath his feet.

As he sank a wild clamour of cries rose from the savages about and blended with the splash and swirl of the waters, and a cloud of arrows hissed out and up. Something else started into horrid life. A great log, so I had thought it, half hid in mud at the river's edge, opened huge, spike-set jaws and showed itself the monster it was. While I shuddered at the creature's nearness to the Prince a form shot by me—a woman's—and cleft the water hard between the two. As the fierce jaws clashed on their prey I sickened, veiling my eyes. When next I dared to see there was but the unrevealing river.

'Twas I that lifted Prince Maurice to the shore, his voyage being ended. He was unscathed, save for the one mortal arrow which from above had pierced his forehead, where they would have set the crown.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

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BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAY OF LOVE.

Celui qui souffle le feu s'expose à être brûlé par les étincelles.

It was said that Colonel de Casimir—that guest whose presence and uniform lent an air of distinction to the quiet wedding in the Frauengasse—was a Pole from Cracow. Men also whispered that he was in the confidence of the Emperor. But this must only have been a manner of speaking. For no man was ever admitted fully into that superhuman mind.

De Casimir was left behind in Dantzig when the army moved forward.

'There will be a great battle,' he said, 'somewhere near Vilna—and I shall miss it.'

Indeed, every man was striving to get to the front. He who, himself, had given a new meaning to human ambition seemed able to inspire not only Frenchmen but soldiers of every nationality with fire from his own consuming flame.

'Yes! madame,' said de Casimir; for it was to Désirée that he spoke, 'and your husband is more fortunate than I. He is sure of a staff appointment. He will be among the first. It will soon be over. To-morrow war is to be declared.'

They were in the street—not far from the Frauengasse, whence

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Désirée, always practical, was hurrying towards the market-place. De Casimir had seemed idle until he perceived her.

Désirée made a little movement of horror at the announcement. She did not know that the fighting had already begun.

'Ah!' cried de Casimir with a reassuring smile. 'You must be of good cheer. There will be no war at all. I tell you that in confidence. Russia will be paralysed. I was going towards the Frauengasse when I perceived you; to pay my respects to your father, to say a word to you. Come—you are smiling again. That is right. You were so grave, madame, as you hurried along with your eyes looking far away. You must not think of Charles if the thoughts make you look as you looked then.'

His manner was kind and confidential and easy—inviting in response that which the confidential always expect, a return in kind. It is either hit or miss with such people; and de Casimir missed. He saw Désirée draw back. She was young, and of that clear fairness of skin which seems to let the thoughts out through the face so that any can read them. That which her face expressed at that moment was a clear and definite refusal to confide anything whatsoever in this little dark man who stood in front of her, looking into her eyes with a deferential and sympathetic glance.

'I know for certain,' he said, 'that Charles was well two days ago, and that he is highly thought of in high quarters. I can tell you that at all events.'

'Thank you,' said Désirée. She had nothing against de Casimir. She had only seen him once or twice, and she knew him to be Charles's friend and in some sense his patron. For de Casimir held a high position in Dantzig. She was quite ready to like him since Charles liked him; but she intended to do so at her own range. It is always the woman who measures the distance.

Désirée made a little movement as if to continue on her way; and de Casimir instantly stood aside, hat in hand.

'Shall I find your father at home?' he asked.

'I think so. He was at home when I left,' she answered, responding to his bow with a friendly nod.

De Casimir watched her go and stood for a moment in reflection, as if going over in his mind that which had passed between them.

'I must try the other one,' he said to himself as he turned

down the Pfaffengasse. He continued his way at a leisurely pace. At the corner of the Frauengasse he lingered in the shadow of the lindentrees, and while so doing saw Antoine Sebastian quit the door of No. 36, going in the opposite direction towards the river, and pass out through the Frauenthor on to the quay.

He made a little gesture of annoyance on being told by the servant that Sebastian was out. After a moment's reflection he seemed to make up his mind to ignore the conventionalities.

'It is merely,' he said in his friendly and confidential manner to the servant, in perfect German, 'that I have news from Monsieur Darragon, the husband of Mademoiselle Désirée. Madame is out—you say. Well, then, what is to be done?'

He had a most charming, grave manner of asking advice which few could resist.

The servant nodded at him with a twinkle of understanding in her eye.

'There is Fräulein Mathilde.'

'But . . . well ask her if she will do me the honour of speaking to me for an instant. I leave it to you. . . .'

'But come in,' protested the servant. 'Come upstairs. She will see you; why not?'

And she led the way upstairs. Papa Barlasch, sitting just within the kitchen door, where he sat all day doing nothing, glanced upwards through his overhanging eyebrows at the clink of spurs and the clatter of de Casimir's sword against the banisters. He had the air of a watchdog.

Mathilde was not in the drawing-room and the servant left the visitor there alone, saying that she would seek her mistress. There were one or two books on the tables. One table was rather untidy; it was Désirée's. A writing-desk stood in the corner of the room. It was locked—and the lock was a good one. De Casimir was an observant man. He had time to make this observation, and to see that there were no letters in Désirée's work-basket; to note the titles of the books and the absence of name on the flyleaf, and was looking out of the window when the door opened and Mathilde came in.

This was a day when women were treated with a great show of deference, while in reality they had but little voice in the world's affairs. De Casimir's bow was deeper and more elaborate than would be considered polite to-day. On standing erect he quickly suppressed a glance of surprise.

Mathilde must have expected him. She was dressed in white and her hair was tied with a bright ribbon. In her cheeks, usually so pale, was a little touch of colour. It may have been because Désirée was not near, but de Casimir had never known until this moment how pretty Mathilde really was. There was something in her eyes, too, which gripped his attention. He remembered that at the wedding he had never seen her eyes. They had always been averted. But now they met his with a troubling directness.

De Casimir had a gallant manner. All women commanded his eager respect, which they could assess at such value as their fancy painted, remembering that it is for the woman to measure the distance. On the few occasions of previous encounters, de Casimir had been *empressé* in his manner towards Mathilde. As he looked at her his quick mind ran back to former meetings. He had no recollection of having actually made love to her.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'for a soldier—in time of war—the conventions may, perhaps, be slightly relaxed. I was told that you were alone—that your father is out, and yet I persisted——'

He spread out his hands and laughed appealingly, begging her it would seem to help him out of the social difficulty into which he had got himself.

'My father will be sorry——' she began.

'That is hardly the question,' he interrupted; 'I was thinking of your displeasure. But I have an excuse, I assure you. I only ask a moment to tell you that I have heard from Königsberg that Charles Darragon is in good health there and is moving forward with the advance guard to the frontier.'

'You are kind to come so soon,' answered Mathilde, and there was an odd note of disappointment in her voice. De Casimir must have heard it, for he glanced at her again with a gleam of surprise in his eyes.

'That is my excuse, Mademoiselle,' he said with a tentative emphasis as if he were feeling his way. He was an opportunist with all the quickness of one who must live by his wits among others existing on the same uncertain fare. He saw her flush, and again he hesitated as a wayfarer may hesitate when he finds an easy road where he had expected to climb a hill. What was the meaning of it? he seemed to ask himself.

'Charles does not interest you so much as he interests your sister?' he suggested.

'He has never interested me much,' she replied indifferently. She did not ask him to sit down. It would not have been etiquette in an age when women were by some odd misjudgment considered incapable of managing their own hearts.

'Is that because he is in love, Mademoiselle?' inquired de Casimir with a guarded laugh.

'Perhaps so.'

She did not look at him. De Casimir had not missed this time. His air of candid confidence had met with a quick response. He laughed again and moved towards the door. Mathilde stood motionless, and although she said no word nor by any gesture bade him stay, he stopped on the threshold and turned again towards her.

'It was my conscience,' he said, looking at her over his shoulder, 'that bade me go.'

Her face and her averted eyes asked why, but her straight lips were silent.

'Because I cannot claim to be more interesting than Charles Darragon,' he hazarded. 'And you, Mademoiselle, confess that you have no tolerance for a man who is in love.'

'I have no tolerance for a man who is weakened by love. He should be strengthened and hardened by it.'

'To——?'

'To do a man's work in the world,' said Mathilde coldly.

De Casimir was standing by the open door. He closed it with his foot. He was professedly a man alert for the chance of a moment, which he was content to grasp without pausing to look ahead. There might be difficulties yet unperceived, but these in turn might present an opportunity to be seized by the quick-witted.

'Then you would admit, Mademoiselle,' he said gravely, 'that there may be good in a love that fights continually against ambition and—does not prevail.'

Mathilde did not answer at once. There was an odd suggestion of antagonism in their attitude towards each other—not irreconcilable, the poets tell us, with love—but this is assuredly not the Love that comes from Heaven and will go back there to live through eternity.

'Yes,' said she at length.

'Such is my love for you,' he said, his quick instinct telling him that with Mathilde few words were best.

He only spoke the thoughts of his age; for ambition was

the ruling passion in men's hearts at this time. All who served the Great Adventurer gave it the first place in their consideration, and de Casimir only aped his betters. Though oddly enough the only two of all the great leaders who were to emerge still greater from the coming war—Ney and Eugene—thought otherwise on these matters.

'I mean to be great and rich, Mademoiselle,' he added after a pause. 'I have risked my life for that purpose half a dozen times.'

Mathilde stood looking across the room towards the window. He could only see her profile and the straight line of her lips. She too was the product of a generation in which men rose to dazzling heights without the aid of women.

'I should not have troubled you with these details, Mademoiselle,' he said, watching her. His instinct was very keen, for not one woman in a thousand, even in those days, would have admitted that love was a detail. 'I should not have mentioned it—had you not given me your views—so strangely in harmony with my own.'

Whatever his nationality, his voice was that of a Pole—rich, musical, and expressive. He could have made, one would have thought, a very different sort of love had he wished, or had he been sincere. But he was an opportunist. This was the sort of love that Mathilde wanted.

He came a step nearer to her and stood resting on his sword—a lean hard man who had seen much war.

'Until you opened my eyes,' he said, 'I did not know, or did not care to know, that love, far from being a drag on ambition, may be a help.'

Mathilde made a little movement towards him which she instantly repressed. The heart is quicker, but the head nearly always has the last word.

'Mademoiselle,' he said—and no doubt he saw the movement and the restraint—'will you help me now at the beginning of the war, and listen to me again at the end of it—if I succeed?'

After all he was modest in his demands.

'Will you help me? Together, Mademoiselle—to what height may we not rise in these days?'

There was a ring of sincerity in his voice, and her eyes answered it.

'How can I help you?' she asked in a doubting voice.

'Oh, it is a small matter,' was the reply. 'But it is one in which the Emperor is personally interested. Such things have a special attraction for him. The human interest never fails to hold his attention. If I do well, he will know it and remember me. It is a question, Mademoiselle, of secret societies. You know that Prussia is riddled with them.'

Mathilde did not answer. He studied her face, which was clean cut and hard like a marble bust—a good face to hide a secret.

'It is my duty to watch here in Dantzig and to report to the Emperor. In serving myself I could also perhaps serve a friend, one who might otherwise run into danger—who may be in danger while you and I stand here. For the Emperor strikes hard and quickly. I speak of your father, Mademoiselle—and of the Tugendbund.'

Still he could not see from the pale profile whether Mathilde knew anything at all.

'And if I procure information for you?' asked she at length, in a quiet and collected voice.

'You will help me to attain a position such as I could ask—even you—to share with me. And you would do your father no harm. You would even render him a service. For all the secret societies in Germany will not stop Napoleon. It is only God who can stop him now, Mademoiselle. All men who attempt it will only be crushed beneath the wheels. I might save your father.'

But Mathilde did not seem to be thinking of her father.

'I am hampered by poverty,' de Casimir said, changing his ground. 'In the old days it did not matter. But now, in the Empire, one must be rich. I shall be rich—at the end of this campaign.'

Again his voice was sincere, and again her eyes answered to it. He made a step forward, and gently taking her hand he raised it to his lips.

'You will help me!' he said, and turning abruptly on his heel he left her.

De Casimir's quarters were in the Langenmarkt. On returning to them he took from his despatch-case a letter which he turned over thoughtfully in his hand. It was addressed to Désirée and sealed carefully with a wafer.

'She may as well have it,' he said. 'It will be as well that she should be occupied with her own affairs.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISITATION.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

WHENEVER Papa Barlasch caught sight of his unwilling host's face, he turned his own aside with a despairing upward nod. Once or twice, during the early days of his occupation of the room behind the kitchen in the Frauengasse, he smote himself sharply on the brow, as if calling upon his brain to make an effort. But afterwards he seemed to resign himself to this lapse of memory, and the upward despairing nod gradually lost intensity until at last he brought himself to pass Antoine Sebastian in the narrow passage with no more emphatic gesture than a scowl.

'You and I,' he said to Désirée, 'are the friends. The others——'

And his gesture seemed to permit the others to go hang if they so desired. The army had gone forward, leaving Dantzig in that idle restlessness which holds those who, finding themselves in a house of sickness, are not permitted entry to the darkened chamber but must await the crisis elsewhere.

There were some busy enough in the commerce that must exist between a huge army and its base, in the forwarding of war material and stores, in accommodating the sick and sending out in return those who were to fill the gaps. But the Dantzigers themselves had nothing to do. Their prosperous trade was paralysed. Those who had aught to sell had sold it. The high seas and the high roads were alike blocked by the French. And rumour, ever busy among those that wait, ran to and fro in the town.

The Emperor of Russia had been taken prisoner. Napoleon had been checked at the passage of the Niemen. There had been a great battle at Gumbinnen and the French were in full retreat. Vilna had capitulated to Murat and the war was at an end. A hundred authentic despatches of the morning were the subject of contemptuous laughter at the supper-table.

Lisa heard these tales in the market-place and told Désirée, who, as often as not, translated them to Barlasch. But he only held up his wrinkled forefinger and shook it slowly from side to side.

'Woman's chatter!' he said. 'What is the German for "magpie"?'

And on being told the word he repeated it gravely to Lisa. For he had not only fulfilled his promise of settling down in the house, but had assumed therein a distinct and clearly defined position. He was the counsellor, and from his chair just within the kitchen he gave forth judgment.

'And you,' he said to Désirée one morning, when household affairs had taken her to the kitchen, 'you are troubled this morning. You have had a letter from your husband?'

'Yes—and he is in good health.'

'Ah!'

Barlasch glared at her beneath his brows, looking her up and down, noting her quick movements, which had the uncertainty of youth.

'And now that he is gone,' he said, 'and that there is war, you are going to employ yourself by falling in love with him, when you had all the time before and did not take advantage of it.'

Désirée laughed at him and made no other answer. While she spoke to Lisa he sat and watched them.

'It would be like a woman to do such a thing,' he pursued. 'They are so inconvenient—women. They get married for fun and then one fine Thursday they find they have missed all the fun, like one who comes late to the theatre—when the music is over.'

He went to the table and examined the morning marketing, which Lisa had laid out in preparation for dinner. Of some of her purchases he approved, but he laughed aloud at a lettuce which had no heart, and at such a buyer.

Then Désirée attracted his scrutiny again.

'Yes,' he said, half to himself, 'I see it. You are in love. Just Heaven, I know! I have had them in love with me. . . . Barlasch.'

'That must have been a long time ago,' answered Désirée with her gay laugh, only giving him half her attention.

'Yes, it was a century ago. But they were the same then as they are now, as they always will be—inconvenient. They waited, however, till they were grown up!'

And with his ever-ready accusing finger he drew Désirée's attention to her own slimness. They were left alone for a minute while Lisa answered a knock at the door, during which time Barlasch sat in grim silence.

'It is a letter,' said Lisa, returning. 'A sailor brought it.'

'Another?' said Barlasch, with a gesture of despair.

'Can you give me news of Charles?' Désirée read, in a writing that was unknown to her. 'I shall wait a reply until midnight

on board the *Elsa*, lying off the Krahn-Thor.' The letter bore the signature 'Louis d'Arragon.' Désirée turned slowly and went upstairs, carrying it folded small in her closed hand.

She was alone in the house, for Mathilde was out and her father had not yet returned from his evening walk. She stood at the head of the stairs, where the last of the daylight filtered through the barred window, and read the letter again. Then she turned and gave a slight start to see Barlasch at the foot of the stairs beckoning to her. He made no attempt to come up, but stood on the mat like a dog that has been forbidden the upper rooms.

'Is it about your father?' he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

'No!'

He made a gesture commanding secrecy and silence. Then he went to close the kitchen door and returned on tip-toe.

'It is,' he explained, 'that they are talking of him in the cafés. There are to be many arrested to-morrow. They say the patron is one of them, and employs himself in plotting. That his name is not Sebastian at all. That he is a great French noble who escaped the guillotine. What do I know? It is the gossip of the cafés. But I tell it you because we are friends, you and I. And some day I may want you to do something for me. One thinks of oneself, eh? It is good to make friends. For some day one may want them. That is why I do it. I think of myself. An old soldier. Of the Guard.'

With many gestures of tremendous import, and a face all wrinkled and twisted with mystery, he returned to the kitchen.

Mathilde was not to return until late. She had gone to the house of the old Gräfin whose reminiscences had been a fruitful topic at Désirée's wedding. After dining there she and the Gräfin were to go together to a farewell reception given by the Governor. For Rapp was bound for the frontier with the rest, and was to go to the war as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

Mathilde could not be back until ten o'clock. She, who was so quick and quiet, had been much occupied in social observances lately, and had made fast friends with the Gräfin during the last few days, constantly going to see her.

Désirée knew that what Barlasch had repeated as the gossip of the cafés was in part, if not wholly, true. She and Mathilde had long known that any mention of France had the instant effect of turning their father into a man of stone. It was the skeleton in this quiet house that sat at table with its inmates, a shadowy

fourth tying their tongues. The rattle of its bones seemed to paralyse Sebastian's mind, and at any moment he would fall into a dumb and stricken apathy which terrified those about him. At such times it seemed that one thought in his mind had swallowed all the rest, so that he heard without understanding and saw without perceiving.

He was in such a humour when he came back to dinner. He passed Désirée on the stairs without speaking and went to his room to change his clothes, for he never relaxed his formal habits. At the dinner-table he glanced at her as a dog, knowing that he is ill, may be seen to glance with a secret air at his master, wondering whether he is detected.

Désirée had always hoped that her father would speak to her when this humour was upon him and tell her the meaning of it. Perhaps it would come to-night, when they were alone. There was an unspoken sympathy existing between them in which Mathilde took no share, which had even shut out Charles as out of a room where there was no light, into which Désirée and her father went at times and stood hand in hand without speaking.

They dined in silence, while Lisa hurried about her duties oppressed by a sense of unknown fear. After dinner they went to the drawing-room as usual. It had been a dull day, with great clouds creeping up from the West. The evening fell early, and the lamps were already alight. Désirée looked to the wicks with the eye of experience when she entered the room. Then she went to the window. Lisa did not always draw the curtains effectually. She glanced down into the street, and turned suddenly on her heel, facing her father.

'They are there,' she said. For she had seen shadowy forms lurking beneath the trees of the Frauengasse. The street was ill-lighted, but she knew the shadows of the trees.

'How many?' asked Sebastian, in a dull voice.

She glanced at him quickly—at his still, frozen face and quiescent hands. He was not going to rise to the occasion, as he sometimes did even from his deepest apathy. She must do alone anything that was to be accomplished to-night.

The house, like many in the Frauengasse, had been built by a careful Hanseatic merchant, whose warehouse was his own cellar half sunk beneath the level of the street. The door of the warehouse was immediately under the front door, down a few steps

below the street, while a few more steps, broad and footworn, led up to the stone veranda and the level of the lower dwelling-rooms. A guard placed in the street could thus watch both doors without moving.

There was a third door, giving exit from the little room where Barlasch slept to the small yard where he had placed those trunks which were made in France.

Désirée had no time to think. She came of a race of women of a brighter intelligence than any women in the world. She took her father by the arm and hastened downstairs. Barlasch was at his post within the kitchen door. His eyes shone suddenly as he saw her face. It was said of Papa Barlasch that he was a gay man in battle, laughing and making a hundred jests, but at other times lugubrious. Désirée saw him smile for the first time, in the dim light of the passage.

'They are there in the street,' he said; 'I have seen them. I thought you would come to Barlasch. They all do—the women. In here. Leave him to me. When they ring the bell, receive them yourself—with smiles. They are only men. Let them search the house if they want to. Tell them he has gone to the reception with Mademoiselle.'

As he spoke the bell rang just above his head. He looked up at it and laughed.

'Ah, ah!' he said, 'the fanfare begins.'

He drew Sebastian within and closed the door of his little room. Lisa had already gone to answer the bell. When she opened the door three men stepped quickly over the threshold, and one of them, thrusting her aside, closed the door and turned the key. Désirée, in her white evening dress, on the bottom step, just beneath the lamp that hung from the ceiling, made them pause and look at each other. Then one of the three came towards her, hat in hand.

'Our duty, Fräulein,' he said awkwardly. 'We are but obeying orders. A mere formality. It will all be explained, no doubt, if the householder, Antoine Sebastian, will put on his hat and come with us.'

'His hat is not there, as you see,' answered Désirée. 'You must seek him elsewhere.'

The man shook his head with a knowing smile. 'We must seek him in this house,' he said. 'We will make it as easy for you as we can, Fräulein—if you make it easy for us.'

As he spoke he produced a candle from his pocket, and encouraged the broken wick with his finger-nail.

'It will make it pleasanter for all,' said Désirée cheerfully, 'if you will accept a candlestick.'

The man glanced at her. He was a heavy man, with little suspicious eyes set close together. He seemed to be concluding that she had outwitted him—that Sebastian was not in the house.

'Where are the cellar stairs?' he asked. 'I warn you, Fräulein, it is useless to conceal your father. We shall, of course, find him.'

Désirée pointed to the door next to that giving entry to the kitchen. It was bolted and locked. Désirée found the key for them. She not only gave them every facility, but was anxious that they should be as quick as possible. They did not linger in the cellar, which, though vast, was empty; and when they returned Désirée, who was waiting for them, led the way upstairs.

They were rather abashed by her silence. They would have preferred protestations and argument. Discussion always belittles. The smile recommended by Papa Barlasch, lurking at the corner of her lips, made them feel foolish. She was so slight and young and helpless, that a sort of shame rendered them clumsy.

They felt more at home in the kitchen when they got back there, and the sight of Lisa, sturdy and defiant, reminded them of the authority upon which Désirée had somehow cast a mystic contempt.

'There is a door there,' said the heavy official, with a brusque return of his early manner. 'Come, what is that door?'

'That is a little room.'

'Then open it.'

'I cannot,' returned Lisa. 'It is locked.'

'Aha!' said the man, with a laugh of much meaning. 'On the inside, eh?'

He went to it and banged on it with his fist.

'Come,' he shouted, 'open it and be done.'

There was a short silence, during which those in the kitchen listened breathlessly. A shuffling sound inside the door made the officer of the law turn and beckon to his two men to come closer.

Then, after some fumbling, as of one in the dark, the door was unlocked and slowly opened.

Papa Barlasch stood in a very primitive night-apparel within the door. He had not done things by halves, for he was an old campaigner, and knew that a thing half done is better left undone in times of war. He noted the presence of Désirée and Lisa, but was not ashamed. The reason of it was soon apparent. For Papa Barlasch was drunk, and the smell of drink came out of his apartment in a warm wave.

'It is the soldier billeted in the house,' explained Lisa, with a half-hysterical laugh.

Then Barlasch harangued them in the language of intoxication. If he had not spared Désirée's feelings, he spared her ears less now; for he was an ignorant man, who had lived through a brutal period in the world's history the roughest life a man can lead. Two of the men held him with difficulty against the wall, while the third hastily searched the room—where, indeed, no one could well be concealed.

Then they quitted the house, followed by the polyglot curses of Barlasch, who was now endeavouring to find his bayonet amidst his chaotic possessions.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GOLDEN GUESS.

'The golden guess
Is morning star to the full round of truth.'

BARLASCH was never more sober in his life than when he emerged a minute later from his room, while Lisa was still feverishly bolting the door. He had not wasted much time at his toilet. In his flannel shirt, his arms bare to the elbow, knotted and muscular, he looked like some rude son of toil.

'One thinks of oneself,' he hastened to explain to Désirée, fearing that she might ascribe some other motive to his action. 'Some day the patron may be in power again, and then he will remember a poor soldier. It is good to think of the future.'

He shook his head pessimistically at Lisa as belonging to a sex liable to error: instanced in this case by bolting the door too eagerly.

'Now,' he said, turning to Désirée again, 'Have you any in Dantzig to help you?'

'Yes,' she answered rather slowly.

'Then send for him.'

'I cannot do that.'

'Then go for him yourself,' snapped Barlasch impatiently.

He looked at her fiercely beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

'It is no use to be afraid,' he said; 'you are afraid—I see it in your face. And it is never any use. Before they hammered on that door there, my legs shook. For I am easily afraid—I. But it is never any use. And when one opens the door, it goes.'

He looked at her with a puzzled frown, seeking in vain, it may have been, the ordinary symptoms of fear. She was hesitating but not afraid. There ran blood in her veins which will for all time be associated by history with a gay and indomitable courage.

'Come,' he said sharply; 'there is nothing else to do.'

'I will go,' said Désirée, at length, deciding suddenly to do the one thing that is left to a woman once or twice in her life—to go to the one man and trust him.

'By the back way,' said Barlasch, helping her with the cloak that Lisa had brought, and pulling the hood forward over her face with a jerk. 'Ah, I know that way. The patron is hiding in the yard. An old soldier looks to the retreat—though the Emperor has saved us that so far. Come, I will help you over the wall, for the door is rusted.'

The way, which Barlasch had perceived, led through the room at the back of the kitchen to a yard and thence through a door not opened by the present occupiers of the old house, into a very labyrinth of narrow alleys running downward to the river and round the tall houses that stand against the cathedral walls.

The wall was taller than Barlasch but he ran at it like a cat, and Désirée standing below could see the black outline of his limbs crouching on the top. He stooped down, and grasping her hands, lifted her by the sheer strength of one arm, balanced her for an instant on the wall, and then lowered her on the outer side.

'Run,' he whispered.

She knew the way, and although the night was dark, and these narrow alleys between high walls had no lamps, Désirée lost no time. The Krahn-Thor is quite near to the Frauengasse.

Indeed, the whole of Dantzig occupied but a small space between the rivers in those straitened days. The town was quieter than it had been for months, and Désirée passed unmolested through the narrow streets. She made her way to the quay, passing through the low gateway known as the door of the Holy Ghost, and here found people still astir. For the commerce that thrives on a northern river is paralysed all the winter and feverishly active when the ice has gone.

'The *Elsa*,' replied a woman, who had been selling bread all day on the quay and was now packing up her stall, 'you ask for the *Elsa*. There is such a ship, I know. But how can I say which she is? See, they lie right across the river like a bridge. Besides, it is late and sailors are rough men.'

Désirée hurried on. Louis d'Arragon had said that the ship was lying near to the Krahn-Thor, of which the great hooded roof loomed darkly against the stars above her. She was looking about her when a man came forward with the hesitating step of one who has been told to wait the arrival of someone unknown to him.

'The *Elsa*,' she said to him; 'which ship is it?'

'Come along with me, Mademoiselle,' the man replied, 'though I was not told to look for a woman.'

He spoke in English, which Désirée hardly understood; for she had never heard it from English lips, and looked for the first time on one of that race upon which all the world waited now for salvation. For the English, of all the nations, were the only men who from the first had consistently defied Napoleon.

The sailor led the way towards the river. As he passed the lamp burning dimly above some steps, Désirée saw that he was little more than a boy. He turned and offered her his hand with a shy laugh, and together they stood at the bottom of the steps with the water lapping at their feet.

'Have you a letter,' he said, 'or will you come on board?'

Then perceiving that she did not understand, he repeated the question in German.

'I will come on board,' she answered.

The *Elsa* was lying in the middle of the river, and the boat into which Désirée stepped shot across the water without sound of oars. The sailor was paddling it noiselessly at the stern. Désirée was not unused to boats, and when they came alongside the *Elsa* she climbed on board without help.

'This way,' said the sailor, leading her towards the deckhouse where a light burned dimly behind red curtains. He knocked at the door and opened it without awaiting a reply. In the little cabin two men sat at a table, and one of them was Louis d'Arragon dressed in the rough clothes of a merchant seaman. He seemed to recognise Désirée at once, though she still stood without the door, in the darkness.

'You?' he said in surprise. 'I did not expect you, madame. You want me?'

'Yes,' answered Désirée, stepping over the combing. Louis's companion, who was also a sailor, coarsely clad, rose and, awkwardly taking off his cap, hurried to the door, murmuring some vague apology. It is not always the roughest men who have the worst manners towards women.

He closed the door behind him, leaving Désirée and Louis looking at each other by the light of an oil lamp that flickered and gave forth a greasy smell. The little cabin was smoke-ridden, and smelt of ancient tar. It was no bigger than the table in the drawing-room in the Frauengasse, across which he had bowed to her in farewell a few days earlier, little knowing when and where they were to meet again. For fate can always turn a surprise better than the human fancy.

Behind the curtain, the window stood open and the high clear song of the wind through the rigging filled the little cabin with a continuous minor note of warning which must have been part of his life; for he must have heard it, as all sailors do, sleeping or waking, night and day.

He was probably so accustomed to it that he never heeded it. But it filled Désirée's ears, and whenever she heard it in after life, in memory this moment came again to her, and she looked back to it, as a traveller may look back to a milestone at a cross-road, and wonder where his journey might have ended had he taken another turning.

'My father,' she said quickly, 'is in danger. There is no one else in Dantzig to whom we can turn, and ——'

She paused. What was she going to add? She hesitated and then was silent. There was no reason why she should have elected to come to him. At all events she gave none.

'I am glad I was in Dantzig when it happened,' he said, turning to take up his cap, which was of rough dark fur, such as seamen wear even in summer at night in the Northern seas.

'Come,' he added, 'you can tell me as we go ashore.'

But they did not speak while the sailor sculled the boat to the steps. On the quay they would probably pass unnoticed, for there were many strange sailors at this time in Dantzig, and Louis d'Arragon might easily pass for one of the French seamen who had brought stores by sea from Bordeaux and Brest and Cherbourg.

'Now tell me,' he said, as they walked side by side; and in voluble French, Désirée launched into her story. It was rather incoherent by reason, perhaps, of its frankness.

'Stop—stop,' he interrupted gravely, 'who is Barlasch?'

Louis walked rather slowly in his stiff sea-boots at her side, and she instinctively spoke less rapidly as she explained the part that Barlasch had played.

'And you trust him?'

'Of course,' she answered.

'But why?'

'Oh, you are so matter-of-fact,' she exclaimed; 'I do not know. Because he is trustworthy, I suppose.'

She continued the story, but suddenly stopped and looked up at him under the shadow of her hood.

'You are silent,' she said. 'Do you know something about my father of which I am ignorant? Is that it?'

'No,' he answered, 'I am trying to follow—that is all. You leave so much to my imagination.'

'But I have no time to explain things,' she protested. 'Every moment is of value. I will explain all those things some other time. At this moment all I can think of is my father and the danger he is in. If it had not been for Barlasch, he would have been in prison by now. And as it is, the danger is only half averted. For he, himself, is so little help. All must be done for him. He will do nothing for himself while this humour is upon him; you understand?'

'Partly,' he answered slowly.

'Oh!' she exclaimed half-impatiently, 'one sees that you are an Englishman.'

And she found time, even in her hurry, to laugh. For she was young enough to float buoyant upon that sea of hope which ebbs in the course of years and leaves men stranded on the hard facts of life.

'You forget,' he said in self-defence.

'I forget what?'

'That a week ago I had never seen Dantzig, or your father, or your sister, or the Frauengasse. A week ago I did not know that there was anybody called Sebastian in the world—and did not care.'

'Yes,' she admitted thoughtfully, 'I had forgotten that.'

And they walked on in silence, a long way, till they came to the Gate of the Holy Ghost.

'But you can help him to escape?' she said at length, as if following the course of her own thoughts.

'Yes,' he answered, and that was all. He was, it seemed, a person of few words. Or he had perhaps acquired the habit of taciturnity while living among men whose daily speech is 'yea yea,' or 'nay nay.'

They passed through the smaller streets in silence, and Désirée led the way into a narrow alley running between the street of the Holy Ghost and the Frauengasse.

'There is the wall to be climbed,' she said, but as she spoke the door giving exit to the alley was cautiously opened by Barlasch.

'A little oil,' he whispered, 'and it was soon done.'

The yard was dark within, for there might be watchers at any of the windows above them in the pointed gables that made patterns against the star-lit sky.

'All is well,' said Barlasch; 'those sons of dogs have not returned, and the patron is waiting in the kitchen, cloaked and ready for a journey. He has collected himself—the patron.'

He led the way through his own room, which was dark save for a shaft of lamp-light coming from the kitchen. He looked back keenly at Louis d'Arragon.

'Salut!' he growled, scowling at his boots. 'A sailor,' he muttered after a pause. 'Good. She has her wits at the top of the basket—that child.'

Désirée was throwing back her hood and looking at her father with a reassuring smile.

'I have brought Monsieur d'Arragon,' she said, 'to help us.'

For Sebastian had not recognised the new-comer. He now bowed in his stiff way and began a formal apology, which d'Arragon cut short with a quick gesture.

'It is the least I could do,' he said, 'in the absence of Charles. Have you money?'

'Yes—a little.'

'You will require money and a few clothes. I can get you

a passage to Riga or to Helsingborg to-night. From there you can communicate with your daughter. Events will follow each other rapidly. One never knows what a week may bring forth in time of war. It may be safe for you to return soon. Come, monsieur, we must go.'

Sebastian made a gesture with his outspread arms, half of protestation, half of acquiescence. It was plain that he had no sympathy with these modern, hurried methods of meeting the emergencies of daily life. A valise, packed and strapped, lay on the table. D'Arragon weighed it in his hand, and then lifted it to his shoulder.

'Come, monsieur,' he repeated leading the way through Barlasch's room to the yard. 'And you,' he added, addressing himself to that soldier, 'shut the door behind us.'

With another gesture of protest Sebastian gathered his cloak round him and followed. D'Arragon had taken Désirée so literally at her word that he allowed her father no time for hesitation, nor a moment to say farewell.

She was alone in the kitchen before she had realised that they were going. In a minute Barlasch returned. She could hear him setting in order the room which had been hurriedly disorganised in order to open the door leading to the yard, where her father had concealed himself. He was muttering to himself as he lifted the furniture.

Coming back into the kitchen he found Désirée standing where he had left her. Glancing at her, he scratched his grey head in a plebeian way, and gave a little laugh.

'Yes,' he said, pointing to the spot where D'Arragon had stood. 'That was a man, that you fetched to help us—a man. It makes a difference when such as that goes out of the room—eh?'

He busied himself in the kitchen, setting in order that which remained of the *mise en scène* of his violent reception of the secret police. Suddenly he turned in his emphatic manner and threw out his rugged forefinger to hold her attention.

'If there had been some like that in Paris, there would have been no Revolution. Za-za, za-za!' he concluded, imitating effectively the buzz of many voices in an assembly. 'Words and not deeds,' Barlasch protested. Whereas to-night, he clearly showed by two gestures, they had met a man of deeds.

(To be continued.)

AT THE DURBAR.

BY THE HON. GEORGE PEEL.

I AM certainly not going to write about what interested me as much as anything at the Durbar—that is to say, politics. The politics of India are, to put it mildly, a little too dry for most people, except for a few of the hardiest spirits of the House of Commons. And do even they understand them? Certainly the natives of India themselves do not, so the ordinary Briton may plead exemption upon that score.

Lord Curzon had very kindly invited me to go and stay with him for the Durbar, and afterwards at Calcutta, so I caught the last boat, the *Arabia*, for Bombay, and arrived only just in time. My struggle for my luggage at the station at Bombay was most intense, and was complicated by the presence of a native servant engaged for the occasion for me by some friends of mine at Bombay. Suddoo Ram, to judge from his testimonials, was an angel. As a fact he eventually turned out to have fever on him, but that is another story. A friend of mine had for his servant a certain Moses, a native Christian; at which he expressed the utmost disgust, because he believed all native Christians to be rogues. Moses was, however, not a rogue, but an inventive genius, and claimed a new complete outfit on the score of contiguity with my servant. And he got it. Moses in the turban of a Bengal Lancer was supreme.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling had told another friend of mine that if he wanted to see India he should live at the railway stations. All day they are a kaleidoscope of colour. As night falls everybody seems to 'turn in' quite happily and go to sleep, regardless of trains and time-tables. Everywhere the sheeted dead. You are in a place of tombs. Then the sun rises, and you might be on the stage of Drury Lane in a pantomime.

The station-masters all along the line told us that the forthcoming Durbar was intensely perplexing to the native mind. What was it all about? Why these regiments moving up? Why these rajahs? The native mind had sagaciously concluded that some terrible event was impending and that some big disaster was afoot. Perhaps a mutiny. Perhaps a war. Perhaps——; but the

conjectures were endless. The native mind is always attuned for tragedies. A former governor of Madras has told me that during a progress through his province he observed the trunks of certain trees smeared with white clay. What for? he asked. To propitiate the plague devil was the reply. In the next village more trees smeared with red clay. What for? he again asked. To propitiate you, was the response. He asked no more questions.

The moment of arriving in Delhi itself was coincident in my case with a momentary depression of spirits. The native encampment had to be traversed ere we reached the Viceroy's special encampment, and the native encampment did not reveal its attractions spontaneously. It was like—the East. Presently one's spirits rose as we were wafted away into the Viceroy's encampment, a combination of East and West; from that moment all went well, with me at least. Imagine broad avenues lined with grass, and, standing back from the roadway itself, a line of tents, each twenty yards or so from each. Suddoo Ram mounted guard over my tent and superintended me generally. His orthography was delightful. Having bought me a brush and some cream for my riding-boots, the bill he presented was for 'one baroosh and one sireen.' I destroyed the document, lest my executors should think that I had enjoyed myself at the Durbar with a siren in a barouche.

Next day after arrival was the state entry into Delhi. Now, consider for a moment this difference between East and West. Our Western ceremonials are organised on one scale. But here were violent and astounding contrasts. Accompanying elephants so gorgeous that they would have astonished Solomon might be seen attendants who would have disgraced the camp of Sennacherib. One chief calmly made his elephant kneel down during the procession to take up some friend in the crowd and have a chat. Most orderly and above reproach were the elephants. But then they were drugged.

What was particularly amusing was to visit the camps of the rajahs and chiefs. I had occasion to pay a call upon one great rajah. His Highness was at breakfast, but in order to acquaint myself with all possible topics of conversation I privily cross-questioned the Grand Vizier as to His Highness's most particular tastes and predilections. I suggested polo, or betting, or jewellery. The Minister listened with profound attention, and then delivered his verdict. 'His Highness cares for nothing but education and

political economy,' was the portentous reply. I fled before the coming storm of Mill and Macaulay.

Before engaging in another interview with a khan from the north I resolved to be more prepared for possibilities. On entering the presence, and being asked for questions, I desired to know his Khanship's ancestors. There had been thirty-seven on the throne since the year 800—rather a large order, as that would give an average reign of some twenty-seven years. I had the presence of mind to remember that 800 was the year of Charlemagne's coronation, and said so, with the graceful implication that the royal founder of the house was not only the contemporary but the equal of the greatest Emperor of the West. The Vizier passed this on to his Majesty with much elaboration and gusto. But when I asked what poets flourished in the State the Vizier was deeply troubled. He intercepted the impertinent inquiry. He could not transmit it to the ears of his august master, and laying his hand on his breast he sarcastically bowed before me. 'I am the Poet Laureate' was his indignant rebuke.

Some people affected to believe that the dust was intolerable. But this was to exaggerate. Dust only becomes intolerable when there is wind. There was no wind. Have such croakers ever been in the dust-storms of South Africa? If so, they would know what dust can do for the spirits. There it is a steady, blinding, beating, all-penetrating hail, a hail which comes from below, from above, from all round you, irresistible and triumphant. Another point that pleased me unexpectedly was the well-wooded nature of the surrounding country which I saw. The view from the famous Ridge above Delhi is that of an outlook over a vast and boundless level park. The drive from Agra to Futtehpore Sikri is through twenty-two miles of avenue; and so forth. How different from so much of the veldt of South Africa!

The evening before the Durbar itself I had a terrible shock. As I came into the mess-tent an aide-de-camp casually launched upon me the fearful intelligence—'The Durbar is postponed!' 'Good heavens! why?' and all the melancholy precedent of the Coronation flashed across me. 'The moon is late,' was his somewhat occult explanation, and he left me to my own bitter thoughts, and half stunned with chagrin. I at once repeated the news, half mechanically: 'I suppose you have heard the moon is late.' 'The moon late?' 'Yes, late—behind time; no one can find her.' Slowly I realised that this account would not do.

Was it the real moon, the 'queen and huntress, chaste and fair,' of Ben Jonson? Or was the moon an elephant? or a potentate whose presence was a necessity? It was undoubtedly the real moon. Religious persons could not go to the Durbar unless they had seen the moon so long before. Thus the Durbar was postponed—for half an hour.

The great thing in India is testimonials, vulgarly known as 'chits.' As the native barber shaves you in the morning he lifts his shining razor, and flourishing it at your throat demands a testimonial to his manifold virtues. Always give a 'chit,' but never believe one. They are passed round as often as not. Sometimes the 'chits' are abusive. My barber had one which said that he never failed to draw blood, and asked me to engage him on its recommendation. When my servant fell ill after the Durbar was over I had every bit of my clothes fumigated. In the process my studs were stolen, but I gave a 'chit' testifying to the fumigator's peculiar qualities and to his zealous pursuit of studs and germs. When you engage a servant, always impound his 'chits.' That is your hold over him. Otherwise he may suddenly disappear. But to possess his 'chits' is to possess his capital and his goodwill, as City men say. My next servant was Goolah Khan, whose leading 'chit' ran, 'As a bearer Goolah Khan is unbearable.'

Another encampment which was most amusing and popular was that of Sikkim. I had always believed that Sikkim had no army, and that a War Office was a luxury unknown. Yet I have personally reviewed its host on the plains of Delhi, and have called them to attention while a lady photographed the lot. At least I think they were soldiers; if not, at any rate the amount of flags in the camp was unique. But then it turned out that these flags were praying instruments. Each flag was inscribed with prayers, and each time that the flag flapped a prayer was registered. I had the complaisance, on this occasion only, to express a hope for a high wind as I walked round the encampment: 'Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks.'

There were critics at the Durbar who objected to everything—and there are perhaps similar critics at home. To most ordinary, plain, and unsuspicious people the Durbar, apart from its more solemn and Imperial features, had two minor sensations for us. The procession of the old Mutiny veterans round the amphitheatre immediately prior to the inaugural ceremony was regarded

by most of us with some degree of sentiment and emotion from its associations with a tragic and immemorable past. But just now, as I was walking up St. James's Street, a friend of mine, a member of clubland, meeting me at the top of that celebrated eminence, assumed a melancholy aspect when I told him I had been at the Durbar. 'The procession of the veterans,' he at once observed with a studied sigh, 'was, no doubt, an error of the first magnitude.' Again, the second sensation of a minor order was, without any question, provided by the young officers of the Imperial Cadet Corps. As most people are aware, this is a creation of Lord Curzon's own. It consists of some twenty young men, drawn from among the families of the princely rulers of India, who submit to a military training to fit them for the responsibilities of life. Did I not hear it darkly hinted that we are thus putting our head into the lion's mouth and compassing our own destruction? But their uniforms of white, crowned by light blue turbans and brilliant aigrettes, dissipated these comments. The applause evoked among the ladies must have been very gratifying, though Sir Pertab Singh shook his head at the possible intoxication of his pupils.

On the other hand, people in the camps immediately adjacent to our camp seemed each, by a happy fortune, to prefer their own. These adjacent camps were those of Lord Kitchener, Lord Northcote, Governor of Bombay, and Lord Ampthill, Governor of Madras. Not to be behindhand, I too preferred the camp where I was—for one reason, among others, because it had a large and very social mess-tent. Here there was little of the ceremonial of Governments and governors, and we gathered the news of the day from a bewildering galaxy of aides-de-camp. Now and then the Viceroy and Lady Curzon would come to dine in this mess-tent, which I understand was the tent in which the chief ceremonies of the Durbar of 1877 were celebrated on the occasion of Her Majesty assuming the title of Empress of India.

It is wonderful what difficult questions one is asked on one's return home by interested friends or relations. 'Well, how are things going in India?' In response to such questions it is best to adopt Matthew Arnold's description of the East, and to 'bow low before the blast in silent, deep disdain.' One does not know, so that it is better to be contemptuous. Or, if silence is impossible, it is safe to remark drily that India comprises no less than one-fifth of the human species, most of whom were absent. Again,

there is another class of inquirer who fixes on some minute point, and then expresses the utmost amazement at one's having omitted to master it. For instance, while at Delhi my conscience as well as my guide-book positively assured me that it was imperative to visit the tomb of the late Emperor Humayun. Fifty times I resolved to go, and as often was delayed by some untoward circumstance. Now, of course, the first question which an old Anglo-Indian asks when one is expatiating on the glories of Delhi is, What did you think of the tomb of Humayun? One must invent. But much worse befell me about Persia. I was dining a day or two ago with some men, who restrained their ardour about the Durbar until almost the end of dinner. At last there was a silence, and my host cleared his throat, looked at me, and said across the table, 'Now let us hear all about the Durbar.' I professed a readiness and a capacity to enlighten all the world. My host at once opened fire with the interrogation, 'What do they think in India about the Persian question?' I was fairly floored.

Even more perplexing than such questions asked by men are the questions asked by ladies. If I have been asked once, I have been asked a hundred times by a female tongue, 'I suppose you all quarrelled like cats and dogs going out on the *Arabia*.' On this question, which is one of the least difficult, I am able to give a negative, and a negative which in this case it is satisfactory to give. Infinitely more difficult to answer are interrogations as regards the various costumes and as regards the relative charms of various beauties. Not being an expert on ladies' dress, or even possessing a decent acquaintance with that complex subject, I have recourse to descriptions of the rajahs, with whose dress, being that of men, I am a shade more competent to deal. As regards the appearance of the ladies, I am content to have recourse to the generality—which, however, is a truer one than most generalities are—that it was not altogether an occasion for ladies to shine at their best. There was the sea voyage, with all its disturbing influences; there was the bustle in the train; there was the life in camp, luxurious for a man in the very highest degree, but less so, naturally, for a lady; there was the magnificent display of men's uniforms, which inevitably depressed the effect of the costumes of the rival and, in the matter of costume, usually superior sex.

There is one effect which I trust that the Durbar will not have. During its course I had a conversation with a native ruler,

in which I ventured to congratulate him on his admirable display of jewels and his marvellously ornate costume. In reply he plucked at this dress with his hand, and remarked to me that ten years hence, if a Durbar were to be held, all the rajahs and rulers might probably appear in frock-coats, in deference to the march of civilisation. I endeavoured to restrain his ardour for progress, and assured him that among the most cultivated races in the world a frock-coat was considered a very temporary phenomenon. It was not much use; so, driven to my last trench, I lavished the resources of any eloquence which was left in me in an attack upon the top-hat. But it must be confessed that the impulse towards European costume must probably have been seriously stimulated by the appearance of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the premier of the ruling chiefs of India, in a most orthodox and irreproachable frock-coat. Happily, the top-hat did not as yet crown the edifice.

Although I said that I had no intention of talking politics, perhaps it may not be considered a transgression over that boundary-line to mention that almost all the great political officers in India had been originally very doubtful as regards the possibility and practicability of organising such a Durbar as this proved to be. So at least one of them informed me, and he added that he himself had not in the first instance seen how it could be carried to a successful conclusion. Remember what a terrible period of famines had only recently descended upon India, both during the reigns of Lord Elgin and of Lord Curzon, bringing poverty and misery in their train. Remember also that the Durbar had to be conceived or organised at a period when all the struggle in South Africa was still in full swing. Consider what would have happened to all the arrangements if His Majesty's Coronation had had to be postponed for a lengthy period in England. Think of what a state of affairs would have arisen if—as might very well have occurred at that period of the year and in that region—rain had descended upon us, and the moon had definitely withdrawn her gracious appearance. Suppose, as another alternative, that some of the ruling chiefs had declined to undergo the expense of attending and the labours of the great journeys involved, and that they had combined to offer the easy and impalpable excuses of age, or of health, or of inability to participate in that ceremony owing to the superior calls of public affairs. It would have been highly difficult, perhaps even highly dangerous, to have had to encounter and overcome such opposition as this last. Imagine, further, that in the

course of the proceedings some of the innumerable jealousies that burn mutually among the rajahs had burst into an open and public flame. But none of these disasters did happen. Lord Curzon had determined to run all risks, in spite of almost universal doubts and uncertainties; and therefore the Durbar must unquestionably be regarded in one aspect—though, of course, in one only of its many aspects—as a personal triumph for him.

One of the details of life in camp was locomotion and all the problems arising therefrom. Personally, I availed myself of seven means of movement, excluding my own feet. There was a full-dress railway laid from the camp to the town of Delhi. There was a species of light railway with open trucks. There were viceregal victorias to be ordered at pleasure. There were bicycles provided for us. There were the dogcarts of military or civilian friends. There were horses to be ridden early in the morning for hawking, or other amusements and excitements. There were rickshaws, though these were used almost exclusively by the ladies. Added to these were elephants. Of the humps of camels I did not avail myself, as I had had enough of motion in the Mediterranean during the passage out. Besides, howdahs are distinctly and decidedly to be preferred to humps. It was all very well to have all these various means of locomotion at one's disposal. But how to know where to go to? All the camp was absolutely new, an exhalation rising suddenly from the plains of Delhi. Therefore no one at first knew the way, and as most of us knew nothing of the language, it was most difficult to explain what one wanted. A very clever friend of mine studied Hindustani on the journey out, and really made a considerable impression on board upon his ignorant fellow-passengers. He was regarded as an authority and a resort in case of need. But he had two drawbacks to his efficiency. First and foremost, though he could talk the language, no native professed to have the remotest notion as to what he was saying or what he was driving at. Secondly, when any native talked to him, it must equally be acknowledged that he had not the faintest conception of what that particular native meant. Still, he talked the language, and he even volunteered to teach it to me.

But if we got occasionally muddled, so did the natives. Native messengers used to come up to one at all corners with notes or letters, and would insist on presenting them indiscriminately. How many times have I not had the honour of being mistaken

for some eminent soldier or civilian! One messenger would have it at all costs that I was General Sir Bindon Blood. If I had not been highly scrupulous I could have enjoyed the opportunity of reading the private correspondence of the Finance Minister of India.

A friend of mine in the camp got into rather an embarrassing position, from which, I must say, he extricated himself with the most absolute *aplomb*. I should premise by saying that all the soldiers were naturally very much on the *qui vive* about Lord Kitchener, who had only just taken up the command, and who was naturally regarded, if not with anxiety, at least with profound respect and interest. My friend was visiting some native troops when, as he rode into the encampment, it was noised abroad, either by the evil goddess of Fame, or else by a malicious friend who accompanied him, that he was the Commander-in-Chief in mufti, Lord Kitchener himself. The excitement in that camp was prodigious. It might have been an attack by the Russians. The discharge of a pom-pom could not have created more sensation. Everyone flew to arms; everyone stood to attention. The officer saluted respectfully, and before my friend knew where he was he was off his horse and marching down the line, inspecting the troops and asking the most intelligent questions. It was early in the morning; he was returning from a long ride, and was extremely thirsty. But though he inspected the mess-tent, he told me that he dared not ask for a cup of any beverage whatsoever. It would have given the show away.

Mr. Cobden once said something to the effect that he would rather a young man knew the geographical features of Chicago than the geographical features of Athens. He did not say that exactly, but, at any rate, it was something like what he did say. I don't know why the geography of Chicago should be very important, but, at least, I rather think that an Englishman should not have spent some days at Delhi, within five hundred yards of the famous Ridge from which the assault upon Delhi was conducted in the Mutiny days, without even having heard of it. Yet so it was. And it was a youthful University man and a good scholar. Perhaps this should be taken as a tribute to the exceptional nature of the occasion absorbing one in other matters.

If any of these lines were to fall under the eye of any literary man, of any student of architecture, of any lover of the beautiful, or even of any publisher, there is a suggestion coming for him to

make use of and to apply: Go out to India and write a book on the Taj Mahal at Agra. There is a subject of absolutely universal interest, worthy of the profoundest study, with immense unutilised materials capable of exposition and practically untouched. During its composition the writer could live hard by at Agra, a delightful city—at least in the cool weather. Fergusson, in his work on 'Eastern and Indian Architecture,' tries to reduce the value of the Taj Mahal to a matter of figures. If I remember aright, that author analyses a work of art under three headings. There is its technical value—that is to say, its worth from the point of view of its workmanship. There is its æsthetic value—that is to say, its worth from the point of view of its essential beauty. There is, thirdly, its phonetic value—that is to say, its worth from the point of view of its message to the world. The same author proceeds to estimate the Parthenon as attaining to 24 marks under these combined headings. Turning to the Taj Mahal, he appraises it at the somewhat lower level of 20 marks. Everyone who has read Ernest Renan's book entitled 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse' must recall the prayer which he utters on the Acropolis. I should like to read a prayer as good uttered in the gardens of the Taj Mahal. Omar Khayyam could have done it to perfection. One would be satisfied if it were to Renan's as is twenty-four to twenty!

THE CRETAN EXHIBITION.

BY D. G. HOGARTH.

THE hall to the right of the turnstiles at Burlington House, usually devoted to sculpture or the less remarkable oil-paintings in the spring exhibition, has presented a very unfamiliar aspect for two months past. Visitors passing into it from the Wilsons, De Wints, Constables, and Callcotts have found it difficult to adjust their mental vision. At the first glance they seem to have left art for sheer antiquarianism: at the second, if they know art at all, they realise that here, too, it is, and withal a true art, based on conscientious study of nature and inspired by the conception of an ideal. The Cretan exhibition needs closer attention than all will give. To distinguish the artistic achievement in such primitive efforts is not easy; but once the mind is attuned to the primitive key, the admirable character not only of the effort, but the achievement, reveals itself on all sides. After all, however, the exhibition leaves the most discerning spectator a little uncomfortable. He hankers after a point of repose in the familiar. At one point memories of Egyptian art seem to promise him the pleasure of recognition; at another Babylonian, at another Greek characteristics raise his hopes. But presently he will always see that, much as there is of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, even Renaissance character in these Cretan representations of human, animal and vegetable forms, there is something besides, new, individual and strange. And he ends by wondering less why such things appear in an exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, than why a fuller commentary has not been supplied to help him over the gulf of three thousand years.

Many who are now in middle life will remember the sensation of 1873, when a German enthusiast, till then unknown to fame, announced that he had found the actual remains of Homer's Troy and the Treasure of Priam. Henry Schliemann had the good fortune to make a ready convert of the man who mattered most to him in this country. The adherence of Mr. Gladstone, who knew his Homer, as he knew his Bible and his Horace, in the literal, uncritical spirit of his generation, and stood with the general public for Homeric studies, determined the discoverer to address himself first and foremost to the English-

speaking audience. In English, therefore, with a preface from the pen of the great man of affairs, withdrawn awhile from political life, appeared the first narrative of the amazing discovery with which, in 1875, Schliemann had followed up that of 'Troy' and put the seal on his fame—the discovery, namely, of the golden graves of Mycenæ, whither his childlike faith in the Homeric tradition, a hint in Pausanias, Ottoman obstruction at 'Troy,' and his lucky star had combined to divert him. That resplendent treasure, the most valuable hoard of goldsmith's work ever unearthed, eclipsed even the fame of Troy revived; and as the Athenian cleaners and repairers gradually revealed its astonishing beauties, it made all students of art aware of an unread chapter in the history of high human production. Try as the critics might (and did) to range the Mycenæan handiwork among the known, it could not be accommodated there. Often Egyptian in motive, it was not Egyptian in spirit; Greek in spirit, it was not Greek in form; Semitic in accidental features, it was not Semitic in essentials. In this country, Sir Charles Newton was the first to point out its individuality; and the assent which his authority commanded in 1878 has been amply justified by events. The world was forced to take account of a distinct art, which had attained to high development in an area already associated with a subsequent artistic perfection; and not only that, but of an art which already showed strong evidence of a quality till then held the peculiar characteristic of the later art of Hellas, namely, idealism in natural representation. Had, then, the Egyptian and Semitic twilight been lightened earlier than men had believed, and the sun of true art been above the horizon before the seventh century?

The problem propounded thus as emphatically as unexpectedly was felt by all students of Hellenic civilisation to touch them nearly; and its novelty, combined with its intrinsic interest, attracted universal attention and widened greatly the field of Greek archæological study. There was a general demand for more light; and a good deal was soon forthcoming both from mainland Greece and the isles, a little from Egypt and the westerly Mediterranean coasts, and a little, too, from the Asiatic. But peculiar hopes were roused by a land lying in the heart of the area over which it was seen that this 'Mycenæan' culture was spread, a land fertile beyond other Ægean lands, and looming very large in the earliest Greek literary traditions. This was the

island of Crete, long withdrawn from exploration by its chronic political unrest. Schliemann himself, as soon as he had tried the most obvious Homeric sites of Greece proper, betook himself thither in 1882, and, guided by his rule of reliance on ancient tradition, and by report of certain discoveries made by a Candiote Greek in 1878, fixed on the site of Knossos and a particular hillock thereon called Kephala as the point to attack. For in Minoan Knossos centre some of the most significant of the Hellenic myths and traditions of early Hellenic art and political power. But with all his resources Schliemann was foiled. The island was in a disturbed state; the Ottoman Government, to which, owing to a certain quarrel about the Trojan treasure, he was *persona ingrata*, was suspicious and unfriendly; and the desired site was in Moslem possession. On the same rocks the hopes of more than one successor were destined to be wrecked. This site (already credited with being that of Minos' Palace) was coveted by many during the next fifteen years, but no one succeeded in getting any effective lien upon it till Mr. Arthur Evans, the Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, appeared on the scene. He found one of the four copartners in the hillock lands more amenable than the rest, and in 1896 secured at a high price the fee-simple of one fourth part. Granted on the eve of the revolution, his title proved not good; but when the new political order came into being, three years later, he was rightly allowed to plead his sacrifice against certain French pretensions, based on an expired contract for a different site in the neighbourhood and an otiose declaration of intention to work at Knossos at some future date. Prince George, now High Commissioner, who knew such *politique au rabais*, compared this ineffective occupation with that of Fashoda, and advised a prompt withdrawal of the French claims while it could gracefully be done. Early in 1900, when all Moslems were anxious to sell their real property in Crete, Mr. Evans had little difficulty in buying at last the other three quarters of the site, and in March he put the first spade into the surface of Kephala. Three seasons' work, carried out at a cost of some 5,000*l*., met in part only by public subscription, have shown this hillock to contain by far the most various and extraordinary evidence of a dead civilisation that, perhaps, has ever been brought to light at one spot in any part of the world. No weight of precious metal comparable to that extracted from the deep shaft-graves of Mycenæ has rewarded the explorer of Knossos—the shallow

site had been too effectively robbed in antiquity for that; but much greater wealth of strange and significant remains of all kinds has consoled him. Counterfeit presentments of a few selected types out of the great bulk of these objects form the present exhibition at Burlington House. They may be regarded as headings to half a hundred sections in the unwritten history of a lost civilisation, contemporary with the Egyptian of the Old and Middle Empires and previous to the strictly Hellenic, but closely connected with the latter, as cause to effect, by many links which we can as yet descry but dimly. The original objects have been left perforce in Candia and Knossos, under the provisions of the Cretan law; and there they are housed and guarded as well as the scanty means and experience of the local administration will allow.

Looking round the room as a whole, the visitor can hardly fail to be struck by the evidence of a relatively high standard of material civilisation which it contains. Mr. Fyfe's photographs, drawings and sections on the south and south-west walls are enough to show that not only could the Knossian builders pile storey upon storey of massive stonework, connected by broad and easy internal stairways, rising flight over flight, for the first time in the history of architecture, but they could drain and sanitate their constructions better than our own mediæval builders. The fitting of the main subterranean pipes, and the strengthening of them where pressure was most to be feared, are well illustrated by the sections hung high up in the south-west corner. The devices for checking too rapid flow of drainage on the steeper gradients meet with the cordial commendation of modern engineers. These photographs and sketches should be looked at in connection with the general photographic view (alas! hung too high) and Mr. Fyfe's longitudinal section on the south-west wall. In the view, taken from the east across the river, the larger halls, probably royal apartments, face the spectator. This part of the Palace, which descends the east slope of the mound, was piled originally to the greatest height; and to this all the photographs of stairways and constructions on more than one level refer. Above this part, and on the crown of the mound, lies an open central court, to the right of which is seen a square building. This is the restored group of chambers which contains the throne, of which a cast occupies a place of honour in the centre of the east wall of the exhibition room. Photographs of the chambers as they appeared before restoration, and the architect's sketch of the restored

central hall, appear in the middle of the north wall. The roof seen in the sketch and the general view is, of course, wholly modern; the walls (now stripped of their frescoes) have been carried up a foot or two; the three pillars, with their curious and characteristic taper downwards and their semi-Doric capitals, are new, having been modelled on those shown in the façade of a shrine, painted on a fragment of fresco, which is displayed with the miniatures low down to the right. The squat, but beautifully carved, stone vessels grouped on the floor in the foreground of the sketch were actually found in that place or near it. The throne, the council seat, and the 'tank' over against it, are still practically as they were when found.

Behind the court and the throne-room, but out of sight of the point from which the general photograph was taken, are the long range of store galleries, opening off a broad corridor, which are well seen in the upper half of the ground plan, hung on the north-west wall. They are further illustrated by a series of photographs on the north wall which show great oil-jars in position. From certain indications it appears that all which now remains of this western part of the Palace is substructure, and that over it once rose an upper storey, consisting probably of much larger and statelier chambers. On the extreme west spreads a great open court, a place of market or assembly, into which leads the main entrance from the south, with its propylæa and flanking fresco-paintings of human figures in procession and of rampant bulls.

There are many indications here of a peaceful prosperity and a sumptuousness of civilisation for which one was little prepared in wild Crete in the middle of the second millennium before the Christian era. It is most significant that this great Palace building, with all its wealth in kind suggested by the presence of hundreds of oil and wine jars as high as a man, and with all its wealth in precious material—gold, silver, ivory, crystal—whose existence actual remains, paintings, and the many sunken treasure chests abundantly prove, should have been wholly unfortified. Its great portals, north and south, open straight on to the surrounding country; and the town, clustering round, seems to have had no wall. There is nothing at Knossos in the least parallel to the Cyclopean ramparts of the Mycenæan, Tirynthian or Trojan citadels; nothing even like the lesser wall which barred Phylakopi from the rest of the island of Milo. The

Cretan king must have commanded easily both the great island, in which he lived, and the sea, which is distant only three miles from his capital. He had, in fact, that terrestrial and marine supremacy in the South Ægean at least, which Greek tradition ascribed to the Cretan Minos, fabling that Dædalus found only the air by which to escape him. The seats of contemporary and identical civilisation on the Greek and Asiatic mainlands were obviously not so secure; and therefore one is almost forced to regard them now as having been, not centres of the Ægean power, but outposts, colonies *en vedette*, whose existence ensured to the island headquarters in Cretan Knossos a luxurious peace on which neither Memphis, Thebes nor Babylon could ever count.

There are three main strata of remains on the Palace hill distinguishable, but not interrupted by such a break as necessarily argues the advent of a new civilisation or a new race—hardly even a new dynasty. They carry back the history to a very remote antiquity. Low down in the middle stratum fragments of bowls in diorite and liparite have been found, which Mr. Evans thinks are to be paralleled only by the products of the earliest Egyptian dynasties, usually dated between 5000 and 4000 B.C. But below this again lies a lowest stratum, generally from eight to ten feet thick, full of stone implements, and fragments of primitive hand-made pottery, and primitive idols in clay and stone. Its contents are illustrated by drawings and photographs hung in the south-east corner of the exhibition room. It seems itself to be the slow product of ages when men used mud-brick to make their dwellings, and, as in Egypt now, built new houses on the levelled ruin of the old. How many centuries of human habitation prior to the period of the diorite bowls it implies, one can only guess. Under parts of the earliest constructions of the Palace this layer is sometimes thirty feet thick; but its great depth at that point of the site is perhaps due to artificial agency. When a platform was needed by the first Palace builders, the stiff clay *débris* was naturally scraped up from much of the surrounding area to form a mound.

The earlier constructions in stone have left but slight traces of themselves; but some fragments of their fresco decoration and much of the pottery contemporary with them, have come to light. A very beautiful example of this 'early Minoan' painting hangs low on the middle of the north wall. Part of the body and delicate limbs of a woman, painted in a greenish blue, are seen

bending over towards a crocus bloom. The loss of the woman's head makes the scene at first hard to recognise; but no one can fail to notice the realism of the flowers, whose petals and stamens are painted as blown by a light breeze. The contemporary pottery is shown for the most part on the opposite wall, and will be admitted to be of truly marvellous delicacy and beauty, when it is remembered that, from the associations of certain fragments of it found by Mr. Flinders Petrie some years ago in the Egyptian Fayum, this fabric must be dated at least as early as the Twelfth Pharaonic Dynasty—that is, long before 2000 B.C. These 'early Minoan' vases[1] challenge attention alike by the extreme elegance of their forms, the boldness of their conventional floral decoration, executed in white on a black body-glaze, and the bright vermilion with which this is often varied. Developed, like all the painted pottery of the Ægean family, directly from the local primitive incised ware of the neolithic period, contained in the lowest stratum at Knossos, this beautiful fabric supplies conclusive proof of the individuality of Ægean art. It has nothing to do with Egyptian or Semitic wares, and remains singular in the history of ceramics; for, early influenced by the work of metallurgists, it took a peculiar character. The forms, texture, and decorative schemes of metal vases were copied with slavish fidelity; the clay walls were refined to an eggshell thinness to resemble gold or silver plate; the technique of beaten work was closely imitated; and even rivet-heads were repeated at the spring of the handles. Nothing so singularly delicate had yet been made on the potter's wheel as these cups from Knossos, and very little that is better has been made since, even in China or Japan. This pottery would serve to prove (were there no other proof) that a civilisation not inferior to the Egyptian was flourishing in Crete about a thousand years before the golden hoard was buried at Mycenæ. While much pottery of the same period, though of inferior technique, has been found in the Cyclad Islands, little has turned up on the Greek mainland, and at Mycenæ practically none at all. Thanks to natural advantages of isolated position and fertility, Crete seems to have taken the lead of all its neighbouring lands in the third millennium B.C., and to have kept it till the cataclysm which everywhere overwhelmed Ægean civilisation about the beginning of the first.

[1] Often called *Kamares* ware, from the name of a cave on Mount Ida whence came the first specimens recognised in Crete.

The third and uppermost stratum at Knossos proved to contain by far the most abundant and sumptuous harvest. There is no sharp break discernible between it and the middle stratum—in the east of the island, at Zakro, photographs and drawings of whose remains are shown at the east end of the south wall, the pottery of one fabric merged insensibly into that of the other—and the period which it represents must be supposed to begin about 2000 B.C. The acme of Knossian culture seems to fall contemporaneously with the Eighteenth Pharaonic Dynasty—that is, in the sixteenth century, just before that epoch to which the Mycenæan treasure seems chiefly to belong. This splendid period is seen, by its remains all over the Ægean, to have been characterised by the checking of independent local production and the assimilating of all the divers fabrics to one type, that hitherto generally known as the 'Mycenæan.' It is as if one empire and one race then established sway all over the area for the first time—an empire whose seat can hardly have been anywhere else than in Crete. Now were built the vast constructions on the hillock at Knossos which it has chiefly been Mr. Evans's business to explore. The older Palace was in part demolished and its materials were re-used; but there is reason to think that the substructures on the west of the site largely retain the earlier plan. The great halls and staircases on the east slope are certainly of the later period.

To the art of this Minoan age proper, stimulated by political greatness and encouraged by profound peace, belongs the great bulk of the wall paintings, the ceiling designs, the friezes, the sculpture in stone and ivory, the gem designs, and the ceramic handiwork illustrated in the exhibition-room. The fresco pictures fall into two classes according to their scale. Those which represent large figures, mostly moving in procession, are very fragmentary. They were found for the most part on or near the walls of the main entrance-ways and corridors, especially in the south-western part of the Palace. Beside the half-draped male figures (here shown in restoration) there were also draped female figures, of which only the lower parts survive. The best preserved and finest picture, the 'Cupbearer,' was also the earliest found. Two coloured facsimiles of this fresco appear in the exhibition, and a photograph is placed alongside an Egyptian painting of a 'Keftiu' envoy, copied from a mural scene in the tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes. It is now practically certain that the 'Keftiu' were the

Ægean race, of which the most conspicuous member was the Cretan folk. These two pictures, therefore, were intended in all probability to represent the same type. That type is essentially European, not unlike the Albanian or the modern Cretan mountaineer; and though it is not impossible that it may in both cases represent a slave, it is with more likelihood believed to be the prevailing type of the free Minoan folk. The juxtaposition of the two paintings is instructive. Obviously the Knossian artist has made much more effort to represent nature than the Theban. If he could not free himself from certain conventional necessities, such as the full eye on the side face and the small waist (adopted by primitive limners to obtain an appearance of grace and relief, which the use of chiaroscuro would impart one day more truthfully), he drew his profile with spirit, poised the head with grace, studied the attitude of a man holding a heavy vessel before him, and expressed the necessary counterpoise of the trunk. The elaborate detail of the loincloths of these cupbearing youths should be looked into, for they show a variety of very beautiful textile patterns, worthy of all imitation.

The miniature class of frescoes, specimens of which are ranged along the north wall, adorned, not corridors, but chambers. These represented, evidently, scenes of daily life in peace or war. Rapidly drawn in black outline, they often suggest the efforts of early Hellenic vase-painters, and when the profiles are shown on a red-brown ground they are intended to be those of men; when on a white, of women, Egyptian conventions for the flesh-tints of the sexes being followed throughout, both in paintings on the flat and in painted reliefs, of which the life-size hand holding a jewel, shown with the miniature frescoes, is a rare and precious fragment.

Scenes of human life were not, however, the only ones depicted in fresco. A cock-headed griffin, and a river flowing in a landscape strongly suggestive of the Nile-land, decorated the throne-room. On the opposite wall of the exhibition, hung very low, is a photograph of a remarkable marine scene, a school of dolphins and smaller fry disporting themselves in deep water, which flies off their backs in bubbles and spray. By just such an artist, perhaps by the same hand, must have been drawn the beautiful wall picture of flying fish found four years ago in a room of the prehistoric town of Phylakopi, in the island of Milo. Moreover, on Knossian walls and ceilings there was much decoration of a purely geometrical character, wherein spiral motives attained great per-

fection. High up on the south wall is hung the finest of these wall-patterns, one that would be most welcome in a stately modern room. It seems that very many centuries ago our islands indirectly derived their first knowledge of spiral decoration from its use in the Ægean. For it has been shown how Ægean art-motives passed up to Northern Europe by the great Baltic trade route which the southern taste for amber had called into being. From Scandinavia and Denmark they reached Ireland, and from Ireland England, to meet there similar traditions carried by western Kelts along other routes from the same original source. The spirals, therefore, on the Saxon font at Deerhurst, near Tewkesbury, are descended in lineal succession from spirals on the walls of Knossos.

Of sculptured or moulded mural decoration fewer specimens are shown, but these are most remarkable. The rosette frieze, as sharply and deeply undercut as the best Greek work, and the palmette frieze, hung on the south wall, would attract notice by themselves; but what of the painted reliefs in *gesso duro*, casts of which fill most of the lower part of the east wall? The ruddy bull's head, together with one hoof and some bits of the flank, survives from some scene which adorned the great northern portal. Here is a bull, hardly inferior to Myron's, which, ramping along the wall by the visitor as he entered from the direction of the sea, served to remind him of (perhaps to suggest to him) the legend of the Minotaur. The superficial detail on this bovine head prepares the visitor for the astonishing attempts, hung below it, to counterfeit the human form. The protuberant muscles on the forearm, which holds the broken foot of a heavy vase, are only less remarkable than the veins on the fragment of a leg, hung to right, and the surface treatment of flesh in the flat-chested, headless bust, with necklace of painted fleurs-de-lys, shown on the northern half of the wall. For such a spirit of naturalism and such conscientious study in so remote a period one was all unprepared. There is nothing like it in Egypt, even in the admirable sculpture of the Old Empire, or in that short naturalistic period of Khuenaten's revolt against hieratic convention in the early fifteenth century, when Knossian products and perhaps even Knossian artists, mounted the Nile. But there is something else like it, and even superior, in this Cretan exhibition: namely, the ivory figure and fragments of other figures photographed on the south wall. Probably suspended by

their waists in some model scene of bull-fighting or other circus play (such as is seen in colour above), these little ivories expressed the *élan* of aërial flight in a marvellous manner. Their poise is only equalled by the admirable perfection of their form. Even in the decay to which ivory is especially subject, the exquisite modelling and the treatment of their anatomical details can be readily seen. If Knossos had yielded little else, it would have repaid the cost of its exploration by revealing to us in these ivories the reason and the justification of the legendary fame of Dædalus.

Other plastic products in stone worthy of close attention are the vases, whereof the largest is shown by a cast. Its beautiful decoration of raised spirals, perhaps copied from *repoussé* metal-work, should be compared with the representation of a ceiling ornament in painted plaster spirals hung near it on the north wall. Could the unplundered tombs of the dynasty which ruled in this palace be happened on, we should assuredly recover some of the most exquisite spiral work in gold and silver ever seen. Of the elegance, the fine fabric and the decoration of the lesser stone vessels, found in great numbers, the photographs on the south wall give but little idea. A brilliant alabastroid marble was imported, perhaps from Paros, to make the lioness gargoyle with jasper eyes, whereof a cast stands to right of the throne, the great *tridacna* shell, shown among the photographs, and many of the other vases, both squat and slender. How this hard material was worked with precision in the *inside* of vessels which have only the narrowest of neck orifices, and that in an age of soft bronze tools, is as great a mystery as the mode of working diorite and granite in prehistoric Egypt. The collection of stone vases unearthed at Knossos has not its equal in any museum.

The gem designs shown on the south wall are mostly from the results of diggings at Zakro; though a larger number has actually been found at Knossos. The gem-signets themselves are very rarely unearthed. Such stones have always had too great a talismanic value to be thrown away and neglected. One may look for them in tombs, buried expressly for the behoof of the dead, and in votive deposits, such as those in the black depths of the holy cave of Dictæan Zeus (of whose situation and products some illustrations are shown in the south-east corner), but seldom in the Palace chambers. What have been found, however, and those in great abundance for the first time, are impressed clay

nodules, which served as seals to documents; and from these the intaglio designs on hundreds of lost gems have been recovered. It will be seen that these range from highly naturalistic animal representations to strange scenes of ritual, and to grotesque, almost Gothic, fantasies—composite monsters, heraldic groups, and the like. The curious variants of type among the more fantastic class are probably due to intention, and not, as in Keltic coins, to unconscious degradation by copyists. To preclude counterfeit it was obviously necessary to make slight distinctions in well-known schemes. Hence these strange and monstrous aberrations of Zakro, more suggestive of the end of an art than its period of florescence. The more instructive ritual scenes are shown apart in the south-west corner, below the photograph of a small shrine discovered in the Knossian Palace. This contained the now familiar emblems of the sacred horns (seen on the shelf at the back of the shrine), and the double-axe, or *labrys*, from which the *Labyrinth* probably took its name. The Knossians, like some Anatolian peoples, seem to have adored at one time both a father and a mother divinity—rather, perhaps, mother and son, as in nature cults elsewhere. But the subject of their creed and religious practice is still obscure. The one thing most certain is the fact that the *labrys* served in Crete as both emblem and concrete presentment of the male divinity.

We have little space to speak of the pottery of the fine Minoan period; and, indeed, not very many examples of it are included in this exhibition. Some idea of its naturalistic decoration may be gained from the drawings of vegetable motives hung high on the south wall. Among these, the olive patterns and the blown crocuses are especially to be observed. Hung below these are coloured drawings of three beautiful vases from Zakro which belong to the same realistic school. One sees in their decoration at once the limitations and the ambition of the primitive artist. Certain elements he must represent conventionally; for others he goes straight to nature, as for the sea-shells. These vases give also some idea of the glaze and pigment of the fine period. But for sheer boldness and effectiveness of design one should look at the drawings of large vases from Knossos and Vaphio hung high to the left.

This excavation has been singular for its yield both of utterly unexpected objects and objects rather hoped than expected. As instances of the former class one may take the painted crystal

transparency of a charging bull, shown in the north-east corner—where else have such transparencies been made before the Renaissance?—or the cameo displayed opposite, or the fragments of a porcelain mosaic, representing house-fronts, grouped in the south-west corner. Many other fragments of porcelain, found with these last, bore pictures of warriors and men in peaceful guise; and it is certain the whole formed part of a scene, disposed in bands, whereon were displayed scenes of contemporary life, such as Hephæstos designed for the Shield of Achilles. And what could the excavator have looked for with less expectation than these? Things, on the other hand, hoped for but hardly expected were the clay tablets, inscribed in yet undeciphered characters, of which a few types are shown in the north-east corner. Found at Knossos for the first time, found nowhere out of Crete, and still of the rarest occurrence on other Cretan sites, they were turned out on the Palace hillock by thousands. The great majority, if not all, seem to be tallies of tribute and royal possessions, lists of property with numeration appended; but neither the alphabetic nor syllabic values of the characters, nor the family of language which they here express, are yet known. Till their decipherment it is very unsafe to speculate on the racial character of the Knossian folk; and their decipherment seems a long way off. The discovery of a bilingual text couched partly in some known script or tongue is very improbable in remote and isolated Crete; and even were it found, the end would not then be certain. For, with all our bilinguals, we cannot yet read surely either Lycian or Etruscan, still less 'Hittite;' and certain inscriptions of Eastern Crete, which are couched in Greek characters, remain an enigma to philologists. All success, however, to Mr. Evans in the study of a script whose existence his extraordinary *flair* was first to suspect, and whose documents it was his fortune first to discover.

Such are the headings, very briefly stated, of the Ægean chapter in the history of civilisation. The chapter closes about 1000 B.C. all over the area, in greater or less disaster—at Knossos, in the smoke of a burning Palace, whose ruins still bear sombre evidence of the great fire. A movement of semi-barbarous peoples from East Europe and West Asia, which has left its mark on Greek tradition as the 'Dorian Invasion,' evidently swept over the civilised lands, invigorating the stock but eclipsing awhile the culture. But the old artistic race lived on, amalgamating itself with the new-comers, and modifying its

conquerors; and after general peace was established once more, idealism revived in the joint issue of the older and newer peoples. The sudden appearance of high art in Hellas in the seventh century was, therefore, a Renascence rather than a miracle of spontaneous generation; and something of the spirit and tradition of Knossian culture inspired the Ionian art of the sixth century and the Attic of the fifth, and contributed to make that Hellenism to [illegible] Western Europe are the actual heirs.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

VII. THE LAND AGENT AND FARMER.

It would be a mistake to suppose that, because the average old-fashioned English tenant farmer, with his small holding of from 150 to 300 or even 600 acres, has not made money in recent years, and landlords' rents have dropped, there are not excellent openings for success in various branches of what used to be called 'the landed interest.' To begin with, this branch of industry is enormously greater than it was. Our colonies have for a generation or more passed beyond the squatter stage, and expert farming is no longer confined to England. On the contrary, it is done on a far greater scale in the Colonies, where great masses of capital are locked up in farming companies, not to mention places like the Argentine, and such great establishments owned by English firms as the Liebig Company's ranche or those of the Bovril and other similar concerns. Men like the late Mr. Rhodes want capable agents for their pioneer estates. English noblemen and merchants own huge properties in the Colonies and even in the United States. I believe that two English families with great estates in this country hold between them about as much as an average English county in New Zealand; and there is a growing tendency among the classes who have been enriched by owning land with mineral rights or near growing towns in England to speculate in land in Canada and South Africa. All these owners prefer, if possible, to employ English managers, provided that they can find them of the right class and properly educated, as well as experienced in the practical work of land management.

The Colonial Governments themselves also foster every form of land product, and are extremely anxious to get expert help. So is the United States, which is providing a stock of thoroughly educated agricultural experts for the future from a number of well-endowed state colleges of agriculture. Yet it was only some six months ago that one of the Australian Colonies was offering 1,000*l.* a year for an agricultural adviser and could

not get one to suit them. They tried to annex one of the United States officers, but the American Government promptly raised his salary. With Canada straining every nerve to beat the American exporter in the quality of butter, hams, honey, hay, and a dozen other staple products, all of which the Government encourages by official aid and suggestion, and Australia, and lately the Cape, which has a fruit season in our late winter and early spring, anxious for the very best advice as to the raising, packing, and marketing of butter and fruit, there are likely to be constant and increasing openings for the properly educated expert in a very wide range of matters pertaining to the crops of the earth. These men will be well paid, and will have also excellent chances of investing their savings. Even the Boer War gave cause for satisfaction to the professions dealing with agriculture, for several desirable appointments were made during its course to direct the camps, Kaffir field colonies, and the great military farms which grew vegetables and fodder for the army. State forestry and state irrigation farms will probably follow the annexation. The immense area of Greater Britain which lies in the temperate zone, or even approaches the sub-tropical, pays for agricultural treatment by the expert. It is farmed on the grand scale, or else by combination which needs organising heads, and the men who hold these posts ought to be gentlemen trained in England. In this country every estate large enough to maintain not only the head of the family, but an 'eldest son' who can afford to engage in other pursuits than those of learning how to manage the family acres himself, needs a land agent. A great peer engaged in politics, and with a son in the Lower House, will have two or three land agents looking after different properties. In the same way every politician who owns land, or a banker, manufacturer, or merchant who has bought or inherited land must have an agent also. So must colleges, deans and chapters, lady landowners, and soldier and sailor landowners. In spite of bad times it is surprising how few landlords have the knowledge necessary to farm or manage their own estates, and while they prefer not to do so the land agent finds extra employment.

Formerly the largest landowners often appointed an agent who had proved himself a good man of business, but had no special knowledge of agriculture, or estate works, forestry and building. Agencies were given to relations, and to young men with interest

enough to commend consideration of the kind, but who had had no special training or indeed any training as an agent whatever. Landed property appears to be the only large business concern in which men with no training or test of capacity were often placed at the head of affairs. This class of agent had one recommendation. They were honest, while men taken from a lower though trained class in the county towns were frequently not above suspicion. But when confronted with a crisis like that which began twenty-three years ago, managers of this kind plunged many an estate into irretrievable bankruptcy. 'I have for years contended,' writes a very competent authority, 'that many properties which came under my personal notice could have tided over the bad times had the agents been in a proper position to advise owners as to what was best to be done. Had men with enlightened views on farming and good training been at hand, the concessions need not have been so great, and the scare which resulted might have been avoided to a great extent.'

The business of the surveyor, strictly speaking, is now a 'close profession,' since about 1893, when the Surveyors' Institute —a chartered body of estate agents—made examination a condition of membership.

The advantage of belonging to this Institute, which has a Royal Charter, is considerable, for membership implies knowledge of the profession, while the care of the committee to admit only persons of character gives an implied guarantee of respectability as well. Admission is obtained by examination as follows. (i) A preliminary examination of a light character, equal probably to that of the College of Preceptors—a pass in the London Matriculation carries exemption. On passing this the title of student can be taken, but it is of little value except as a step to the next, which is (ii) the professional Associateship.

This is a difficult examination, the choice of subjects being wide, as the branches of the profession are various. The future land agent would be chiefly concerned with agriculture and forestry. Valuation and surveys of town property would be the subjects chosen by others, particularly in reference to compulsory purchase under the Lands-Clauses Act. Building would be the special subject selected by others.

The Fellowship of the Institute is a valuable distinction. The subjects are much the same as those in the Associateship examination, but are amplified. An example of the subjects

necessary to be taken up by the purely agricultural land agent, who desires to be a Fellow, is as follows:

Agricultural Valuation.	Local Taxation.
Arbitration.	Agricultural Law.
Agricultural Chemistry.	Law of Vendors and Purchasers.
Botany of Grasses.	Report Writing.

The latter is a useful accomplishment, not always possessed even by country solicitors who do a bit of land agenting. I remember to have seen the following in a report on some farm buildings:

'The outer wall of the pigstye is in a precarious condition and menaces immediate ruin. The services of competent assistance (I suggest Mr. Potbury, of High Street) should be secured.'

There are optional subjects, two of which can be taken, of a very varied order—some purely mental, such as Algebra; others legal, *e.g.* Copyholds; others very practical, as Road Making and Parochial Assessment.

Probably in any case in which an agent appeared before a Parliamentary Committee the first question asked would be, 'Are you a member of the Surveyors' Institute?' In the whole question of the agent's profession and its chances, one is constantly reminded of Lord Palmerston's remark, that the best qualification for a post is to 'have got it.' But, even supposing a young man to have reason to believe that he may be able to get it without training, there is always a better chance if he does qualify, while the man who wishes to go in on solid merit will wish to know how to equip himself. Owners naturally prefer a man who has been to a good public school; the farmers, bailiffs, keepers, and men prefer them.

Supposing a boy to leave school at sixteen or seventeen, he would probably do best by a two years' (or two and a half years') course at an agricultural college. There are various kinds of agricultural colleges, some being for the sons of farmers and fruit-growers who intend to farm in England, others for people who belong to a rather richer class, and mean to own land or to farm on a large scale, or get a post as agent here or manager abroad.

Agricultural colleges are taken very seriously in America, where about two million dollars a year is spent in instruction and on the maintenance of such places. Here there are few, and as it has taken a long while for the public to think that agriculture needs training, so it has been a long time rather incredulous about

the good of agricultural colleges, and doubted whether they met a want or were practical. I have no doubt whatever on the subject, provided *the tone of the place is good, and that the boys are energetic and work*, of which I know nothing personally.

Hollesley College was founded with the idea of training young gentlemen 'all round' for colonial life, but it practically equips with general knowledge and special branches of matters connected with land. A young fellow learns at least a couple of dozen things which the ordinary so-called practical farmer would have to employ others to do, such as machine-repairing, bricklaying, blacksmithing, vegetable growing, farriery, wheelwright work and 'fitting,' besides up-to-date dairying and the theory and practice of agriculture, forestry, estate and farm book-keeping, land-surveying, and if he likes he can specialise in agricultural chemistry, and do some assaying and engineering. There is a very large farm there, more than 1,300 acres, pasture, arable, heath and woods, where all kinds of agricultural operations are always going on on business lines. Eighty horses and a quantity of stock give plenty of object lessons in stock-keeping, and the salt marshes give grazing for different breeds of sheep. For a boy who will be keen there is really excellent scope for development in agricultural colleges. He learns what a day's work is, he can drive the traction engine, mend implements, make cheese, put up buildings, and, in fact, gets a thoroughly good insight into practical work as well as the book and lecture training. At Hollesley there is a splendid navigable river with fisheries at certain seasons, where useful hints may be picked up. It costs 108*l.* per annum for students between seventeen and twenty, and 126*l.* per annum later. The Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, and that at Downton, represent a slightly different type.

The Cirencester College is a fine collegiate Gothic building, and was founded to train agriculturists, landowners, estate agents, surveyors and colonists in 1845, under the patronage of the Prince Consort. The course of instruction occupies two years of three terms each, or, to obtain the diploma, two years and one term (students over twenty years of age can board in the town). The cost of in-students is, if the lad has a private room, about 58*l.* per term—174*l.* a year, as expensive as Oxford. A private room costs ten guineas a term, so if this be not taken the cost is reduced by 31*l.* 10*s.* per annum. Out-students pay 25*l.* per term, with an entrance fee of 5*l.* The college is one of high standing and

officially recognised. It offers several ordinary scholarships. The Government of Bengal also give six scholarships of 200*l.* a year each to native Indian graduates of the University of Calcutta. Besides the chemical and scientific work, instruction is given in carpentry, forge and smith work, saddlery, ploughing, sheep-shearing, practical knowledge of farm machinery, dairying, &c. A young fellow who has taken a medal or two in the scientific subjects, and won a prize for dairying or for veterinary skill, may be looked on as a safe man to employ in important work later.

The student will next go to a land agent as a pupil (it is a long and rather costly preparation). He will pay the agent a regular fee, and in return he will learn what there is to learn on the estate. If there is much land in hand, or if the owner goes in extensively for prize animals of many breeds, the experience may be very valuable. But he must not stay anywhere too long; change of place means additional knowledge, as soil, customs, stock, and position determine.

By the time he is twenty-five he will begin to look for some paid work; but often years are taken in advertising and applying. Like every employment, there is plenty of room at the top, but not much at the bottom. The steps in the land agent's ladder are pupil, sometimes clerk or unpaid assistant, sub-agent, agent on a small estate, and agent on a large estate.

The payment may vary from 100*l.* to 150*l.* a year for sub-agent, 200*l.* to 300*l.* and a house for a small estate, and anything up to 2,000*l.* a year and a house, or leave to take pupils, on a large one. It should be added that there are what may be called consulting agents or surveyors, who live in the county towns and undertake the management of many estates. These have to employ qualified clerks and sub-agents, and give a considerable amount of employment. Many of these are very important firms, and the partners make large incomes.

If the college training is to be dispensed with, it can only be on the understanding that the young man is going into the office of an agent who has so many departments under him that the college training is in part available in the office and on the estate. No doubt much can be done with private reading. But the college certificates go far. The personal side of the agent's life is very pleasant, provided his chief and employer is congenial and considerate. But as he is always in the position of a subaltern

to his colonel, much depends on the superior officer's character. Also when an heir succeeds, there is always the possibility that the same agent will not be wanted. The consulting land agent of the towns has a freer hand, and a safer if less interesting position.

Still, there is in the work of the agent for a great estate almost the ideal life for an active Englishman. He is in control of large capital, with a chance of making a financial success of it. He has to make all classes work together, from the parson to the labourer. He is the representative of the estate on boards for the poor, for rates, for roads, for improvements, and for grievances. He has the pleasure of seeing or initiating experiments in breeding cattle and winning distinction at shows, in improving shootings, or water supply, or cottages. There is one famous agent who has made his employer's estate one of the most noted in England for pedigree stock, though the said owner cares little personally about cattle or horses or sheep. Another has achieved an equal or greater all-round reputation for his chief's estate, though the latter, however he may appreciate what is done, has to spend five days out of every seven in the week immersed in the affairs of the world's finance. One agent in the north of England has become a kind of mortal god to the owners of land in those parts. He comes of a well-known family, and, I think, had no expert scientific training, but was brought up on the old practical lines of land management, in connection with the family estates. He has now such a command of knowledge and of connections in the district that he commonly takes over estates bodily, guaranteeing the owner so much per cent. in any case. Another agent may be a specialist in forestry and tree planting. One of the greatest estates in Wiltshire owes much of its attraction to the fact of having an agent of this kind. The social position is a good one. But it is an exacting business, for there is too much loose and scattered material in what goes to make a landed estate for it to be possible to mechanise the whole like a mill or an office. It may be added that the remarks on the old practice of employing unqualified relations are not meant to apply to the employment of relations who are qualified. The brother of an Essex peer is credited with being one of the ablest and keenest estate agents in England, while the able north country gentleman mentioned above is closely akin to more than one of the owners of the estates which he controls so successfully.

Passing from the men who live by managing estates to the

men who live by cultivating them, it is the opinion of the present writer, who has lived most of his life in close connection with those who own land, and has been on very friendly terms with those who farm it, that the farming of to-day is no profession for a man who wishes to live as the gentleman farmer of the old days lived, which means, probably, the living of a life equivalent to that which a moderately successful professional man leads, but with much less work. In the first place, farming is not a profession, which land agency is, but a business, and a hard and difficult one as times are. Business means having capital and using it to make more of. Thirty years ago capital so used in farming was certain of a fair return. It was possible to be a 'gentleman farmer.' Now all farming is an experiment, and nothing lasts. It is possible to make much money by farming on a great commercial scale. It is possible also to make money at it by very hard work, if the family all work too. But that means leading muck carts and milking cows, yourself and your boys. But the question is whether the money made by farming in this way could not be made more pleasantly by putting the cash into something else. The above remarks are the comment on the experience of a good friend of mine who began some sixteen years ago with one cow and 100*l*., and has now 600 acres of land rented, and fifty cows, and has purchased some 3,500*l*. worth of land besides with his savings. But that was the only career open to him, and a great success he has made of it. On the other hand, there are a few men of great natural business capacity who farm on a huge scale and are very successful. But they would have succeeded just as well in dealing in railway stocks or indigo. Still, if a gentleman does desire to try his hand at farming against the class who have limited wants and ambitions, he will find that from 6*l*. to 10*l*. per acre, according to the class of land, will stock his farm; that his house is practically rent free, and that he can provision it very largely from the land without obvious cost. To make it worth while to risk the money at all the farm ought to bring in a percentage to cover his own time and work. Whether it will do so depends so entirely on the chances of prices and seasons and the business capacity of the occupier, that it is impossible to generalise. Still, there are men who are making very large fortunes in farming now, and as tenant farmers, in spite of what Mr. Rider Haggard's astonishingly pessimistic and dispiriting book on 'Rural England' may lead the public to expect.

To give two instances. One, the son of a cattle dealer in a small way, took to farming, increased his holdings, and developed some very fine strains of pedigree sheep and cattle. He established a connection in the Colonies and South America, and rapidly increased his 'takes' of land and his stock. He also took pupils, and made money by dealing in any commodity which farmers may want. He would buy a shipload of guano if it happened to be going cheap, or speculate in wheat. He now lives in a very large house, and farms on a great scale. He hires all the best farms, and lets the houses, orchards, and gardens to gentleman and urban tenants, and so pays a considerable part of the rent at once.

Another successful agriculturist was the son of a business man in Wiltshire. He had weak health, and was advised an outdoor life. Going to one of the agricultural colleges he distinguished himself greatly, and then began farming. Natural business aptitude has helped him; but his progress is astonishing, and he is now almost the largest tenant of agricultural lands in the kingdom. 'Farmer' as the word is understood in England means tenant farmer. If an owner chooses to farm his own land, and knows how to do it, he may, if he has not enough to occupy his energy, hire more and combine the parts, with a reasonable prospect of success in certain neighbourhoods.

To sum up. The position of the estate agent is one which offers congenial employment and a maximum in salary of about 2,000*l*. a year with a house. It is, however, an exacting charge, one which cannot be left for any time, and one which is apt to fail on the death of an employer. The other branch, that of the general land agent in a county town, is a good and lucrative business as county professions go. In the north, where mineral rights and building ground are part of the common assets of landed proprietors, it often becomes a very important business. Farming, by renting land, though it offers great chances to the 'working farmer,' is not now the kind of profession which a young fellow should be recommended to take a few thousand pounds into merely to make a living. But as a speculation, to which a man means to devote his whole energies, with a view to making a fortune, there are instances which prove that it offers at the present moment a considerable field.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

And some we found by courtesy
Of pike and carronade.

RAW sunset in foggy Woolwich as a party of artillerymen wend their way back to barracks after placing in the Rotunda Museum the last State prisoner of ordnance, a battered Boer 'pompom' from Cronje's army, its bronze jacket torn by a piece of shell, to rust out its days among conquered nations' artilleries and pensioned British cannon.

Queer company for a Dutchman, those old guns lying half covered in the fallen leaves on the gravel outside the Rotunda. Robinet and saker, culverin and coehorn, camel guns from far Cathay, iron-bound pipes from Agincourt, fantastic Moghul weapons, jibbing Chinese wall-pieces, imperial howitzers from Waterloo, and sullen Russian carronades, while hard by, in the Repository, pensioned Woolwich infants and veteran 'thirty twos' keep ward on the State prisoners of the Rotunda. A pretty fine state of affairs for an up-to-date machine like a pompom, to find itself condemned to such company for life, as its tilted barrel clearly denotes.

Hardly had the echoes of 'watch setting' from the Artillery trumpets died away over the mists and shipping than a spirit of unrest born of the falling leaf seemed to move among those beadsmen of iron and phosphor bronze.

'Salaam Alek' (peace be with you) boomed from the honey-combed throat of Sujah-ul-Moolk, a monster from Akhbar's arsenal, and one versed in the matter of courtesies, in welcome to the new comer, who merely spat in silence. 'It seemeth to me, good master Robinet,' quoth a dismounted saker, 'that we of the Lord Protector's Park knew his kinsfolk aforetime.' 'Praise the Lord, friend Robinet, we did; yonder lie two of De Ruyter's culverins,' rumbled back the saker, 'and I mind another of his kidney whom Blake brought in on a warship of Van Tromp's; you and I were standing on the King's bastion at Portsmouth, in the days when the rule of the ungodly flourished in the land.' 'Hark to those rascally crop ears, and their snuffling chatter,'

cried a royal whole cannon, who had been in his old age to the Low Countries with Marlborough. 'Hey, Meinheer, troll us a song, "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre." Stap my vitals, as we said with Rupert, tell us whence ye come. What maak ye hier?'

'Aalle-machter!' quoth the Boer, 'how should I know, I who harried French's galloper guns at Klipdrift, and only left Hiram Maxim's works three years ago? What place have I here?' 'Man, dinna fash yersel', 'twas but yesterday that I saw Johnnie Cope's grenadiers running for dear life at Preston Pans, and hurtled stane balls after him, and yet here am I; sae dinna ding our ears wi' your clavers o' French,' drawled a dour iron falconet that had formed almost the sole artillery of the Young Pretender.

'To hear that old buck talk, there might have been eternal peace for the last two centuries, eh, old *fleur-de-lis*? We who were at Quebec know better,' chuckled a complacent bombard to a rakish French piece of Montcalm's. '*C'est juste, monsieur*,' courteously replied *fleur-de-lis*; 'we did not surrender to you on the Plains of Abraham for nothing.' 'Nor we at Seringapatam, brother,' came from a bronze piece covered with Persian inscriptions. 'Tippu Sultaun died at my feet, but we did not give in till seven hours later, when Wellesley Sahib insisted.'

'Ten score and more red-coated English lay dead in the morning sun ere I, Philippon's best nine, was spiked at the top of the breach at Badajos by Lieutenant Fireworker Richard Harknesse, of the British Artillery; so I've earned my rest, even in an enemy's country,' sighed a rusted iron field gun with an imperial crown on its chase.

'Is it rest you claim, you who saw not twenty years of war?' rumbled a long bronze piece with the Tudor Rose embossed on its breech. 'What do you know of the need for rest, you barely a century old? I was cast for Good Queen Bess by the worshipful master John Childe of Gravesend, and beat the Spanish frigates from Land's End to the Orkneys and back again. 'Twas enough of saltpetre for one gun's life, but then I must sail for the East Indies and Bombay half a century later to see a British ship captured by the Angria pirates, on whose forts at Gheria I spent close on seventy years. Then I was sent as a present to the Peishwa at Poona, and was taken by Arthur Wellesley at Ahmednagar in 1803, and so home to King George as a trophy, but whether as friend or foe I never rightly understood, nor why King George ruled instead of King Charles. Another gun there

was with me, a long twelve that had been on Admiral John Hawkins's ship, the 'Victory,' and men tell me that she lies in the Mahratta fort of Lohogarh, in the Western Ghauts of India, to this day. So I, Master Boney, may claim rest if you like, and a right to rust out my life in Merry England.'

'I mind Ahmednagar well,' said a well-preserved three-pounder with the Honourable East India Company's arms engraved in front of the vent. 'I was cast at Cossipore, and Lord Lake sent the Bengal Artillery galloper guns with three regiments of horse to join General Wellesley. Right across India we marched, and fought the Rohillas *en route*. A masterful man was General Wellesley. I was then transferred to the Bombay Artillery, and fought the Mahrattas at Korreegaum, till I became red hot, and no man dared load me. I marched to Asirgarh with Sir John Malcolm, and fired the salute when Baje Rao was captured and the Deccan quieted.'

'Talking of Arthur Wellesley,' said another old Quai Hai, 'I remember that at Assaye our ammunition ran out, but the brigadier ordered Tim Rylance, who commanded my battery, to keep in action, lest the native troops should be frightened at our retiring. He sent to the infantry to borrow a big drum, and ordered the four oldest gunners present to breathe down the vents of their guns, while a lascar with lighted match stood by the muzzle. Boom went the big drum, the gunners breathed down the vents (my man drank palm toddy), flash went the spirituous breath as it met the match at the muzzle, and neither our own native infantry nor the Mahratta cavalry ever knew that we'd stopped firing. When General Wellesley heard of it, however, he was much annoyed, asserting that such treatment was bound to honeycomb his guns.'

'Man,' quoth the falconet from Preston Pans, 'your gunners maun ha' drunk guid speerits, I'm thinking.'

'I remember,' said a dissolute honeycombed French six-pounder, 'that after Eyre Coote beat Lally at Wandewash, and I, still smoking and red hot, fell into the hands of the Madras Europeans, I was filled to the muzzle with arrack, so that it might escape the notice of the Provost-marshal, who was destroying looted liquor. I've been honeycombed ever since.' 'I am a bit of a liar myself,' chuckled a seafaring carronade, 'but you two fairly beat me. Splice my spanker-boom if you don't! Spike me! Old Grog himself couldn't hold a candle to you, you swivel-vented, cracked-

breeched, arrack-swilling Indian land-pieces. You couldn't stuff the marines in my time with a tale like that.'

John Company's field piece and Lally's six-pounder ceased their reminiscences without hazarding any rejoinder to Tarrybreech's pleasantries and drowsed back into silence, while one by one aged cannon and ancient pistol woke up from their beds of weeds and moss, and many an old memory began to spin yarns of its youth, awakened by the unrest of the falling leaf. The newcomer was forgotten in the loosening of rust-bound tongues, and each spake of deeds he'd seen and men he'd known. Agincourt hoop iron prated of gallant Henry, culverins swore over the defence of Oxford or snuffled of the 'Crowning Victory.' A dragon-mouthed jingal told of the Tartar invasion of China and the massacre of the princes of the ruling house, and how, centuries after, in unskilled hands, he had fallen before the 'foreign devils' at the Taku Forts in 1860. One rakish piece had surrendered with the French General Humbert at Ballinamuck in the '98 rebellion, and had heard Cornwallis jeer at the Frenchman for his miserable enterprise. A bronze mortar with a round shot dent in its side had been taken from the Dutch in Java by General Gillespie, afterwards killed in Nepaul, and two iron wall pieces had seen the British troops hurled back time after time from the walls of Bhurtpore, to return ten years later to retrieve their first defeats.

Among the younger cannon was a Sikh gun that had been served till Harry Smith's infantry had bayoneted the gunners, John Company's field pieces that had executed many a mutineer, a gun of Harry Tombs's Troop and another of Hell-fire Jack's, which, having in its youth been in Shah Sujah's contingent, and later in the hands of rebellious Afghans, had in its old age seen Colin Campbell crush the last stronghold of mutiny at Lucknow.

A Russian horse artillery gun, captured and recaptured at Balaclava, had fallen into our hands at one of the larger sorties, and lay alongside a Turkish swivel gun, taken from a pinnace at Navarino, and swearing sonorous Turkish oaths.

A small coehorn mortar of bell metal had served fifty years with the Bengal mountain train, and told of every hill campaign from 1800 onward, had marched with Ochterlony to the Nepaul stockades through the outer Doons, had been attached to the Khandeish mountain train for the Southern Mahratta wars, and had taken part in the reduction of all the mountain fastnesses on

the top of the Western Ghauts that Sivajee had bequeathed to his Mahrattas, Lohogarh, Vizapur, Torna, Singhur, Raigarh, Pertabghur, where that prince murdered the Moghul envoy with the fatal clawed wadnak a full century earlier—all almost impregnable, and only reduced by daring stormers and hurtling shells from the mountain train coehorns. The Moghul-built fortress of Maligaon with its daring Arab garrison had fallen before its eyes, and it had perched on a crag for three days' hot strife till Asirgarh had fallen to Doveton and Malcolm in 1819.

In truth a *Jang'dīdāh*[1] weapon this, to use a sonorous Persian epithet, which might equally be applied to a light field piece of Teheran manufacture engraved with Persian couplets, that, captured by the Afghans, had been served by Eldred Pottinger himself in the defence of Herat, where he and D'Arcy Todd, artillerymen both, had carried British prestige so high that men of the Arghand-ab and Helmund Valleys remember their names to this day, despite the cruel *débâcle* in the Pass of Jag'dallak. This weapon had later fallen into General Nott's hands outside Candahar, and stalled in his ordnance park, had seen the worth of a dogged Briton when disaster threatened on all sides.

An iron nine-pounder cast at Pondicherry and inscribed in French and Persian had been given to Surajah Dowlah by the French Governor of Chandernagore, and had been on the famous moving gun tier at Plassy, drawn by serried bullock teams in their yokes below, served by French gunners and Rajput Gholandauze, and had been captured in the charge which Clive led in person.

Alone in a corner stood two *Sher Butcha's* or camel swivel guns, which when belonging to the Khan of Bokhara heard tell of Colonel Stoddart's and Arthur Connolly's miserable fate, and later when captured by the Dost's Hazara cavalry north of Bamian had found their way to the Khyber to protect the Kafila traffic from Hindustan against the Zakka Khel Afridis and Shinawari caterans.

They finally passed to British hands at the fall of Ali Musjĕd in '78, and for four-and-twenty years have tempered the bread of discontent with the opiate of sleep.

Below the Rotunda, beyond the guns lay piles of round shot and chain shot, mortar shell, and bomb; huge Malet's bombs,

[1] Lit. 'war-seen.'

ever bemoaning their late arrival in the Crimea, after Sebastopol had fallen; chain shot that might have been intended for Nelson's ships to destroy the masts and rigging of the French; chilled palliser shot of later date, and soft-coated shell of obsolete pattern piled nearest their owners in the Repository, swell with pride that, obsolete though they are, they may still be seen ready for use on both land and sea fronts in the United Kingdom.

In the Rotunda, armour and cuirass, halbert and pike, matchlock and fusil, flint lock and percussion musket, clang and clatter in response to the murmuring of the ordnance, and in the grounds hard by, old Alexander Dickson, father of the Artillery and sometime master gunner of St. James's, seems scarce to notice the stir among his children and wards, his bronze countenance, benign and wise, showing no response to the unrest that seems so prevalent. A hundred yards from him, quiet reigns as ever by the old South African monument, with its roll of heroes and trophy of shields and assegais; nor have the guns half buried for wheel guides awoke to life and reminiscence with their brethren hard by. Down in the Horse Artillery gun park the old saluting battery of obsolete bronze stands grim and silent in the mist and rising moonlight, unheeding the chatter across the valley. From the Artillery barracks half a dozen trumpets sound the Last Post clear and shrill on the frosty air. Away up on the common answer the Academy trumpets bidding all orderly cadets to bed, the echoes dying away amid the trees on Shooter's Hill. In the intense silence that for a moment succeeds the shrill vibrations of the trumpet notes, straightway all sound and signs of life die away in the Rotunda yard. The spell is broken; iron and bell metal, brass and phosphor bronze, once again mere relics of ages, return to oblivion in moss and weed and beech-leaf till some charm may galvanise once more their honeycombed bodies into life and reminiscence.

G. F. Macmunn.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

WHEN the Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE proposed to me 'The New Chemistry' as the subject of an article, I was, I confess, at first a little disconcerted, for modern chemistry presents, like a crystal, many faces, and it seemed hopeless to attempt to deal with all of them, or even with the chief of them, within the narrow limits of such an article.

But after all, though the lines which divide the faces of a crystal are sharp, and real enough, they do not go even skin-deep. And moreover, the crystallographer does not confine himself to examining and measuring the faces of his crystals, or to studying the relations which these faces bear to one another. On the contrary, he tries to go to the root of the matter; considers the character of the stuff of which the crystals are composed, and tries to picture to himself the possible forms and relations of the ultimate particles of which they are built up, which must really determine the wonderful forms they exhibit.

And so also the chemist. He too, amidst efforts to clear up the mysteries of organic chemistry, of fermentation, of the chemical relations of plants and animals, the nature of flame, and all the rest of it, never ceases his search after light and leading about the ultimate structure of the matter which reveals itself in such myriad forms, and about the force or forces which control and determine the marvellous transformations that matter undergoes in nature and in the laboratory. And he is right. For, important as the rest may be, this is the heart of his subject. This is chemistry, as distinct from any and every department of chemistry.

The new chemical theory—which by the way is essentially an electrical atomic theory—is the outcome of the labours of a century. Its foundations were laid nearly a hundred years ago by Nicholson and Carlisle, who discovered the action of electricity on water; by Dalton of Manchester, the author of the Atomic Theory; and by Sir Humphry Davy, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Their work was continued with brilliant success by Faraday, and the new theory has only taken its present form at the hands of Arrhenius and his colleagues during comparatively recent times.

To John Dalton we owe the 'Atomic hypothesis.' According to this, every definite chemical compound, such as water, chalk, sugar or sand, owes its constancy of composition to the fact that it consists of minute particles called molecules, each of which is built up of a fixed number of still smaller particles called atoms, these latter being indestructible and of fixed weight, and there being as many kinds of atoms as there are elements in each molecule of every compound.

According to this hypothesis, now usually known as the 'Molecular atomic hypothesis,' matter is by no means so homogeneous as it often seems to the eye, but on the contrary has always a grained structure, and if it could be examined with a sufficiently powerful magnifier would be found to present the appearance of sand or sandstone rather than that of a jelly or a piece of ivory as these appear to the naked eye. The particles discovered by our magnifier would not, however, be the atoms of Dalton, but molecules, and would themselves be built up, according to what has been said, of yet smaller and chemically indivisible particles, the chemical atoms. Moreover, the molecules would not be still, but in a state of motion.

Matter may be resolved by suitable means into a few simple forms known as the elements. There are about eighty of these elements, and we do not know much about their real nature. We only know that all the forces at the command of the chemist have failed, hitherto, to reduce them to simpler forms. According to our theory the atoms of each element, whilst exactly alike in every respect, are quite unlike those of every other element, but all, with the exception perhaps of those of the atmospheric elements, argon, neon, krypton and xenon, exhibit a marked disposition to attract or combine with other atoms. So that even in the case of the elements themselves in the free state single atoms are not often met with, but almost always molecules consisting of two or more atoms united; elementary substances being those in which the molecules consist of similar atoms, and compounds those in which the molecules contain dissimilar atoms.

It is supposed, of course, that both the atoms and the molecules are exceedingly small. It is difficult, indeed, to give a clear idea of the minuteness of their dimensions, or to express their weights by reference to any of the ordinary standards. But some ideas on this subject will be gained when I say that there are

living organisms, which must themselves be built up of many molecules, so small that half a million of them would lie in a single layer on the surface of a postage stamp; and again, that it has been calculated that about 20 million million million, or 20,000,000,000,000,000,000, molecules of a gas could be contained by a vessel about as big as a medium-sized die[1]; that nearly every such molecule would consist of two or more atoms; and that if the gas were reduced to the solid or liquid form, as every common gas can be, these 20 million million million molecules could be packed into a vessel many many times smaller, small though this may seem to be.

It may be added that in spite of difficulties the weights of the atoms of the better known elements have been compared with such success that, though it is still impossible to state exactly how many atoms of hydrogen would weigh a grain, we are able to say with some confidence that an atom of oxygen is sixteen times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen, an atom of sulphur thirty-two times as heavy as one of hydrogen, an atom of quicksilver two hundred times as heavy, and so on. In short, that we are able to express the weights of the chief atoms in terms of the weight of an atom of hydrogen taken as one.

Dalton's theory quickly attained a great success, in spite of some criticism at the earlier stages of its career. Probably this was due in no small degree to the fact that in recommending it to the notice of the scientific world, he illustrated his idea by means of a system of symbols or pictures of the atoms which enabled him, as it were, to show on the blackboard the combinations, separations, and other changes in which they play a part, and which, in the hands of his successors, has been transformed into a kind of chemical algebra that has been of incalculable value in the science.

Apart from his theory, and apart from his other contributions to science, John Dalton will for ever remain one of the most interesting figures among his scientific colleagues. Born in Cumberland in 1766, of humble parentage, with few educational advantages, without influence, and with no other means than those he could earn by teaching science and mathematics to such pupils as he could find in a provincial town, he raised himself before he died, in Manchester in 1844, to a position of the greatest dignity and consideration among the leaders in science.

[1] The total volume of eight such vessels would be less than a cubic inch.

Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, not far from Cockermouth, as said above, in 1766, his father, a member of the Society of Friends, being a hand-loom weaver in that place. He is said to have had exceptional good fortune in coming under the care of an able teacher, Mr. Fletcher, and in making the early acquaintance of Mr. E. Robinson, a Quaker gentleman of scientific ability and tastes, who lived in the neighbourhood. He is said also not to have been a brilliant or quick boy, but he was certainly an unusual boy, as will be recognised when I mention that at the age of twelve he started as schoolmaster at Eaglesfield, apparently as a means of livelihood, and continued at the work for two years, in spite of such difficulties as were sure to occur with his older pupils, some of whom were many years senior to himself. The teaching profession seems indeed always to have attracted Dalton, for he continued to follow it almost to the end of his life, first at Kendal and afterwards in Manchester, and this upon so simple a footing that when, in 1826 and in the height of his fame, M. Pelletier the *savant* came expressly from Paris to visit him he found him, not lecturing, as he had expected, to a large class in a lecture-hall, but teaching a single small boy to cipher on a slate in a small room in a small house in a back street. His merits would seem to have been recognised abroad sooner than at home, for he was made a corresponding member of the French Academy several years before he was elected into the Royal Society, and in its early days Davy was opposed to his atomic theory. In later years, however, his merits were fully recognised, and in 1833 a pension—albeit a small one—was conferred upon him But pensions for men like Dalton were very difficult to get in those days. They are not easily obtained for them even now.

About the time that Dalton was working out his atomic theory at Manchester there came to the then newly founded Royal Institution in Albemarle Street—at the invitation of its founder Count Rumford—a young chemist, then only in his twenty-second year, whose discovery of the remarkable properties of 'laughing gas' at the Pneumatic Institute in Bristol had already attracted widespread attention. This was Humphry Davy, 'poet and philosopher,' the discoverer of the metals sodium and potassium; the first to suggest the idea 'that in all cases of chemical decomposition the elements might be related to each other as electrically positive and negative,' and above all the discoverer of Faraday, his greatest successor in this latter field of

work. Davy's career forms in many ways a striking contrast to that of Dalton. As in the case of the latter, his early years were a time of difficulty, owing to the misfortunes of his father, who came of a respectable yeoman family, which was established near Penzance, and was at one time in fairly comfortable circumstances. But showing an early genius for chemistry, and possessing an alert and engaging personality, Davy, more fortunate than Dalton, soon found his chance. He was made, as I have already said, Professor at the Royal Institution at an age when most young men of talent are at the University, and after dazzling London with his discoveries and his discourses, became President of the Royal Society at forty-two. He died—burnt out, it is to be feared—in his fifty-first year. But it is time to dismiss the chemists and return to their science.

I must remind my readers that it has been a cardinal point in the atomic theory that atoms as a rule attract one another; that when one solitary atom finds itself in the presence of another, these two almost always unite. If the atoms are similar atoms the resulting molecule is still elementary. If the atoms are dissimilar the product is a compound, the strength of the attraction and consequently the stability of the molecule produced being greater in proportion as the atoms concerned are themselves unlike. Very dissimilar atoms, such as those of the metals on the one hand, and those of such active non-metals as chlorine or oxygen on the other, often produce combinations which will bear unaffected exposure to the temperature of the hottest furnace.

The nature of this attraction which the elements exert upon one another, and which has been called chemical attraction or chemical affinity, is very difficult to learn. But we believe that the amount of action in any given case depends partly on the masses of the acting bodies and partly on their affinity. So that if the masses are made chemically equal in any case, chemical affinity alone determines the result obtained, if physical complications due to the solubility, insolubility, &c., of the bodies concerned can be prevented from influencing the result.

Davy's attention was, I believe, first turned to electrochemistry by the great discovery made on April 30, 1800, by Nicholson and Carlisle, that water can be resolved into its elements by means of the electric battery, which led him even while still at Bristol to commence working at this subject, and

induced him, when the greater resources of the Royal Institution were at his command, to set up the great battery which he used in his subsequent researches. The actual results he attained, such as the discovery of sodium and potassium, were in themselves of the greatest importance, whilst his suggestion that the elements in a chemical decomposition might be related to one another as electrically positive and negative, though not universally accepted at the time, has been fruitful in the highest degree in the hands of Faraday and of his successors. It will be seen how highly these results and speculations were valued by the *savants* of his own day, when I mention the fact that a committee of the French Institute, to their undying honour, awarded him in 1807 a medal founded by Napoleon 'for the best experiment which should be made in the course of each year on the galvanic fluid,' although England and France were at that time at war, and the two countries were animated by the most bitter animosity towards each other. Napoleon, it would seem, did not rise to the height of the occasion, like the French *savants*. For 'all that the Institute got for themselves was,' as Miss Edgeworth says, 'a rating all round in Imperial Billingsgate.' But alas! there were those in England who said that patriotism should prevent the acceptance of this splendid award.

Davy taught that all combinations and decompositions produced by electricity may be referred to the laws of electrical attractions and repulsions; that chemical and electrical attractions are produced by the same cause acting in the one case on particles and in the other on masses, and 'that the same property under different modifications is the cause of all the phenomena exhibited by different voltaic combinations.' But though these views were both precise and, as the event showed, prolific, they were, as Whewell has pointed out, 'conjectured rather than proved,' and it remained for Faraday to establish their truth by one of the most splendid series of experimental researches ever carried out in any age or any country.

In 1806, when Davy's great memoir was published, Faraday, then about fifteen years of age, was apprenticed to a Mr. Riebau, a bookbinder and stationer in Blandford Street, and was spending such small leisure as he could command in reading Marcet's 'Conversations on Chemistry' and the electrical treatises in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and 'learning to think,' as he says

from Watts 'On the Mind.' A few years later, 1812, he attended some of Davy's lectures, and soon after had the good fortune to become his assistant, and subsequently his successor.

Besides discovering benzene, doing work of the greatest importance on magneto-electric induction, &c., and on the liquefaction of the gases, Faraday, like Davy, turned his attention to the study of electro-chemistry with most brilliant results. In one of his earlier contributions to this department he proved the identity of voltaic and animal electricity with that produced by the electric machine. And having subsequently worked out a method for measuring electrolytic action, he was presently able to show that the chemical power of an electric current between two poles is in direct proportion to the quantity of electricity which flows between them; and further, that the proportions of the elements deposited at the poles by the current are identical with their atomic weights, as fixed from purely chemical considerations: thus making it clear beyond the possibility of doubt that chemical and electrical actions are indeed indistinguishable, as Davy believed, and, if not identical, must at any rate have a common cause or origin.

These conclusions, combining as they did exact facts with clear ideas, were quickly accepted. But the exact connection of this theory of chemical action with Dalton's theory of atoms was not yet understood; the marriage of these two parts of the 'New Chemistry' had still to be effected. Let us now see how this has been done in more recent times.

According to the modern Kinetic hypothesis, we must suppose that every liquid consists of immense numbers of minute particles held together by an attractive force, but still free to move, and in fact always in motion, gliding about amongst one another. These particles, it must be remembered, are not the atoms of the chemist, but molecules built up of atoms held together by an attraction which Faraday has shown to be indistinguishable from electricity.

If a current from a galvanic battery is conveyed to various liquids by means, let us say, of two carbon rods, it is found that they fall into two classes according to their behaviour. Many liquids when treated in this way behave like pure water; that is, they remain unaffected by the electricity. But solutions of acids, alkalis, and salts in water, and some of these substances in the fused state, are obviously altered. Let us suppose, for example, that we tried the experiment, using a solution of hydrochloric acid.

Then we should find that a green malodorous gas of great bleaching power, chlorine by name, would appear at the rod called the anode, and a colourless, odourless, very light and combustible gas, hydrogen, at the kathode, the chlorine remaining dissolved in the water at first, but escaping in volumes equal to those of the hydrogen as soon as the water is saturated with it.

It makes little difference whether the acid used is strong or weak, or whether the current be feeble or intense, provided that the proportion of acid be not unreasonably small, and that the current reaches a certain minimum. In every case the same gases will be produced in the same relative proportions, if all interfering circumstances are duly avoided. The action of the electricity on the liquid will continue until all the acid is destroyed, but no longer. And if the two gases are collected, mixed, and inflamed by a spark, they will at once regenerate hydrochloric acid gas which is in every way similar to that originally used in preparing the solution employed for the experiment. Thus by means of electricity we can overcome the attraction between the atoms of hydrogen and chlorine, breaking up the molecules of hydrochloric acid and transporting their constituent atoms to the two poles or electrodes, and though these may be an inch or more apart we shall be unable to see any signs of the gases passing between them. How can this be? When millions of molecules deposit atoms of chlorine at one carbon rod, how can the millions of atoms of hydrogen pass over the intervening space and appear at the other rod without in any way, so far as we can see, disturbing the liquid between them?

Several hypotheses have been put forward to account for this remarkable phenomenon, but we need only concern ourselves with one of them, viz. the hypothesis of Clausius, which in a modified form, known as the 'electrolytic dissociation hypothesis,' now holds the field.

If we think about our solution of hydrochloric acid in water, and picture it to ourselves as it appears to the mind of a chemist, we shall perceive that it is likely to consist of two kinds of particles or molecules. There will be molecules of water, and gliding about among them a number of molecules of hydrochloric acid. If we concentrate our attention upon these latter molecules, and regard them simply from the point of view of the Daltonian atomic theory, we shall conceive each molecule to consist of two atoms, one of hydrogen, which might be repre-

sented by the figure ⊙, the other chlorine, which might be indicated by the symbol ●, these being closely bound together by chemical attraction and therefore written ⊙●. Now so long as the solution is not under the influence of the battery there will be nothing in its more obvious properties to suggest that the atoms of chlorine and hydrogen are not as closely bound together as this formula suggests, and as they seem to be when the same compound is met with in the gaseous state. No sooner do we dip the electrodes of the battery in the liquid, however, than, as said above, the hydrogen atoms[1] appear in millions at the kathode, and the chlorine atoms in corresponding numbers at the anode, and at a great distance from one another, though a moment before they must have been in the closest contact.

Faraday and the chemists of his period supposed that the constituents of the molecules of hydrochloric acid, and other electrolytes, were held together strongly in the molecules by chemical forces, and therefore they were surprised to find that the best conductors—that is, the substances most easily decomposed—were just those substances in which the atoms were supposed to be most firmly bound. But after it was shown, in 1853, that the very smallest electro-motive force is sufficient to cause a current in an electrolyte—that is, to decompose some of it into its constituents, or in other words to split up its molecules—it was seen that the older view must be abandoned; 'that the radicles of the electrolyte cannot be held together by a force of finite value,' but that exchanges among the atoms must constantly be taking place in the solution, and that possibly a few of these atoms, or *ions* as we shall call them in future, might actually be free in certain cases.

According to this view, which we owe to Clausius in the first instance, when hydrochloric acid is dissolved in water the solution does not consist solely of molecules of acid and water, but we must suppose that a few of the molecules of the acid are broken up into their ions, each of which carries a charge of electricity, a positive charge in the case of the hydrogen ions (hydrion), a negative charge in the case of the chlorine ions (chlorion). If they meet, these ions doubtless would recombine. But this would not reduce the number of free ions in the solution permanently, since such losses would constantly be compensated by the liberation of fresh ions at the cost of the acid.

[1] United to form molecules of hydrogen, however.

If the hypothesis, thus broadly stated, be accepted, the phenomena of electrolysis at once become more comprehensible. For under the influence of the voltaic battery the ions of hydrogen and chlorine, in accordance with the ordinary laws of electrical attraction, would tend to move with their charges of electricity to the kathode and anode respectively, and there, being discharged, would unite and become molecules of ordinary hydrogen and chlorine once more.

It was not at first thought necessary to suppose that any considerable quantity of the hydrochloric acid, or other electrolyte, was dissociated into ions at a given moment, as the liberation of the ions would be continuous, and there would be a constant supply of fresh ions to take the place of those removed under the influence of the battery. Indeed Clausius admitted that the presence of many free ions at any moment was unlikely, in view of the fact that they could not be recognised by any methods then known to chemists.

But with the growth of our knowledge of physical chemistry it has become necessary to modify the Clausius hypothesis so greatly as materially to alter its character. It is no longer impossible to detect the free ions in a solution. Indeed, now it is not only possible to detect them; we can count them also. The nature of our new knowledge on this subject may be sufficiently illustrated by a single example, though many other phenomena might be quoted of no less importance than those I have selected.

Everyone knows that salt water or brine may be cooled to a lower temperature before it freezes than pure water; that sea water, for example, does not freeze so easily as river water. Now it has been discovered, first by Raoult, that in the case of dilute solutions of many soluble substances, such as sugar, this lowering of the freezing point of a solution is connected in a simple manner with the weight of the molecules of the dissolved substance, and in such a way that the latter can be deduced from the former when solutions of known strength are employed. But it appears that, whilst a large class of substances conform to this rule, there are notable exceptions. All the acids, bases, and salts—that is to say, the electrolytes, the very substances we have been considering—are exceptions. The solutions of these behave exactly as we might expect them to if some of their molecules were broken up into ions, as was suggested by Clausius. And the amount of the divergence often is so great as to indicate that not merely a very

few, but a considerable number of the molecules are thus broken up. The proportion of the molecules ionised in any given case is increased, as might be expected, by diluting the solution, and the effect of diluting is indeed so great that apparently some very dilute solutions contain comparatively little undissociated salt, but consist chiefly of free ions.

It would burden the reader too much if I put forward the whole mass, or even a fraction of the whole, of the evidence which exists in support of the ideas which have thus revolutionised the notions of many of us concerning the constitution of a class of compounds which until lately were considered to be typically stable, or permanent, in their character; and to be formed of atoms held together by a strong attraction; and which even to-day seem, in many cases, remarkable for their stability in the gaseous and solid states. Therefore it is only possible here to give the reader a bird's-eye view of the various stages by which this new *révolution chimique* has been brought about, first through the researches of the English electro-chemists in the Royal Institution, and secondly by the labours of Clausius, Arrhenius, van 't Hoff, Ostwald and their numerous and eminent colleagues. But there is one other point which must not be omitted altogether:

How do these ideas of the modern physical chemists adapt themselves to what we know about the relative activity of chemical compounds?

A very good idea of the position of the new theory in this regard can be formed from what has been learnt about the behaviour of the chief acids with the alkalis.

It used to be taught that sulphuric acid is a very strong acid because it has the power of expelling so many of the other acids from their salts. But we now recognise that this power of sulphuric acid may depend more on the volatility of the acid expelled than on the strength of the attraction of sulphuric acid for the metals of the salts it decomposes. For we find that when the attractions of the acids for the alkalis are compared by methods which avoid all such complications as may be caused by differences in the physical properties of the bodies concerned, first, that sulphuric acid is really a weaker acid than some of those which it so readily drives from their combinations; and secondly, and this is most important to us, that the figures which express the 'affinity constants,' as they are called, of the acids, express almost equally well their electric conductivities—that is, their

state of ionisation. The agreement of these values is, in fact, so close that in order to learn the relative affinities of two acids for an alkali, it is only necessary to ascertain their relative conducting powers. In other words, the chemical strength of an acid—its real chemical strength, that is, as measured when all interfering agencies have been eliminated—depends upon the number of ions present in its solution. Hydrochloric acid, which is highly ionised, is a stronger acid than sulphuric acid, which is less highly ionised; and this latter, in its turn, stronger than the still less ionised acetic acid, the acid of vinegar, which, again, is a stronger acid than carbonic acid, one of the least ionised of them all.

Here we seem to reach, at last, the common cause of the chemical activity of a chemical compound, and of its behaviour under the influence of an electric current. Both may be supposed to depend upon the tendency of the molecules of the compound to break up into their component ions when they enter into solution. Compounds in which the ions are strongly bound together, like sugar and many organic substances, are chemically inactive and are bad conductors. Those which break up into their ions more freely are more ready to react and are better conductors, and the best conductors—that is, the most highly ionised substances—are chemically the most active of all.

This, then, it seems is the origin of that identity of chemical and electrical phenomena which Davy was the first to foresee, and which was established by Faraday as one of the great facts of science by his brilliant experimental researches during the first half of the nineteenth century.

And here chemical theory rests for the moment. But only for the moment. Sooner or later this, the newest theory of chemistry, like all its predecessors, will have done its work, and will give way to some newer and better tool. For it must be remembered that a scientific theory is not merely an explanation, but a tool: as much a tool as the hammer and saw of the carpenter, the scalpel of the surgeon, or the planing machine of the engineer. Like them, it is intended to be used, and will be used, just as long as it is useful, but no longer. When its work is done it becomes, to borrow a phrase from the engineers, 'scrap,' and then the sooner it is replaced by a newer and better instrument the better it is for every one concerned in the matter. And yet, though it is true of every theory as a whole that sooner or later it becomes mere 'scrap,'

the reader will detect an element of error in the statement. The parts of every great theory may be, and probably will be, used again. The original theory of Dalton has become, as a whole, insufficient as an explanation of chemical phenomena. The hypothesis of Clausius, after half a century, is found to be inconsistent with the real facts. Yet neither of these hypotheses is really dead. We recognise each of them in the latest word of chemical science. No! (ific theories do not die. They do not go to the scra orn-out machines. They are transformed, elevated s to higher planes. For is there not an element of tru ne of them?

W. A. SHENSTONE.

THE PROBLEM OF LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED.

BY THE REV. WILSON CARLILE.

LONDONERS have recently had before their eyes the painful spectacle of large numbers of men doing nothing more useful, either to themselves or to the commonwealth, than parade the streets in procession. These men have by no means represented the total number who are out of work, and the question of the unemployed has again assumed prominence.

Candidly, I have little time, in my Church Army work, to deal exhaustively with the vast problem of social economics involved. Our position may be illustrated by supposing that a man has fallen overboard into the water. While we appreciate the importance of inquiring into the reasons which led to his fall, and commend those who would so improve the bulwarks that he will be less likely to overbalance in future, we feel it to be our *first* duty to fish him out. On this theory we base our relief and rescue work.

But the painful impression which the present state of affairs has occasioned should not be allowed to die away without careful consideration of the problem by the authorities and the public.

The question is both wide and deep—altogether beyond the scope of a single article. But it may be set down as an axiom that, in a properly organised community, no man willing and able to work should be reduced to starvation or dependence on charity. Making every allowance for the habitual loafer, and professional exploiter of charity, the fact remains that large numbers of deserving men have lately been unemployed. And be it remembered, that the men who are in street processions or tramping unsuccessfully after work, or besieging the doors of employment agencies and charitable societies, by no means represent the total number of sufferers. In bare homes, dark cellars, and bleak attics, are their hungry wives and children. All this goes to make up a matter ripe for consideration.

In his book on 'The Problem of the Unemployed,' Mr. John A. Hobson says:—

> That there does exist, even in periods of normally good trade, a large permanent over-supply of low-skilled and casual labour in all our large towns, there can be no possible doubt. In East London alone Mr. Charles Booth estimated the 'waste' or 'superfluity' at 100,000 (11¼ per cent of the whole).

Mr. Charles Booth considers that if the whole of this class (the 100,000) were swept out of existence, all the work they do could be done, together with their own work, by the men, women and children whom he groups in classes C. and D.

The evidence of Labour Bureaux goes to show that it is the man with no particular trade who suffers most from unemployment. To quote Mr. Hobson again:—

> Although no close statistical conclusions as to distribution of unemployment can be drawn from such sources, because the greater helplessness of low-paid labour would more readily drive it to have recourse to these Labour Bureaux, the evidence does warrant us in concluding that 'unemployment' is greater among the low-skilled and casual than among the high-skilled labourers.

This is also the experience of the Church Army.

The awful numbers of men who, even in times of normal conditions, are tottering and tumbling on the verge of employment—which spells starvation and misery—give us some idea of the state of things existing during the present depression of trade.

London's interest has chiefly been centred upon the processions of unemployed, since these brought the position of affairs before the eyes of all.

Let it be conceded at once, to those sceptical regarding the prevalence of distress, that not every man in the red-bannered processions was genuinely deserving. This could be seen at a glance by those in touch with the professional loafer, and it was confirmed in conversation with a member of the Socialist body organising the gatherings. While desiring to make out the best case for the processions, he admitted the worry and anxiety caused by loafers taking part.

To ensure that all who started out in the morning made the journey to Marble Arch and back, the tickets issued to every man at Mile End had to be exchanged for others in Hyde Park, only the holder of this second ticket being entitled to a share in the day's collection. But finding that many of the men went straight home from Hyde Park, instead of accompanying the procession on the rest of its journey, a further check had to be arranged. On

one occasion, the tickets were again changed on the Embankment, during the return march, and it was then found that 400 of the men who turned up for their money at night had been 'missing' since mid-day.

Among many of the genuine unemployed, the processions had a very bad name, large numbers refusing to join, stating that they objected to associate with tramps and loafers. This was the invariable statement of men applying to the Church Army for work.

I do not set down all members of the processions as loafers and work-shirkers. That would be cruel and untrue. There are many brilliant exceptions, and Mr. G. R. Sims gives the following example :—

> Let me give credit where credit is due. The other day, at the corner of St. James's Street, a woe-begone Unemployed held out his box to me, and I put my hand in my pocket to get some coppers. I was standing on the edge of the kerb at the time. After putting my contribution into the box I turned away. A moment afterwards the man came after me. 'Beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but you dropped a sixpence in the roadway when you pulled your hand out of your pocket!' He held it towards me. 'All right,' I said, 'you can keep it.' He said, 'Thank you,' and *put it in the collecting box.*

But I *do* question the wisdom of respectable working-men associating themselves with numbers of worthless individuals, and thus tending to alienate public sympathy.

During the mid-day halt in Hyde Park, large numbers of processionists used to call at the Church Army Headquarters, close by, asking for help. Many of these were given our 'work-food tickets,' which entitle the bearer to a meal on completion of fifteen minutes wood-chopping. Although one of our Labour Depôts, where these tickets may be presented, is distant only three minutes' journey, very few of the men turned up, and those who did so walked away disgusted on finding that the short work-test would be enforced.

Others of the same body of men were told to apply at our receiving office, close by, at 2 p.m., when arrangements would be made for finding work for as many as possible. Hardly a single man turned up, urging that this would prevent their rejoining the procession, and in a few days, finding that we tested the willingness to work of all applicants, the numbers from this source dwindled away.

But even assuming that the processions consisted exclusively of deserving out-of-work angels, there remain two serious objections.

(i) In the first place, it is not very clear what a man is doing towards seeking employment, when taking part in a procession through the streets. It would surely occur to a thinking man that he is hardly likely to find work in that way. The passer-by is entitled to ask the self-confessed unemployed how far he has looked for work, and whether he expects employers of labour to come into the streets and select their staffs. It is difficult to understand why men whose best chances of finding work lie in the East End, and other less fashionable parts of London should spend all the best part of the day marching through West End streets and loafing around orators in Hyde Park.

The organisers of these processions freely admit that their main object is to so reveal the numbers of unemployed as to force the Government and public opinion in the direction of social reform. In short, men are to spend their time in forming processions, instead of seeking work, and all as part of a political move. It may be seriously questioned whether those who thus regard the working-man as a mere pawn in the political game are his best friends.

(ii) The other objection which may be urged against the processions is equally in the interests of the men themselves.

The gatherings were nothing but huge begging expeditions, and the passer-by was sure to be pestered by numbers of men with collecting boxes. This sort of thing cannot fail to be degrading to all who take part, or share in the proceeds. Begging is an offence against society, and usually associated with the scum of the population. That honest working-men should be encouraged by the public to parade the streets with collecting boxes, depending upon casual charity, is a prostitution of manhood.

I have said that in this they were encouraged by a mistaken kindness on the part of a generous-hearted public, which freely bestowed coppers and silver when asked. I go further, and say that if there had been concerted action among the people of London, and nothing given to a street collection for twenty-four hours, a distinct gain would have resulted to all concerned.

The probable result would have been the abandonment of the processions, and the men would have scattered north, south, east, and west in search of employment. In this, a percentage would have been successful.

Others would have turned to such societies as the Church

Army for help. We had special Labour Yards opened in every part of London, and were offering assistance to all men willing to work. Thousands of men were thus assisted, and all married men paid half a crown for a day's work. As a matter of fact no man *earned* this money at wood-chopping, but he proved his *bona fides*. We bore whatever loss there was, while the man was saved from the shame of beggary, and the taint of pauperism.

My colleague, Mr. Colin F. Campbell, the Hon. Social Secretary of the Church Army, who voluntarily gives up his whole time to helping those who are down in the world, confirms me in the opinion, that had the moneys given carelessly to street processions been subscribed to such societies as our own, it would have been possible to offer relief to all willing to work.

Such an arrangement would have made it unnecessary for any man to beg, while the loafer and shirker would have been weeded out.

The folly of indiscriminate charity is well known to all social workers. I suppose that there is hardly a member of the Church Army staff who could not tell of men refusing work, and preferring to beg. A beggar once told me that he could not afford to work!

At one of our Provincial Labour Homes an inmate complained to the officer in charge that honest work did not pay him so well as begging. The officer was somewhat sceptical, and the man went out, returning in two hours with five shillings, the result of heartrending appeals on behalf of 'a poor unemployed workingman.'

I am compelled to admit that our Labour Homes cannot compete with a 'profession' which makes half-a-crown an hour!

But one very painful fact was noticeable in the processions of unemployed. I allude to the fact that so many appeared *unemployable*, from physical reasons. They were under-sized, underdeveloped, and underfed—below every standard and condition that makes for prosperity and success.

This was a very sad feature, and goes to show that part of the remedy for this state of affairs is knit up with other social problems. The conditions under which children are brought up among the poorer classes all make for a stunted and inefficient race. The temperance, housing, early marriage, large families, and other questions, are all closely connected with the 'unemployed problem.'

But while considering the matter, one cannot but be struck

by the fact that, in many parts of the country, farmers are complaining of the scarcity of men. It would surely be well to inquire how many of our surplus town workers might be advantageously shifted to rural districts, before we consider heroic schemes for opening public works and creating other artificial demands for labour.

A plan for the better distribution of labour would surely go far towards relieving the distress of our great cities. Here in London there are always many more men than are wanted for the work to be done. On the other hand, if newspaper reports and farmers' complaints be well founded, the reverse is the case in the country. The attractions of town life have drawn unwieldy numbers to our large centres, while the country is being denuded.

Any scheme that would re-adjust this ill-balanced state of affairs is worthy of consideration. To at once satisfy the farmers' demand for men, and relieve congested and over-supplied town districts, is an ideal plan, if workable. We want to get the deserving unemployed man into work in the country. How may this be done?

In the first place we require a central Labour and General Information Bureau in close touch with every part of the country and every form of employment. To this employers would report, at fixed and regular intervals, whether they were in need of men or not. On the other hand, men who were out of work would report the fact. We might then learn, in exact figures, how many men are wanted in Loamshire, and how many out of work in Loamtown. It should then be possible to offer an unemployed man the *certainty of work* in a given spot.

Against this, the obvious objection will be at once urged, that it is no good offering work in Devonshire or Durham to a penniless man in Whitechapel. Here arises another matter for consideration.

At the present time there are emigration societies which help selected men to reach our colonies, where chances of work offer themselves. What appears to be wanted is a similar scheme nearer home, whereby an unemployed man in London might be moved to another part of the country, where he *is* wanted. I understand that such a scheme is already working satisfactorily in go-ahead New Zealand.

But to bring men from towns, and keep them contented in

the country, village life would have to be made much more attractive. The formation of clubs, where a man may smoke his pipe, and play his 'hundred up' at billiards, without the expense and danger of the public-house, would go far to this end. It should also be possible to interest a percentage of the working-classes in reading and music, and thus the monotony of country evenings which drive so many to the towns would be relieved.

To do this it would be necessary to show the people that the delights of reading and music are not exhausted by the halfpenny newspaper and pennyworths of 'odds and ends,' nor by the public-house 'sing-song.' It might be found not altogether heathenish to give weekly or occasional lectures, and 'coffee concerts,' in school and parish rooms, on other subjects than temperance. Why should not smoking be allowed at times? Bright sacred concerts, with appropriate recitations, could easily be planned by the church choir and the village brass band, with refreshments at nominal charges in the interval.

What the average working man wants is a guide to reading, which the lectures would aim at providing. Turn him loose in a library, and he has no idea what book to reach down, or what to expect when he has opened it. Horace and Dickens, Virgil and Walter Scott, mean much the same to him.

Many other ways might be suggested of relieving the monotony of country life, which must be very great to those without some hobby or interest to occupy spare hours. Much will have been accomplished when village life is made brighter and more attractive.

But there is also to be remembered the fact that the country has its housing, drainage, water supply and other problems, as well as the town. Writing in the 'Daily Mail' on February 3, 1903, Mr. A. Montefiore-Bruce said:—

> I know a village where there are no fewer than thirty cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in each of these single bedrooms, six, seven, and more people are sleeping. In one of them, father, mother, and eight children huddle together. In another, father, mother, and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living room downstairs, and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch; it is also an open sewer.
>
> I pass to another village. Again I find one bedroom per cottage and the overcrowding. In that village, as in others I could name, the thatched roofs of the cottages are riddled with holes—the rain falls directly on the beds. The walls are of mud, and the wide cracks in them are stuffed with rags to keep out the wind.

Again, I pass to another village, and once more I find the one bedroom and the one living room. The bedroom is reached by a rough ladder. I climb the ladder—I see the sky through the roof—small pans are placed about to catch the rain. Father, mother, and four grown-up sons and daughters sleep here in two beds.

Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch supplies another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps lie piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages; the wooden floors within are rotten with sewage.

Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—easily vie with them. I could write of lonely cottages, far across the fields, with no water within a mile; whence the children, morning after morning, walk two miles to school and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where of drainage there is none; where of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown.

Is it surprising that I can put my finger on a rural district where in one year diphtheria attacked 202 persons, and on a village of 104 persons where twenty-three were victims of the same complaint? Can we wonder that from such conditions those who can seek to escape? The lack of decent cottages, where a decent life can be lived, is itself a fertile cause of rural depopulation. In one great group of East Anglian villages the population has in the last ten years decreased by 8,878, which, taking the average population of the villages, is equivalent to the complete blotting out of twenty-five villages in that area in a single decade.

This is a long quotation, but important, as showing the sort of things to be remedied before we can hope to attract men back to the land.

But besides this deserving class, there remains the loafer and shirker group.

For convicted beggars and loafers, farm colonies already exist in Belgium, Holland, and Germany, where thousands of men are employed in agricultural work under a kind of military discipline. An attempt is made to give a sound moral and industrial basis to broken-down characters. The establishment of these labour colonies has already been urged in the minority report of the Labour Commission, and the success of the principle has now been more than proved by the Labour Homes of the Church Army studded throughout Great Britain.

Such an arrangement in England would rid our towns of an

undesirable element, while leaving the way clear for the deserving honest man to earn a livelihood.

But, after all, these are but theories and suggestions put forward to meet a painful state of affairs. A workable solution will surely have the support of all, and the Church Army will ever direct its efforts towards better conditions of life for those whom the working-man Martyr of Calvary bade us love as ourselves.

BY MY FAITH AS A BANKER.

BANKS, more especially private banks of the age and discretion of Froude's, do much more for their customers than keep their money in safety. We collect their revenues, lock up their spoons, lend money on their stocks and their land, pay their subscriptions to clubs and hospitals, and above all keep their secrets. I, who am the head of Froude's—though withdrawn from active service—am so charged with other people's secrets that sometimes one, much coloured and disguised, oozes from my memory. Then being fixed upon paper it goes out into the world. I am careful to betray no confidence; all the individual essence of name and place and time is extracted from the secret, and it becomes, to the world outside Froude's, a mere story, a poor piece of fiction.

Among my business correspondence one morning many years ago was the following letter:

'DEAR SIR,—I shall be in the City to-morrow morning and will call at the bank at half-past eleven. My business relates to the mortgage deed, executed in the name of Mrs. Olive Rayner, under which your firm made an advance to me in January, 1883.

'Truly yours,

'OLIVE PENRUDDOCK.'

When I had gone through my other letters I called in a clerk and sent for the papers endorsed Mrs. Olive Rayner. In a few minutes he brought the bundle from the strong room.

As I can rid myself of callers the sooner by knowing all about their business before they arrive, I at once ran over the documents relating to Mrs. Rayner's loan. We had advanced her 2,000*l.* on the security of certain freehold house property, vested in trustees for her absolute benefit, and the interest had been paid regularly.

'Hum,' I said. 'That is simple enough.'

Precisely at half-past eleven a card was brought to me, and in obedience to my nod the lady was shown into my parlour. She was about forty years old, and in manner exactly resembled her admirably businesslike letter. Mrs. Olive Penruddock lives

in my memory as one of the few women callers against whom I have not needed to use my secret system of ejection. It is a grand system, courteous yet effective, and is set moving by an electric bell-push placed near my right foot. Mrs. Penruddock had cause enough for embarrassment and circumlocution, yet throughout our interview she was as concise and unflinching as a law report in 'The Times.' And I listened to her with so deep an interest that my foot never once felt for my bell.

'You have my letter, Mr. Froude?' she began.

'I have. Here are the papers relative to the small matter of business between us.'

'You have read them?'

'Yes.'

'Then you know that my name is Olive Rayner, and that I am the wife of Thomas Rayner.'

I noticed that while her distinctly beautiful eyes looked steadily at me, her lips were white and twitching.

'Unless—unless you have married again your name is Rayner. Perhaps——'

'I have not married again.'

I glanced at the signature to her letter.

'Can you spare me five minutes—five full minutes?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I feel that you do not come to me without grave reason.'

'I do not,' answered she. Then she went on steadily, looking in my face all the time.

'My father was a drunkard and a gambler, and he disposed of me twenty-five years ago to a bookmaker, who was also a drunkard, in liquidation of a debt. I was a pretty child of fifteen, and was taken in place of cash. There was a marriage in church, for my father was most religious. My husband's name was Rayner. I lived with him for five unspeakable months and then I ran away—an unhappy child who ought to have been in short frocks. I ran away and tried to keep myself. All I now know of my husband is that he still lives. My dead mother's friends helped me. Then four years later I met Mr. Henry Penruddock. We fell in love with one another, Mr. Froude; and if ever a man deserved a woman's single love and devotion it was Mr. Penruddock. He asked me to be his wife and I told him my poor story. "Will you trust to me, Olive?' he said. "It shall be the same as marriage." And I trusted to him. I have trusted to him for

twenty years, and it has been the same as marriage. Few know that I am not his wife; our own friends do not know; our two children do not know. You know because I borrowed some money from you on the little property which came to me from my mother in order to help him in his business. He has prospered and I am his partner, in his office as in his house. For twenty years I have shared his purse and his table, and through those years he has never failed to keep his promise in word and in spirit. He has never failed in his great love and in his tender respect—his respect, Mr. Froude.'

'He must be——' I was about to add 'a very fine fellow,' but paused on the threshold of an impertinence.

'I have a son and a daughter,' she went on, 'and my daughter is engaged to be married. You will understand that I hold it no part of my duty to hinder my daughter's free choice. All I wish to do is to shield her from the penalty of my sin. After long years of safety danger is approaching from an unexpected quarter. The man to whom my little Olive is promised knows that I have some houses and that they are mortgaged to you. He has not asked me for details, but I learn that inquiries have been made and are being made. There is, I fear, an unscrupulous persistency in the young man's character, for in spite of a hint that everything of mine shall be my daughter's, he continues in his desire to see my title-deeds. My trustees report that "they have sat upon him"—the words are theirs, Mr. Froude. If he comes to you, and if you show him that mortgage deed on your desk my secret is out; I am a shamed woman, and my poor daughter is unworthy to be the bride of a respectable man. My girl must never know what I am and what she is. And so I appeal to you to bury the truth as it has been buried these twenty years.'

'I understand,' I said abruptly. 'You wish to appeal to the secrecy of Froude's.'

'Yes.'

'You may trust to us as you would to—to Mr. Penruddock,' I answered, smiling kindly. 'Nothing less powerful than an order from the High Court shall tear that deed from my strong room, and even then we will make a fight for it. Froude's always stands by its customers, Madam.'

She rose at once.

'Thank you, Mr. Froude; you speak like an English gentleman.'

'Say, rather, like a London banker.'

'As you will, Mr. Froude.' She held out her hand, and then withdrew it, blushing slightly. I am proud to write that I stepped up to that woman, shook her cordially by the hand, and showed her to the bank doors myself.

'Good-bye—Mrs. Penruddock,' I said with deliberation, and from the light in her eyes I saw that she was pleased.

It is possible that I should have dealt less amiably with Mrs. Penruddock—to whom, I think, the title is due in courtesy—if her request had not been agreeable to my humour. As the head of Froude's and the guardian of its honour I have always strongly resented outside interference between ourselves and our customers. We should not be worthy of our present repute if those who give us their confidence could not depend on us to keep it.

About a fortnight after Mrs. Penruddock's visit Mr. Wotherspoon, of Messrs. Tunny & Wotherspoon, solicitors of Gray's Inn, called upon me.

'I am instructed to approach you in a matter of some delicacy,' said he.

'Yes?' I answered. His firm was young, but otherwise, I believe, respectable.

'I represent one party to a family contract—in fact to a marriage—and my man, who is the bridegroom *nisi*, very rightly wants to look into the property which his bride *in posse* may reasonably be expected to inherit.'

'Quite so,' I said. The man irritated me; I detest the intrusion of cheap legal Latin into plain talk.

'The other side has, I am instructed, no objection.'

'Then why does not the other side supply the desired information?'

Mr. Wotherspoon coughed.

'My client is a man of great delicacy.'

'I see,' replied I dryly. 'His delicate instincts teach him that the other side might misconstrue his very proper inquiries.'

'I do not say that you are incorrect, Mr. Froude.'

'Hum,' I said. 'What do you want of us?'

'We only ask for permission to inspect some papers which you hold.'

'Really, Mr. Wotherspoon,' I replied sharply, 'you must know that as bankers we cannot possibly grant you permission.'

'Why not?'

'Would you show a client's papers to a chance applicant?'

'Lawyers occupy a position of exceptional confidence, Mr. Froude.'

'So do bankers,' I returned with emphasis.

Mr. Wotherspoon coughed again. It is in this manner that lawyers acknowledge a thrust.

'Is your refusal final, Mr. Froude?'

'Oh dear no,' said I, blandly complaisant. 'The written consent of our customer, whose papers you wish to inspect, would have great weight if thrown into your scale. The written consent.'

'I am glad that you are not implacable. I will confer with my client.'

So speaking he went away, and left me still blandly smiling. I was glad that Mr. Wotherspoon's cautious temper did not permit him to mention Mrs. Penruddock's name. Otherwise I should have felt bound to have stopped all further negotiations. This I had no desire to do. My sympathy with Mrs. Penruddock was such that I wished to keep her daughter's betrothed at play with me for as long a time as possible. His energies would then be harmlessly active, and his attention would be diverted from regions perhaps more fertile in information.

Two days later Mr. Wotherspoon returned.

'This letter will, I venture to think, remove your proper scruples, Mr. Froude.'

He yielded a paper into my hands, and as I looked at it a strong emotion seized me.

'Mr. Wotherspoon,' I asked, 'from whom did you receive this document?'

'From my client, Mr. Burrows, the son-in-law *in futuro* of the writer.'

I banged the electric bell on my table, and a clerk stood in the doorway.

'I require a witness in a matter so grave,' said I sternly. 'Will you repeat your words in the presence of this gentleman, my clerk?'

The lawyer stared at me, hesitated, and then said:

'I can see no objection, though I think the course unnecessary. The letter in your hand, Mr. Froude, was handed to me by my client, Mr. Alfred Burrows.'

'That is enough.' When the door had closed, I went on, 'Can you bring your client here at once?'

'It is not impossible, though I fail to grasp the need. You will observe that I myself am authorised to examine Mrs. Penruddock's papers.'

'Precisely,' I returned grimly. 'But it is my pleasure to deal only with principals. Will you, therefore, be so good as to tell your client that I await his presence here, and kindly humour me by returning with him.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Froude, but are you not piling up uncalled for labour and expense?'

'I am not in the habit of acting without reason or of giving more explanation than I think fit. If my conditions are too irksome, it is easy to avoid them. Only in that case there will be no inspection of documents, and I shall be obliged to retain this interesting letter of authority signed by Mrs. Olive Penruddock.'

He raised himself with an air of languid, almost pitying, complaisance, and, as I thought of the tremendous shock I had in keeping for him, I enjoyed some moments of exhilarating amusement.

The letter which I continued to hold in my hand ran as follows:—

'Please allow Mr. Wotherspoon to inspect the papers which you hold in my name.

'OLIVE PENRUDDOCK.'

I placed the letter on my table, and beside it I laid the note from Mrs. Penruddock which I have already quoted in this narrative. And as I looked at them my anger grew hot within me.

I was still examining the two papers when Mr. Wotherspoon came back and introduced a young man to me as Mr. Alfred Burrows.

'Please sit down,' said I.

Before entering upon the serious business before me I closely observed the young man. He was not ill-looking, he was correctly dressed, his face was sharpened by intelligence, yet my nephew George Froude would have described him in one word. Mr. Alfred Burrows was what modern youth call a 'bounder.'

'You gave this document to Mr. Wotherspoon?' I began, holding the letter towards him.

'Yes.'

'From whom did you obtain it?'

'From Mrs. Penruddock.'

'From the lady herself?'

'Yes.'

'Hum!' I commented. 'It's a forgery.'

Burrows sprang up, flushing hotly.

'Sir, do you mean to suggest——?'

'Yes, I do. Sit down.'

The rapid passage of question and answer had been too fast for Mr. Wotherspoon, but at this point he managed to break in with, 'This is a very serious thing to say, Mr. Froude.'

'It is a more serious thing to do,' I snapped savagely. 'Froude's has not had so gross an insult put upon it in my memory.'

'Come, come, Mr. Froude. You are excited and fanciful. Calm yourself, my dear sir.'

I ignored the lawyer and addressed young Burrows:

'You have asserted in our presence that Mrs. Penruddock herself gave you this authority to inspect her papers by deputy. As it happens I have conclusive evidence in my possession that Mrs. Penruddock never did anything of the kind. This letter is a clumsy forgery which, by your own admissions, can only have been written by yourself. Am I a child, is Froude's an asylum for idiots, that you should dare try to palm such rubbish upon us? Young man, confess the crime at once, or go out of this room in the custody of police officers.'

'Come, come, Mr. Froude,' interrupted the solicitor, 'I cannot allow my client to be rushed in such a fashion. Be good enough to recollect that I am his legal adviser and that he makes no admission of any sort without my sanction.'

'As you please,' I returned indifferently. 'We will then adjourn at once and meet again in Guildhall.'

Mr. Wotherspoon eyed his client keenly, and then turned once more to me.

'If you withhold your evidence from us we can do nothing. Show me your hand, Mr. Froude. It may be the better for all parties.'

'That is but fair.' And I rang my bell.

'Mr. Wilson,' I said to my clerk, 'please show this young man into the customers' waiting-room, and stay there with him. If he attempts to leave the bank, restrain him by force.'

'Your conduct is most irregular, Mr. Froude,' reproved the lawyer.

'Entirely so. Nevertheless, my orders will be obeyed.'

'Now, Mr. Wotherspoon,' I said, when we were alone, 'read those two letters. One you gave me just now, the other was sent to me by Mrs. Olive Penruddock just sixteen days since.'

He read, and I saw his face set hard.

'The papers are in the name of Mrs. Olive Rayner. Doubtless she has subsequently remarried?'

'No doubt. But the writer of your authority of this morning was palpably ignorant of the fact. That is why he wrote "In my name, OLIVE PENRUDDOCK," whereas the lady herself is most business-like and explicit. She says, "My business relates to the mortgage deed executed in the name of Mrs. Olive Rayner."'

'There is a discrepancy, but surely it is capable of explanation. The explicit language of the first letter was necessary for your guidance; while the second letter was composed on the assumption that the real facts would be fresh in your memory.'

'Very acute and very true,' answered I smiling. 'Now turn your attention to the signatures.'

I gave him time to examine the letters closely, and then resumed:

'Mr. Henry Penruddock has an account with us, and we are, of course, familiar with his signature. But until Mrs. Penruddock wrote to me the other day I had no acquaintance with her handwriting. The writer of your authority credited us with so little knowledge of the lady's penmanship that he scarce troubled even to imitate her hand.'

'Different pens, different circumstances, affect handwriting immensely.'

'Not in a banker's eyes, Mr. Wotherspoon. Unless we were practical experts in handwriting we might lose thousands every week through forgery.'

'Still, if your case rests simply on these letters, I must say that your accusation is something reckless.'

'It does not rest upon them. They are mere decorative adjuncts. I knew your authority was a forgery before ever I saw it. Mrs. Penruddock called upon me the week before last, warned me that attempts would be made by your young man to examine her papers, and pledged me to hold them secret. And I would have done so in the face of fifty authorities, however genuine in appearance, on my faith as a banker.'

Mr. Wotherspoon handed the letters back to me and folded his arms.

'Shall we send for the young man?'

'Are you going to prosecute?'

'Not if he confesses. There are reasons connected, I may say, with Mrs. Penruddock which make me unwilling to carry the story into court. Still, I must bring that insolent ruffian to

his knees. Froude's is not lightly to be made a school for amateur forgers.'

The lawyer was deep in thought, and did not look up till his client walked in attended by two stout clerks. The young fellow refused to seat himself.

'If there is a law in England——' he began.

'Happily there is,' I interrupted grimly. 'Mr. Wilson, please send the *commissionaire* for a constable.'

The clerks retired, and I faced Mr. Burrows.

'Now, sir, I can give no more time to this unprofitable affair. Will you kindly advise your client, Mr. Wotherspoon?'

'Mr. Froude has favoured me with his evidence,' the lawyer began slowly, 'and it must be admitted that his theory has strong *prima facie* support. Nevertheless, one must not forget that a good legal maxim says *Audi alteram partem*. I shall not, therefore, pronounce an opinion until the case for the defence has been examined. You have stated in my hearing, Mr. Burrows, that the alleged forged document was handed to you personally by Mrs. Penruddock. If you are able to call Mrs. Penruddock in evidence, do not make any admissions; if not, I must urge you seriously to reconsider your position.'

'Speak plainly, man,' cried Burrows roughly.

'Well, in two words the position is this: If you admit that the document, which is alleged to be a forgery, was the result of, shall we say, excess of delicacy and of matrimonial prudence on your part, Mr. Froude is willing to let the indiscretion be passed over as far as the Law Courts are concerned. If you plead innocence and fight, you will be opposed to a battery of very strong evidence backed by the wealth and influence of Froude's. And I may say that your defence will call for the services of a more capable solicitor than myself.'

'You throw me over, then!'

Mr. Wotherspoon expressed a shocked surprise. 'My dear young sir!' he remonstrated, '*I* throw you over! No, no. I shall merely interpret your disregard of my present advice to you to plead guilty as a plain expression of dissatisfaction with my services. I throw a client over! Never!'

'This is the first I have heard of your advice.'

'My good sir, I have been pouring out advice for the past ten minutes.'

'You've been a fat lot of use to me!' cried Burrows with native coarseness. 'Do you always do as little for your wages?'

He turned his back on the lawyer and addressed himself to me. 'I can't understand how you do business at all, Mr. Froude, if you turn the whole bank upside down for a trifle like this. One would think that I had forged a cheque. You make a pretty show of generosity by not prosecuting, though, as you have lost nothing and I have gained nothing, I'm blessed if I see anything to prosecute for. Yes, I wrote the letter. Now are you satisfied?'

'Perfectly,' answered I serenely. 'Nothing remains but for you to leave the bank, and for me to communicate with Mrs. Penruddock.'

This shot took the miscreant in the chest, and staggered him.

'You will tell her?'

'Of course. How otherwise can she fully appreciate her son-in-law's talents?'

The anger in his eyes gave place to a strange look of pain. 'Poor little Olive,' he murmured. 'Poor little girl.' Then he turned away, and for the moment my heart found room for pity.

My report to Mrs. Penruddock was acknowledged in person by her daughter, Miss Olive. The daughter had the mother's steady eyes and the mother's direct honesty of speech.

'Mr Froude,' said she, 'is it really all true about Alfred?'

'It is really true,' I answered sadly. 'There was no room for doubt at all, even setting aside his own confession.'

She sighed, and I felt that this small sign from her spoke more of sorrow than tears from a weaker woman.

'Why did he do it?'

'I fear that Mr. Burrows is one of those who turn naturally into crooked ways. He wanted certain information relative to your mother's property, and finding me unwilling to help, thought to put aside my resistance with a lie. I question if he looked upon his action as a crime as all.'

'Still, I do not understand. Why could not my mother——?'

'There are reasons—family reasons—in which you are interested, why your mother could not permit him to see her title-deeds or give him any information with respect to them.'

'Oh!' She drew a long breath and the blood flamed in her cheeks. 'So you know.'

'I know nothing,' I answered stolidly.

'I see that you know. And mother, poor dear mother, was afraid lest I should find it out. So she came to you, and told you—I know how brave she is; she told you as calmly as if she

were reading a story out of a book, and you could not see that her soul was in a red agony of shame. Poor dear little mother!' And the younger Olive broke into hard sobs, which battered at the defences of my old heart.

'My dear young lady,' I murmured. 'My dear girl.'

'Mr. Froude,' went on my visitor, when she had mastered her emotion, 'I have known for years that my father and my mother —that they are not married. A little cousin told me when we were at school, and neither of us was old enough to understand what it meant. We hid the knowledge, my brother and I, at first as children in love with a secret, and afterwards of set purpose. We feared lest mother should fancy that she saw in chance looks and words a falling off in love and in respect, Mr. Froude.'

'My dear,' I cried recklessly, 'I think little of a sin which gave your mother such a daughter as you.'

She turned upon me eyes glittering with unfallen tears.

'Can you, too, respect my mother?'

'I respect and honour her. All moral laws, however just and necessary, must be administered in sympathy. Who am I to remember only faults, and to shut my mind against virtues, to call for punishment in Heaven when I can see the workings of God's vengeance on earth? Has not your mother purged her sin in the years of fear lest you should one day withdraw your respect from her; in the years of regret—not that she has shared a good man's life, but that her children have been born with the brand of shame upon them? You cannot soften her regret, but you can take away her fear.'

'Shall I tell her, then?'

'My dear,' I said, 'I have lived among other people's secrets all my life, and I have learned that few are worth the misery they breed in keeping.'

'I understand. Yes, you are right. I can take away my mother's fear.'

'You can take it away. Not all at once, perhaps, but gradually. Then when your mother has the same faith in your constant affection as in that of your father, you may count yourself worthy to be saved with them or damned with them. It matters little, so long as you are not divided.'

And so she left me, to help bear her mother's burden as became the gallant heart within her.

BENNET COPPLESTONE.

THE EVILS OF PROPERTY.

I DO not think there has ever been much of the miser in my composition. And yet I can dimly recollect a time—it must have been before I went to school—when there were distinct signs of the hoarding tendency within me. This was, I presume, one of those cardinal points in the life of man when the slightest impulse one way or the other effects radical and remarkable changes. Had some incautious godfather, for example, given me a five-pound note (to spend, not to put in the bank) at that crisis, it is more than probable that I might have developed into a careful accumulator. By now, perhaps, I might have been a wealthy man, at the cost of much that makes life worth living. Fortunately, my godfathers—and indeed my other relations—displayed a noble and steadfast disinclination to go beyond the occasional and harmless half-sovereign. There is not much danger now of backsliding—except possibly in one direction. I have fought, one by one, most of the collector's weaknesses, and overcome them. I have no longer the desire to accumulate postage stamps, birds' eggs, butterflies, coins (even of the seventh Edward), prints, or rare editions. But books! I have still moments when a sort of madness seizes me, and the second-hand bookshop becomes a terrible temptation. If I had fifty pounds a year more I make no doubt that every room in the house would soon be lined with books. There is no more comfortable papering. But, on the whole, I do not know that I want that fifty pounds.

Book-buying, however, is an amiable weakness, and I would not lightly say anything, being myself an author of several sufficiently unpopular volumes, to check the impulse in others. I am no fanatic; and of all the gear with which we surround ourselves books are indisputably the pleasantest luxury. Yes, upon reflection I would encourage the library, among men of comfortable means. It need not interfere greatly with that priceless jewel of independence, so often lost in the midst of the countless trifles we gather round us for the adornment of our houses. But I would have my books, I think, handy and portable. There should certainly be nothing beyond an octavo in my library, for I would use it as a storehouse from which to draw travelling companions on my journeys. And even this

concession, I can see, would shackle me. It were better, perhaps, after all, to possess no more than could be carried comfortably in a portmanteau.

I am glad to note that the love of property is diminishing in me gradually year by year. By degrees I am becoming emancipated from this thraldom; and I ascribe the cure in large measure to married life. When I look back upon myself as I was ten, twelve, and twenty years ago, I remark with an amused surprise the keenness with which I would defend my title to some trifling possession, claimed, perhaps, by a sister or a brother-in-law. I was jealous, as so many of us foolishly are, of giving up my rights. I will not say that the marriage service revealed my error to me in a flash, but it very soon became obvious that the pregnant words 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' had a more literal sense than I had imagined at the time. One by one I watched Phyllis absorb my most cherished ornaments. My study, furnished at first with what remained of my college pictures and photographs, had to receive new and more artistic decoration; my favourite books were transferred to the drawing-room; the chair specially bought for me to rest in after a day's hard writing went the same road, because there was really nothing for old and stout visitors to sit on. I remember some slight annoyance over this at the time, but I can see now that it was better so. My last trace of resentment vanished, I think, before she began to use my writing-table (a magnificent roll-top desk with innumerable pigeon-holes) for the inditing of her own voluminous correspondence. How absurd it seems now that I should ever have resented losing the exclusive use of that massive piece of furniture! Since she acquired the habit of sharing it with me I do less work, which is no doubt much better for my health. I sit and listen to her pen—she uses a quill—squeaking with a feverish alacrity; for Phyllis writes her letters without pausing to reflect, until she comes upon a word that she cannot spell; and thus I drowse away my evenings contentedly enough.

The ordinary citizen who marries becomes at once a cogwheel in a complicated machine—his household; just as his household is an unimportant fraction in the more complicated mechanism of the State. This is unavoidable, I imagine; and yet I would fain be as little of a cogwheel as possible. Only a modified independence, perhaps, is practicable for the married man. Deliberately he has made the exchange, and it would be ridi-

culous to complain of the fetters himself has riveted. But he may yet do something. He may, for example, live in a flat. I have always had a secret desire to do so myself; and there have been times when, for a few days, I have infected Phyllis with my own enthusiasm. From a flat, it is possible, at all events, to go away without making endless preparations. You lock your door, speak a word to the porter, and jump into a hansom cab, your modest luggage on the roof. Whereas with a house——

I write in a careless moment, or the words 'modest luggage' would not have escaped me. No! Here, indeed, is one element of freedom dropped at the church door. You shall never again travel without one of those cumbrous arks with curved roof, delicately stuffed with layers of flimsy dresses. Bear in mind again that I write in no scornful spirit. I am not of those who imagine that ladies can travel without a reasonable provision of pretty clothes. It is their mission to be beautiful; they are the flowers of life; and how admirably do they (some of them) fulfil their mission! I know husbands who complain, who would cut their wives' luggage down to a paltry portmanteau, who scoff cruelly at the vanity of woman. My good men, did you imagine when you entered upon the holy estate that you were going to gain everything and give nothing in exchange? Surely it is not much to ask that you should fasten the straps of your wife's half-dozen trunks and packages, affix labels, help the staggering cabman convey one or two of the mammoths to the four-wheeler outside, and keep an eye on the collection through the journey? Some men will grumble at anything. Light marching order is well enough for the bachelor; the married man cannot learn too early that it is mere false economy to crush an expensive dress. Let him cut down his own equipment if he will. Personally I have learned by experience to take half a portmanteau for my share; the other half will sometimes just hold the absolute necessaries crowded out of Phyllis's boxes.

Are we, then, to give up all hopes of independence, of that self-sufficiency (not in the modern and debased sense of the word) lauded by Aristotle? It is an obligation upon us to defer to the wishes of the beneficent creatures who have consented to share our lives. An obligation? It is much more: it should be our delight. To this end we must suffer cheerfully the accumulation of those little knick-knacks, those 'occasional' tables and chairs, those multitudinous cushions, cloths, rugs,

pictures, ornaments, that threaten by degrees to choke our homes. It does not greatly matter, if we can bring ourselves to regard them in the right spirit. At one time, I admit, they oppressed me. It seemed to me that they were so many nails clamping down the coffin-lid of freedom. But I see now that when the love of property has departed it matters not a whit how much your rooms are cluttered with furniture. All this gear is nothing to me. I have insured it for a reasonable sum against fire and burglary, and, save for the trouble of filling up forms, I care not how soon or in what manner it disappears. At present the only inconvenience I suffer from it is the periodical necessity of helping Phyllis move the various component parts into some new and more artistic scheme—a trifling annoyance, that would be a pleasure were I more amiably constituted.

Much as I dislike being tied down, I own freely that I am oppressed with a still greater dread at the thought of useless change. To my mind, furniture once put in position should not be rashly moved. Debate for a while, if you will, upon the best place for your piano before it arrives; when it comes, put it in its appointed corner without misgiving, and, in Heaven's name, let it stay there. I could endure patiently—nay, gladly—the sight of my furniture as it now stands for the term of my natural life. The eye rests comfortably upon the old-established arrangement; it does not roam about, looking anxiously for some former landmark. But women are seldom built after this model. No self-respecting wife, I imagine, would dream of allowing her drawing-room furniture to stay unmoved for so much as three months. I should say little (merely noting it as a remarkable trait of character) if Phyllis confined herself to the drawing-room; but she pervades the whole house with the spirit of unrest. I note her sometimes, as we sit in my study of an evening, eyeing some photograph or pipe-rack with a curious fixity of gaze. The next day, coming in from my afternoon walk to the club, something in the appearance of the room strikes me—an indefinite sense of oppression. Another landmark has gone; my clock, perhaps, has been spirited from the mantelpiece to the top of the bookcase, or a new picture has replaced one of my cherished photographs of the college boat. I am glad to notice that I can regard these changes now without serious discomposure. There was a time when they would have made me melancholy for a whole evening.

Reading some weeks ago a favourite book of mine—it was one of the volumes of Greville's 'Memoirs'—I came upon the following passage and copied it out. I do not often take the trouble to transcribe fragments of this kind, but the picture of the happy subject of Mr. Greville's sketch approached so nearly to my own ideal of good fortune that I went straightway for my note-book. And what lover of freedom would not read this with a quickening pulse?

Old Creevey is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister; he married a widow, who died a few years ago; she had something, he nothing; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs, displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humour, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory Government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died; upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year or less, no home, few connections, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes, no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pockets. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys everything as he wants it at the place he is at; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty, and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

Before the widow died, I wonder greatly what may have been the late Mr. Creevey's method of life. That might have been of value to the married man, as his later habits are, to my thinking, the brightest exemplar to the bachelor. But it is easy to imagine that his temporary home in Brussels—probably a lodging-house—was furnished with a lofty simplicity. What a subject for an 'Imaginary Conversation' would be this of 'Old Creevey' and the Great Duke, ranging from the field of European politics to that of household economy! This undistinguished Whig ex-M.P. holds in my esteem a place in English history hardly second to Hampden; a true lover of liberty, he defied the conventions and popular opinion—an infinitely harder task than the opposing of an unconstitutional monarch. Yet there is, so far as I am aware, no statue of the heroic Creevey extant in these realms; an unthinking country knows not his place of sepulture; even the American tourist does not stay to shed a hasty tear over his modest tomb or mural tablet, if indeed it still survive. I should

like to see his portrait, which should certainly be in the National Portrait Gallery.

A house, even a flat, I suppose, implies servants, or at any rate a servant. It is necessary, much as we may deplore the tyranny of convention, to have someone who will answer the bell, receive packages, cook and wash up, and scrub the floors. I confess I should like to know how many servants the excellent Creevey employed in the days of his companionship with the widow. One, I suspect, at the most; and the master and his wife, gallant souls, were not above waiting upon themselves at table, and perhaps taking a turn at washing up the dishes or cleaning the knives. I stayed once with a family, and I count it one of my happiest recollections, who carried on their life on this principle of a glorified picnic, and we, the guests, did our share of the work and enjoyed it. In fact, when you come to think of it, is it not absurd for two people in reasonable health to demand the services of more than a single domestic? 'If people come, I like them to be comfortable' is the argument commonly used by the lady of the house. Women, with all their virtues, rarely have the courage to stray from the beaten track. But what really afflicts them when they talk in this strain is not so much a fear that Jones may not relish his wine if he has to pour it out for himself, but anxiety as to what Mrs. Jones may say when she gets home. With this feminine dread of criticism is conjoined a feminine spirit of emulation, and the two together land many households in the bankruptcy court. Celia, my sister-in-law, has two, or maybe four servants; why should I be less comfortable than Celia? This is the commonest of arguments, and I need not insist upon it. It applies with equal or greater strength when Celia has a new hat or a new summer dress. Simplicity, I fancy, is essentially a masculine virtue, and rare enough even among men. Yet it is possible to do something by insisting on its value as a pathway to the Higher Life. In theory I have already persuaded Phyllis of its advantages; she often pleases me at breakfast by her sarcastic comments on the follies of the rich; it is only in practice that her feminine instinct still sometimes masters her reason. In time I have hopes that we may win through to something remotely resembling the Creevean Idea.

E. H. Lacon Watson

TRAVELS WITH A T-*SQUARE.*

For a fellow in quest of work—in this case a professional man hunting for a good permanent position—South Florida can hardly be esteemed a desirable base of operations. Having exhausted its possibilities from an architect's point of view, having assured myself that no fortune was to be made in putting up thousand-dollar wooden mansions for colonists afflicted with a chronic shortness of cash, I perceived that clients were more expensive to cultivate than orange trees, and just as liable to unexpected 'cold snaps.' So I determined to quit the country before succumbing to the fatal *dolce far niente* habit of its seasoned settlers. Bidding a long farewell to all my hypothetical greatness as the Pugin-cum-Wren of the Flower State, I sold off house and land and entered upon the joys of travel.

It was at Port Tampa, waiting for the New Orleans trading steamer, that I made an excellent beginning by falling in with a millionaire—my first, my only millionaire. We became quite chums. He was not a bit the conventional article one reads about in newspapers. He had been a 'Forty-niner'—*i.e.* in the earliest Californian gold-rush; and the regularity of his very ordinary features had been affected by casual premature explosions, insomuch that his countenance presented an archaic pattern of blue spots upon a yellow surface. He was a shrewd, pleasant man of simple habits, and treated me to much kindly advice and encouragement. But his infatuation for playing checkers (*Anglicè* draughts) was only paralleled by a taste for raw onions, which he indulged with the recklessness of a navvy. An excellent dinner was to be had at the Tampa Hotel. He laboured through it, however, without enthusiasm, until dessert came on. Then the coloured waiter would bring him his onion, which he tackled with great gusto, assisted by a huge pocket-knife. In an evening, playing checkers in the smoking-room, he would produce a surreptitious onion from his pocket and nibble—which has a singularly disconcerting effect upon an opponent. We went about a good deal together, and he was anxious that I should secure a good billet, but did not commission me with a cathedral or town-hall. On the contrary, he was emphatic on the advan-

tageous prospects of life in a shipping office, whilst I was prejudiced in favour of keeping to one's own profession. At that time I had scarcely realised that in America you can follow half a dozen professions in rapid sequence, with handicrafts *ad lib.* thrown in. If one doesn't answer, try the next. Through the millionaire's influence I obtained a berth in a little cargo-boat bound for Mobile. I had made my first move. Florida was behind me.

Mobile was a charming place, sleepy and quiet, with the air of having seen better days. There was little to see, nothing to do. Arriving there at early morning, I explored the town, and then loafed in orthodox fashion until the New Orleans train should start. By that time the 'first fine careless rapture' of my adventuring had begun to wear off. To get into New Orleans at six o'clock on a dull, damp evening, with the vaguest notions as to its possibilities, does not induce the most favourable view of the 'Crescent City.' But the necessity for finding work stared me somewhat grimly in the face; and I sought to mollify it by the fond delusion that everything was about to be for the best, in the best of all possible worlds. A fine old town of romantic and historic associations, New Orleans was now being revived and boomed by Northern capital. Yankee energy had come to the aid of her immemorial lassitude; her decadence would be checked, her capabilities utilised. Surely here, if anywhere, there would be room for a draughtsman with a London training, having youth, health, and verve to back him. My first discovery was cheerful enough, in the shape of a restaurant where one could enjoy a good square meal. In Florida and the South generally, the normal hotel conception of dinner is to surround one with great numbers of small dishes containing fragments of unknown origin. Some of these fragments are with difficulty to be identified as steak, tomatoes, egg-plant, bird called at random chicken, hot cakes, hominy, and fish of sorts. In a sub-tropical climate one is naturally anxious as to the age and condition of his food; and should he be tempted to indiscretions, there are plenty of Jeremiahs to warn him of the consequences. 'Say, young man,' an aged stranger once accosted me, 'do you know what you're doing, washing down them bananas with whisky? It's the dead-sure nearest way to the cemetery.' I dropped the fruit precipitately. 'What's the matter with them, anyway?' 'If you pour a glass of rye over a bunch of over-ripe bananas,' says he, 'it turns 'em into a raging hot-bed

of yellow-fever germs. It's just a plateful of Yellow Jack. The bananas all turn *into* germs right away. So now you know.'

Actually to meet an edible young steak at close quarters, and to be allowed a steel knife with it instead of the usual blunt white-metal atrocity, was an unexpected pleasure. My spirits rose amazingly. I went forth inspired to conquest, and ready, in the words of the old Welsh song, to 'drive the world before me.' New Orleans is divided by Canal Street into two districts, 'up town' and 'down town.' The former is chiefly inhabited by Americans, very wide awake, the latter by Creoles, mostly half asleep. I had read a lot about the place in G. W. Cable's delightful books, and looked to encounter picturesqueness, pathos, bright colouring, at each corner—to find romance and old-world Louisianian charm in everything But, so far as I could see, all these attributes were conspicuous by their absence. Dirt and decay appeared to be making a good fight for it against progress and business. The roads were in general filthy; open gutters received all the water and offal; piles of old oyster-shells bestrewed the main street; and the most striking features of the landscape were the smells—to put it mildly. Of course, the wharves are always interesting, especially in the busy season, when cotton, rice, and sugar are coming in on the curiously-built Mississippi steamers; and there are charming bits of old French and Spanish buildings here and there. But a little New Orleans goes a long way, especially if it is to windward of you.

I went round the town taking outside views of the hotels. The 'Charleston' was one of the most famous. Its bar was certainly attractive and unusual, with the spacious, old-established air associated with the order of life in the South before the war. This was the room in which slaves used to be exhibited for sale; most interesting and engrossing are the tales thereof which the habitual bar-loafer can invent for the stranger's information. I should like to have penetrated further into the 'Charleston,' but, being unable to afford the best hotels, I decided to try the worst. By-and-by I found myself following a man and his wife who had come by the same train as myself, and were evidently engaged on like quest. In course of time we climbed the steep, uncarpeted stairs and stood in the ill-lighted, scantily furnished office of an hotel which I will call the 'Westminster.' A seedy clerk sat behind a show-case of mouldy smoking paraphernalia, and a sleepy coloured man roused himself sufficiently to carry in the visitors'

bags. While I interviewed the clerk, the couple I had tracked returned with haste and indignation, pursued by the expostulating porter, and departed in speechless disgust. It was unpropitious, but I was too tired to go further and fare worse; and presently the clerk, the porter, the hotel proprietor, and myself formed a select *coterie* round the office stove, and descanted at length upon the good old times which had forsaken the 'Westminster' for ever. Those were palmy days indeed, when the Southern Pacific opened for traffic, when New Orleans was thronged with emigrants of all nationalities on their way to fancied El Dorados in Texas and New Mexico. These poor ignorant folk were overcharged, preyed upon, rooked and swindled right and left; they were sold shoddy tools, made to pay five dollars a bed, given Confederate greenbacks and worthless coin in exchange for their foreign money. The hotel people seemed mighty proud of the sharp practices by which they had enriched themselves at the expense of those unfortunate creatures; and I suppose I ought to have had misgivings on my own account; but, considering myself a veritable *vacuus viator*, I was but little in dread of these robbers.

The next morning I started by making a list of the names and addresses of leading architects out of the city directory; they were nearly all French, but I decided to begin with the English ones. In the first office I entered, the girl typewriter summoned a gentleman in shirt-sleeves, smoking a huge cigar. He was friendly and conversational, but—'Well, no, they didn't want a draughtsman; a *client* or two they would not object to. He was sorry he had no work for me, but as he had only been twenty years in the place and happened to be a native, perhaps business was too much to expect, especially when those derned Northerners chipped in with their iron-frame constructions and persuaded folks that they were the only people who could put up tall buildings.' I found that he referred to a particular new firm who were putting up a building in the New York manner, and resolved to try my luck there. Number One came to the top of the stairs and shouted after me, 'Say, friend, are you fond of starving? If you ain't, you'd better get out of this town. It's broke.' Somehow the stairs of other offices seemed harder to climb after this encouragement, and dismally I recalled a certain passage in the *Divina Commedia*.

The Yankee firm's office was in a shed at the works, which consisted of a shallow hole in the ground and masses of concrete

accompanied by piles of iron girders. A notice on the shed proclaimed that no more hands were wanted, and I was sharply referred to this on beginning to recite my usual formula. They had all the draughtsmen they needed, and another was coming along with the next load of iron-work, apparently chucked in by the contractor as a make-weight. I left, disliking the Yankee firm as cordially as Number One did, and selected one of the foreign names I had taken down. There at least I hoped for a polite reception; nor was I disappointed, though it was all expressed in pantomime. The gentleman in question had hardly a word of English, and my French was but a broken reed in emergencies. We bowed and smiled, shrugged and nodded; but the result was that (outside again) I crossed out all the French names on my list. In two days I had tried after this manner every available office in the town. In not one of them did I get so far as an opportunity of mentioning my qualifications. One man, indeed, wanted a mammoth perspective in oils (as an advertisement to hang in an hotel), but I drew the line at mammoth perspective in oils, and that was the only line I did draw in New Orleans. Disenchanted and disheartened, I made shift to hope for better luck next time, and was glad to find myself on board the night train bound for San Francisco. The Southern Pacific, or 'Sunset Route,' skirts the Gulf shores, then runs through the grassy illimitable plains of Texas and across the arid alkali deserts, intersected by mountain ranges, which constitute Arizona. The blank monotony of the journey is broken only by stoppages at the stations, oases in this barren land; they are planted about with greenery, and are welcome both to wearied eye and dusty throat. The cars are crowded with emigrants, tramps, foreigners, and people down on their luck—a motley malodorous crowd. Should one seek to escape the vitiated atmosphere by standing outside on the 'stoop,' or on the platform between two cars, he runs much risk—especially at night—of being attacked by stealth from behind, robbed, and thrown overboard. I have come across men who had been assailed in this manner, and whose narrow escapes were due to luck as much as to pluck. One is supposed to purchase rough bedding from an agent before starting, but for various reasons I decided to dispense with a 'sleeper,' and sat in talk with a most entertaining drummer (commercial traveller). He was going round the States in the wholesale furnishing line; also, he had two profitable patents of his own. One was a miraculous

and economic furniture polish, and the other an embalming fluid. I suspected them to be radically the same. In America all corpses are embalmed. The undertaker fetches away the deceased as soon as may be, and injects a preparation into the main artery which shall preserve the body for a few days in a fit condition for the funeral 'reception'—its last social function. There is an inconceivable ghastliness about the whole affair—the special sham dress suit without any back, the display of shirt-studs and sleeve-links, the cosmetics . . . Thank goodness we have no such exhibitions in England. My drummer's first move on reaching a town was to secure a small hall or large room; then, on his way to the furniture stores, he would leave handbills at the various undertakers, announcing that the world-famed confidential lecture by Prof. ——, the celebrated embalmist and Egyptian traveller, would take place that evening. Having borrowed a corpse from a hospital or undertaker for the purposes of illustration, he would bring off the demonstration with great *éclat* and book no end of orders. One town, however, he kept clear of. In despatching goods there to order, the labels had got mixed in process of bottling, so that he unluckily sent the furniture polish by mistake. He wanted me to go into business with him, and held out promise of exceeding prosperity; but I had neither sufficient gift of the gab nor any desire to act as understudy for the embalmee. Still, I made a note of his address; one never knows to what base uses one may come at last. I had known a man who, being stranded in Jacksonville without means to keep him going more than a week, invested in a batch of penny dreadfuls, and made a very decent living by leaving them 'on sale or return' in the hands of the female portion of the community. The good ladies would not buy them on sight, but being left an hour or so in propinquity with highly flavoured fiction of enthralling sensationalism, they succumbed; they could not forego the finishing of a tale.

It was a blessed relief to find one's self in the open air of San Francisco. A more complete contrast to New Orleans could hardly be imagined—breezy, bracing, hilly, full of life and go-aheadness; hardly a nigger to be seen, but Celestials *ad infinitum*. I took up temporary quarters in a cheap hotel. There were two extremely agreeable men staying there, with whom I struck up acquaintance. They were so similar—twins, no doubt—that one could not identify them apart. Hearing that I was in want of employment, they showed a kindly interest,

and would discuss in an evening my attempts and failures of the previous day. They were most anxious to dissuade me from becoming unduly depressed for lack of immediate success. I could not comprehend their reason for rubbing it in so. 'No man,' they said, 'in reasonable health and willing to work should be brought to contemplate suicide, much less commit it.' This savoured of the obvious. 'Besides,' they added, 'if you really are in a corner and can't get a job of any sort, we could always find you one, if it's only in the sawdust.' Grateful but bewildered, I enquired what calling they followed, and in what way one might stave off suicide by sawdust? They explained that my predecessor in Room 16 was a young Englishman, who, being stony-broke and quite unable to discover employment, had put (with a revolver bullet) what he hoped would be an end to his difficulties. People had subsequently fought shy of Room 16, until I in all innocence engaged it; and the great twin brethren guessed they didn't want another shooting business. In themselves they were circus proprietors of old-established fame, in winter quarters, just about to complete their company and take to the road again; and I could have a comfortable billet with them anyway. I went down to their gymnasium in the basement, and watched them and their artists at practice. But the gay roving circus life, which would have comprehended all joys to a boy of thirteen, allures one less forcibly at twenty-three. So I went on laying siege to various architects' offices; and for a month without a particle of result. Between whiles I haunted the quays, crowded then with English shipping; and did China Town, opium dens and all; but things began to look very black. Apparently there was not a red cent to be made in San Francisco, except by the Chinese. I met other unemployed draughtsmen, some of whom had been out of work for a year. I took to patronising the 'free lunches,' those admirable institutions where you have soup, meat, fish, two vegetables, plenty of salad, butter, ham, cheese, and dessert all thrown in for a fifteen cent drink. Moreover, you can sit down and eat in comfort. Some charge only ten cents, but their soup is open to suspicion. How it pays, I cannot conceive; but living is very cheap in 'Frisco. At last I chanced upon a firm composed of a Dutchman and an Irishman, who engaged me, and set me down to draw frame houses which should resemble stone ones in general design and detail. The Irish partner was a clever pleasant fellow, but the

Dutchman expended his talents in marking on the plans the positions of the gas-brackets in the various rooms. At any interruption of this intricate performance, he would appear quite distracted; he expected the whole office to remain in a state of suppressed excitement, and to emit a murmured chorus of admiration when he should announce a job as finished. In an audacious moment, I brought about my dramatic exit from this office by carefully marking-in the gas in a set of drawings which I had completed—just to see what would happen. Plenty happened. During an interval between the Dutchman's paroxysms of inarticulate rage, I asked him to raise my salary. The rest is silence—in polite society.

After this I spent a period of exceeding hustle with a man who wanted temporary help in the completion of a hotel and theatre. We had to work in a wooden structure on the theatre site, and were constantly invaded by blue-chinned gentlemen connected with the coming show, who had evidently never heard of draughtsmen before, and were always very surprised and sorry for us. Lastly, I was offered a billet at a mausoleum architect's. After a brief experience of sepulchral art reduced to its lowest ebb, of urns, pilasters, and lachrymose angelic forms, I began to smell the dust above the rose; and my unrest was still further perturbed by a letter from a former friend in Florida. He was a young Englishman of good family; and, having no profession to handicap him, he had not disdained to run through the whole gamut of possible and impossible avocations, with a flexibility worthy of any American. He had toiled in rapid sequence as cook, bricklayer, gardener, bar-keeper, saw-miller; he had enjoyed, he declared, a vivid foretaste of hell, by stoking on board a tugboat in the Gulf of Mexico, working his passage to Mobile; he had acted as diver, cooper, furniture-remover, and cigar-box maker. 'I have reported,' he continued, 'for a weekly paper, nailed beancrates at seventy-five cents per hundred, wheeled coal during a strike at fifty cents an hour, measured cypress, lumber, and mahogany; concocted an advertising scheme connected with theatrical programmes, also one with French calendars, and been assistant manager at a theatre in New Orleans, where I supported the divine Sarah. I have "drummed" pickles, albums, picture-books, photographs, worked for an insurance company, had charge of a lunatic, not a very tame one at that; worked as a clothing salesman, been in charge of the stores at a large night restaurant

(twelve hours' work at a stretch, and hardly time to get one's meals); and am now—having never done any office work of any kind—second clerk in the office of the T. & P. Railway.'

The world was wide, it was evident; nobody need despair. Adventures were still to the adventurous. I left a hundred-thousand dollar mausoleum uncompleted, set out to try my luck in pastures new, and took a ticket for Chicago. Denver was a pasture so aggressively new that I could not stomach the idea of stopping there; it was crude enough to give one a face-ache. I went back hastily to Salt Lake City. One might not have another opportunity of visiting the 'City of the Saints;' also I had noticed a newspaper advertisement from an architect there, offering good salaries to competent assistants. In the town, dominated by the great white granite Mormon Temple, I did not find much to admire. It was all very large and prosperous and platitudinous, but the buildings and the ladies were equally plain; there was nothing to make one regret the abolition of polygamy. The advertiser turned out to be a German in much need of office help; I did not like him or his practice, but his persistent endeavours to override every objection I could urge made it most difficult to evade him. I said the place would be too expensive for me, and he took me round to a first-rate boarding-house with easy terms. I suggested that I should be a serious loser through having to sacrifice my ticket to Chicago; and he promptly met that by marching me off to a scalper (one who buys return or unused tickets, a more or less illegal operation), who would pay a good price. I was driven to my last ditch; no excuse seemed valid to him. Apparently the only resource available would be a furtive and shameful flight, and yet I had a violent, instinctive dislike of the man. The scalper saved the situation; he offered thirteen dollars for my ticket. By a blessed inspiration, I avowed that thirteen was an unlucky number, and that the boarding-house had also been 13 —— Street. Nothing should induce me to remain, yea, even in so attractive and salubrious a spot as Salt Lake City, when two thirteens, like boding shadows, stood to bar the very outset of my career. The German acquiesced in this view much more readily than I had expected. He confessed that undoubtedly there *was* something in it, if only a queer coincidence; he 'guessed there was more in these signs than people thought. He himself was steeped in bad luck—never could get a good assistant to stay more than

two months with him—something unforeseen always turned up to take the fellow away.' I am quite sure it did. A free man once more, I parted from him with effusion in proportion to my relief, and left for Chicago by a train timed for 6.13.

I stayed a week in Chicago; it is built on a swamp, and has nothing in the world to recommend it. After the crisp, if dusty, air of San Francisco, the place seemed swampy in all its tendencies. It was so depressing that I did not even call at any offices. I saw an advertisement from an architect at a place near Cincinnati, and that headed me towards the 'Queen City of the West,' only it isn't the West now. I knew nothing whatever about Cincinnati, except that all the Americans in the late Mr. Grant Allen's novels appeared to hail inevitably thence, and that singularly unflattering accounts of the place had been penned by Mrs. Trollope and others. However, I had to keep 'moving on,' prodded by the truncheon of stern necessity; so to Cincinnati I went, and right into the first office I came across. On this occasion some freak, or instinct, inspired me to try the effect of sending in my card to the chief, and asking for an interview. It was a reckless and unprecedented proceeding, but I took the risk, and my prophetic soul was for once justified by the result. The boss came out of his private room, fingering the card with a wondering air, and asked me to state my business, which I did at some length. It was the first chance I had had to expatiate on my qualifications, and would probably be the last. The presence of another young man, who was obviously on the same errand, urged me to flights of eloquence which surprised myself even more than they did the outer office. Seeing the boss about to attempt to speak, I forestalled him by pulling out my articles on parchment, with their costly, elaborate stamp; I insisted on his perusing this appalling document. With an eager eye I watched him floundering through the intricacies of legal parlance, getting more hopelessly befogged at each step, and horribly bewildered by such unusual tactics. In two minutes he had capitulated. 'Yes, if I liked to come for a week, he guessed he could give me work. As to salary, leave that to him; he would pay me what I was worth at the end of the week.' . . . Within an hour's time I was installed in the most comfortable drawing-office, among the most companionable fellows I had ever known.

There was no further need for me to contemplate the idea of becoming a shipping-clerk, an embalmer, or a sawdust evolutionist. I had not come six thousand miles for nothing.

TO THE GRAVE OF MY BABY TWIN SISTER AT SHIALI.

In the far country where the spiced airs blow,
Far in the forest, where the banyans wave
In the lone hollow, where the thorns may grow
On thine uncared-for grave,
Deep be thy rest, love, through the unnumbered years;
Be ours the loss and longing, and unavailing tears.

I would have loved her dearly—day by day
More dearly—yet, oh God! how still she lies
In that wild jungle thicket leagues away,
While India's starlit skies
Glitter impassive on the grave below;
And yet, my more than sister, it was better so.

Oh Beatrice, rightly named! blessed at birth,
And doubly blest when angel wings were spread
And took thee, sinless, from the stress of earth
To the undying dead;
To that abiding peace, that longed-for home
Which men, in faltering accents, name 'The life to come.'

Never to love, nor lose—never to feel
The voiceless anguish or the numb regret,
The wounds that no philosophy may heal,
And death alone forget—
The lot of this poor world, that mocks and mourns
In purple and fine linen, and a crown of thorns.

And so, sleep on, while ages come and go,
And kiss thy name out with forgetful moss;
Sleep, little sister, where the banyans grow,
Under the Southern Cross—
Sign of the Son of Man in heaven above,
'A sign which shall be spoken against,' of death and deathless love.

M. Horsfall.

SERVANTS AND SERVICE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

WHEN Garrick in 1759 put on the stage that trifling farce of James Townley's, 'High Life Below Stairs,' he was recording, poor as play and plot are, one of those rounded little satires upon his day which Molière has taught us to look to for truth in miniature. Two sure mirrors to its social customs does every period set up, the comic stage and the comments of the intelligent foreigner—mirrors reflecting in isolated gleams and flashes those subtle influences within the house of life which underlie and yet never can crystallise into history, because so essentially the expression of human nature and human intercourse—varying, variable, yet always the same, constant in inconsistency—giving us, as it were, a series of skeleton pictures to limn in, salient characteristics which are the landmarks to the character of the whole.

Comedy is one-sided, true—the searchlight illuminating weaknesses, not the steady beacon-fire of impartial and well-regulated criticism. There was no idea in Townley's or Garrick's mind of presenting the brighter side of the question, those happier conditions which could and did exist even in the eighteenth century domestic relations between 'master and man.' His *dramatis personæ* are bad masters who make bad servants; good masters who are the prey to their own truth; with one good servant—who is distrusted for the very honesty which forbad plausible lying. Yet if an incomplete, it is an indispensable picture to any description of the century. The aping by the servant of the manners, morals, names, and speech of the guests and masters gives the play its title:—

'What an insufferable piece of assurance it is,' says one of the masters, disguised as a spy and onlooker, 'in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters' manners.' 'What manners must those be which they *can* so imitate!' comes the retort.

> Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me,
> I'll show you how those of superior degree

Are only dependants, no better than we.
Both high and low in his degree
'Tis here fellow servant, and there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.
See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest.
What is he, i' faith, but a servant at best?
Then we'll drink like our betters, laugh, sing, and love,
And when sick of one place to another we'll move,
For with little and great the best joy is to rove!

And then follow 'Advices for Conduct' to Footman, Groom, and Coachman.

F. Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man,
And do as little as you can.
G. Never allow your master able
To judge of matter in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his mind,
Or to dismiss you seem inclined,
Lame the best horse, and break his wind.
C. If your good master on you dotes,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,
But pocket hay and straw and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger.

There lies a whole world of meaning beneath the doggerel; it is the keynote to the governing principle of the society it satirises. Never was there a period when in town circles—country life was more simple, and consequently more exempt from these particular temptations—the morality dictating the domestic relations was lower than during the eighteenth century; at the depths of degradation because governed by that worst form of immorality, self-interest and a money-standard. The conduct of the few statesmen, such as Walpole, Pitt, and Canning, who left office as poor as they entered it, only accentuates the utter corruption of the system of government they served. Bribery ruled politics: 'interest' every avenue to advance in the professions. Disruption was in the air; constant plots and rebellions against the reigning dynasty at home, and wars abroad, had loosened the old feudal instincts, broken down the mutual dependence of class on class, weakened the natural social distinctions with their privileges and responsibilities, instead bringing in all kinds of half-digested foreign notions and customs, incompletely understood, and then by the wrong people. The great Methodist revival did not touch the upper classes, nor as yet the new philanthropic movement which

spells such names as Burke, Howard, and Raikes, and whose ultimate results were to leaven society to its topmost layer.

What is one to think of a state of society which made it *possible* for such an advertisement as this to appear in a public newspaper? It is from the 'New York Gazette,' so late as May 1, 1774:

> Servants just arrived from Scotland, to be sold on board the *Commerce*, Captain Fergusson, master, lying at the Ferry Stairs, among which are a number of weavers, taylors, blacksmiths, nailers, shoemakers, butchers, hatters, and spinsters, 14 to 35 years of age. For terms apply to Henry White, or said master on board.

There was need of a Clarkson and a Wilberforce at home!

'Everyone laughs if one talks of religion,' said Montesquieu, commenting upon what he saw of London life. There was nothing to promote disinterestedness, or fidelity, or the feeling of personal attachment, and meantime the spirit of successful commercialism and the desire for gain were sweeping in as predominating influences. Everything had its price, from a borough seat to the post of gaoler in a common debtors' prison. Walpole's cynical addition, 'And every man his price,' was true at least of the 'system.'

Extraordinarily obvious too must the evil have been, to draw out so harsh a comment as the Italian Jesuit Baptista Angeloni makes in his 'Letters.'

He came to England about 1736, describing his impressions of the English nation with the penetrating acumen given by his training, even if prejudiced in favour of foreign customs. He puts his finger at once not only on the blot, but upon its cause—want of simplicity in living; that corrupting factor in social conditions, bound to bring in its train presently a host of low motives in conduct, a false conception of life's uses, a false estimate of its blessings, necessarily damaging to character, since the continual striving after effect simply in fact spells 'self.' 'The servant hears this theory of conduct promulgated whilst he stands behind his master's chair; he sees him practise it in life, and like a good pupil follows his example. The kingdom,' goes on Angeloni, 'appears to me like those fruits which are extremely fair to the eye, and rotten at the core: the malady has begun from the heart. In this country profusion is luxury, and whatever costs most money is always extremely polite. For that reason,' he continues sarcastically, alluding to the appalling custom that prevailed of

vailsgiving, 'tipping' as we call it now, 'it is polite to dine with the nobility, where you pay the servants for ten times as much as you eat!'

Now this 'vails' system it is which marks down, as it were, the utterly debased condition of 'service' in the eighteenth-century town circles. Contemporaries, both English and foreign, realised it.

> This giving of vails (says Angeloni) makes the place of a domestic a more comfortable place than many small trades. The nobility of no nations appear so mean as the English. My lord looks on whilst his guest discharges the house by paying the servants, and no domestics are so insolent and so inattentive because they know it is not from his lordship's hands they receive their money.

Vailsgiving was not an old custom, only reaching this height of absurd excess with the eighteenth century. It was an abuse of the time-honoured *largesse* which on the conclusion of a royal visit used to be distributed by the king amongst the servants of his entertainer's household, the host having the honour of kissing the royal hand. But, like many another well-intentioned and harmless fashion, it grew into accord with the temper of its age. Even so late as 1818 Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, described it as 'a grievance demanding the interposition of law.'

In 1799, Meister in his 'Letters in England' comments upon the men in the packet boat asking for gratuities, and stoically observes: 'It is a matter of account. In this country every individual from the *lord* to the *coachman* seems to know better than in any other what is his just due, and what his fare is to be.' A foreigner might well be surprised at being called on to 'pay for his dinner,' while the host stood by! One 'quiz' wrote up over the door of his entertainer, 'Fees for dining here are three half-crowns to be paid to the porter on entering the house: peers and peeresses to pay what more they think proper!' The Duke of Ormond once asked Lord Poer, a Roman Catholic Irish peer, an officer of distinction and renown in the service of France, to dine. He refused, and on being pressed again and again, at last said, 'If your grace will give me a guinea each time to pay your servants, I will. I am too poor else!'

It was said that an English nobleman seldom got away from a dinner party under ten guineas in 'fees,' distinguished foreigners being mulcted in twenty guineas!

There appeared in 1754 a letter in 'The World' containing a scathing little satire which sums up very aptly the position in which both host and guest were placed by the abominable custom.

I will teach you how to dine with a duke without being in any sense under an obligation. You must know that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants, which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you, and they become your servants *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the tablecloth. You see no more of them till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command, and instead of that form which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now it is your business to discharge the servants, and for the purpose you are to take out your money, ply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourself in the street. And from thence comes that common method which all regular people observe of 'paying as you go.' I know not so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house on such occasions. He attends you to the door with much ceremony, but is so conscious of the awkward appearance he must make as a witness to the expenses of his guests that you can observe him placing himself in a position that he would have it supposed conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent man who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affect, with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing!

Some hosts did indeed rebel against the indignity. The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Mr. Spencer amongst the leaders of fashion had the courage to abolish the custom altogether from their houses, increasing the servants' wages instead.

The Society of Clerks in Edinburgh in 1760 actually promulgated a 'System of Defence' against it, enacting that after Whitsunday 1760 all their servants should be forbidden to take vails, and that no members should give drink money. The reasons given were simple and obvious:

It is destructive of the morals of servants, and discreditable to the police of the kingdom; an interruption to hospitality and a tax on the hospitality of friends.

This example was presently followed by the Faculty of Advocates, the Opera Club in London, the members of the Grand Jury in Northumberland, and the combined gentlemen of Wiltshire. The attempt at reform showed how deeply rooted was the necessity.

Other less strong-minded persons succumbed to the evil, only making the best of a bad position by rendering it ludicrous.

There is a story told of Lord Taaffe, an eccentric Irish nobleman, that his habit was to attend his guests to the door, and if they offered money, to say, 'If you do give, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner!'

Another, aptly illustrating to what a level the laws governing social intercourse, manners, and hospitality had come, is told of a well-known colonel, who, whilst sitting at dinner, inquired of his host the names of his servants; 'for I cannot pay for such a good dinner, but I should like to remember the gentlemen in my will!'

One eccentric nobleman passing through the double row of servants all drawn up in array, solemnly shook each expectant hand, inquired after the owner's health, and distributed *golden pippins!*

Another, after patiently redeeming his hat, sword, cane, and cloak, to the very bottom of his purse, turned to the two remaining fellows waiting obsequiously, laden with one glove apiece, and affably remarked, 'Keep those, I will not trouble to buy them again. They are old and not worth a shilling!'

Life was made not worth living, certainly a dinner not worth eating, to non-payers, however. The harness was cut off the horses of 'stingy' guests, or the axle pins of their carriage wheels slyly taken out. The humorous side of this picture is well given by a correspondent to 'The Tatler,' who 'dined and did not pay.'

I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am put off with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to ask for wine, after a delay which would take away the relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole sideboard in a gravy glass. If I hold up my plate nobody sees me, so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish sauce, and pickles with my apple-pie!

A servant, when 'interviewed,' remarked, in defence of the fashion: 'It keeps off the impertinence of *poor* gentlemen, who may be glad of a good dinner, and supports a decorum and dignity!'

There could be no arguments in justification, but the reasons, and excuses, for the extent of the canker were succinctly summed up by some wag, who, while scarcely meaning to be taken seriously, has, in fact, placed on record an admirable illustration from his own times of the proverb, *Celui qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*

Many servants (says he) are in the service of younger brothers, where non-payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of the said master. Secondly, the custom is necessary to the welfare of servants, since many ladies of fashion steal

the card-money and wax candles [the recognised 'perquisites' of the attendants] at the routs and dinners. Thirdly, the domestics of people of quality have nothing to do. They have, therefore, to amuse their idle hours somehow, which is expensive. And fourthly, others have such bad-humoured masters that their spirits are quite broken, and really some compensation is necessary!

As to the servants being badly paid, Angeloni declared they received far higher wages and were better fed in England than in any other country on earth. 'The common maids have tea twice a day in all the parade of quality, they make it their bargain, and this very article amounts to as much as the wages of servants in Italy.' Comparing the status of foreign with English servants, he remarks that in the Italy and France of his day a servant changing his situation lost his character, together with his chance of a pension in old age, and that so both French and Italian servants, though receiving half the wages of the English, not reckoning 'vails,' were on a much higher level, since faithful service was made its own reward, and good principles of character the essential conditions of employment. Angeloni was the critic of the world of fashion; but another contemporary, one of the Ducs de la Rochefoucauld, resident in England, and recording his impressions of provincial domestic life, seems to have been equally struck by the degree of actual comfort in which servants lived. He is describing the household of an ordinary English country gentleman, and according to him the servants formed the most expensive item in the yearly expenditure, on account of the lavish way in which they were clothed and fed. 'Cette nourriture est *immense!*' he exclaims. 'They are always at table, which is kept laden with cold meats, tea, and other things from morning to night; and are the laziest of people, with no duties beyond waiting at table, and occasionally dressing wigs!'

It is worth noting how amazed both foreigners seem to have been at the habit of constant tea-drinking permitted to servants. Tea was selling then at something like twenty-five shillings a pound; it was a fashionable luxury. Contemporary diarists are constantly referring to the 'exorbitant practice of tea-drinking.' In 1741 there was consumed about 750,000 pounds in England. Only the rich could really afford it, and for servants to claim it as a right marks incidentally their strong position. Perhaps the scarcity—of women servants in particular, and in town—of which Defoe so bitterly complains, accounts in part for their being so well able to dictate terms. 'Instead of thirty or forty shillings,

they now ask six or eight pounds a year,' he exclaims indignantly. His complaints, and picture of the Insubordinate Town-maid, unconsciously afford an excellent illustration of the contrast between the conditions of service in town and in the country. A country girl comes up, he tells us, to a place at three pounds a year, and no sooner is she settled than a committee of servant-maids wait on her, who force her to insist on higher wages or else give warning.

> Nothing but silks and satins now for kitchen-wenches; a hard matter it is to know maid from mistress by their dress! Immediately the change begins: the neat's leathern shoes must be exchanged for laced ones with high heels, yarn stockings for fine worsted ones with silk clocks! Her high wooden pattens are kickt away for leathern clogs, and she must needs have a hoop, while her good linsey woolsey skirts are exchanged for silk ones four or five yards wide!

Defoe is very rampant on the subject of reform. He proposed to make a law that forty shillings a year should be the fixed rate of wage for women servants, rising to five pounds, but not beyond, and only after seven years' service. It was probably very seldom that any town servant stayed seven years in one place, but we are reminded of an ancient custom which existed in the parish of St. Clement Danes, which bestowed a bounty of ten pounds upon any girl who remained seven years within its borders. Defoe also wished to make the wearing of liveries compulsory and universal. They were already, however, a considerable addition to expenditure in houses where worn, being always provided at the master's expense. In a little book published early in the century we find a scale of expenditure laid down for a 'gentleman's household consisting of twenty-five or thirty persons, with twenty or twenty-five servants,' all to live 'genteelly and pleasantly' on 1,200*l.* a year, which allows 170*l.* in wages and 50*l.* or 55*l.* for liveries. 1,200*l.* income then represents about 10,000*l.* in our money nowadays. The actual wages of servants in town were not fixed, 'vails' and perquisites making their staple income. 'Card-money' was the chief source, the servants being supposed to provide all cards used for play, and the players to leave some small sum behind them on the table. In those times of universal card-playing, when every man, woman, and child in London society made it their daily occupation, the 'yearly revenue' must have been considerable.

The duties of servants, either in town or country, were extremely varied—in the former because of the entire lack of

all domestic regulation; in the latter because the simplicity of life made of the household one family, and the servants so identified their interests with those of their masters that they were ready and willing to turn their hands to anything. Here in the 'Public Advertiser' of 1776 we find a footman wanted to 'shave, and dress wigs,' a year's character being the only other qualification asked for. Another must be 'used to rural affairs and the baking of household bread.' Here is one gentleman who needs in an attendant only two qualifications—that he 'must have had small-pox and be single;' and another who requires only 'a sedate man, knowing chymestry.' It is, by the way, rather interesting to note that the word 'menial' originally came from the Latin *intra mœnia*, and implied a privileged rather than a despicable person. What would be thought now of such an advertisement as this?

Wanted, for a family, who have bad health, a sober steady person, in the capacity of doctor, surgeon and apothecary. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertizement is that the family cannot any longer afford the expense of the physical tribe, and wish to be at a certain expense for their bodies and souls.

It is pleasant to read at least that 'a good salary will be given.'

There is a saying, 'God made the country, man the town!' and while the incompleteness of the remark leaps instantly to one's mind, since the Creator of the country is also the Creator of man, it does suggest just this inner truth of how fundamentally the different conditions of life in the one as contrasted with those of the other are responsible for the diversities in human nature and consequently society. The very dullness and monotony, the narrowness of interests and prejudices of ignorance, which characterised country existence a hundred years ago fostered that simplicity of feeling, and those primeval instincts of personal devotion—ties of man to man—which were so conspicuously lacking in court and London circles. Here is the first entry, September 29, 1774, in the diary of a yeoman-squire, Thomas Marchant, of Little Park, Hurst:

Set 4 pigs to fatting yesterday. Paid John Gun 1 guinea. Went by Henfield to Steyning fair, and received 31*s.* 6*d.* of John Goffe as part paiment of 3 guineas I had lent him. Met with J. Gold of Brighthelmstone at Bramber as we were coming home, and concluded that he should have a load of my wheat at 7*l.* 10*s.* We did not agree for any barley, because someone had told him that my barley was all mowburnt. Ned Grey kept holiday. The day was dry; we took in the evening 22 pigeons.

The very insignificance of the details is full of meaning contrast to the complex emotions and doings that went to a 'town' day.

> His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
> His body couch'd in a curious bed,
> Where care, mistrust, and treason wait on him!

Each life owes something to the 'qualités de ses défauts!'

In the country familiar intercourse with and knowledge of each other controlled the relations of master and servants. There was, to begin with, a more free admixture of classes, less separation between the degrees of social rank. In a diary kept by a Mr. Turner, of Hothly, Sussex, is this entry:

> My whole family at church—myself, wife, maid, and two boys (apprentices). We dined off a piece of boiled beef. I and the maid staid Communion.

Turner was a man of education, visiting on terms of intimacy the gentry and big landowner, yet could 'equality' go further? All his household walk, eat, and live together. There was no lack of servants in the country, drawn from the yeoman and labouring classes; to get into a 'good place' was considered a piece of good fortune for any young woman. Nor did they readily wish to leave their places. Very regular hours were kept; dinner at one or two o'clock, tea at five or six, a little card-playing and drinking, then to bed at nine, made up the day.

With regard to wages, here are some entries from the diary of Mr. Anthony Stapley, of Hickstead Place, in 1730:

> Mary White began her year May 1st, and is to have 1*l.* 5*s.* if she stay until May, 1731. Paid Edw. Harland and George Virgoe ½ year's wages each, 3*l.* 5*s.*

An amusing entry in another diary occurs in 1700:

> Paid John the coachman 4*l.* 3*s.* I payd him 2*s.* 6*d.* for Thos. Gates for a goos, but he kept it for ale, and to widow Goldsmith, for mending his stockings, 1*s.* 6*d.*

And what a contrast this next entry affords to Garrick's satire:

> 1704. Will Gates came to me as footman at 50*s.* per annum; he is to have a hat, coat, and breeches once in two years. If I turn him away the first year, I am to give him 5*s.* more, and take his livery.

He stayed nine years, till his death; but a state of service wherein the servant guarded himself against the chances of dismissal argues well for the conduct of the masters.

Two pounds and two pounds ten shillings were the usual wages for women servants; no man's seems to have risen above six pounds.

One entry is worth noting—it occurs in the diary of Mr. Timothy Burrell, of Sussex—since it marks a curious social point:

1743. March 25th. Richard Mitchell left my service, and I paid him 3*l.* 10*s.* He came again on the 29th!

This was to evade one of the provisions of the old poor law, which made a 'service' of twelve months in any parish confer the right of receiving relief in case of sickness or old age out of the poor rates. It was a matter of parochial economy not to permit a 'settlement,' so masters regularly discharged their servants before the year was up, and then re-engaged them. The late Rev. Edward Turner has placed a personal reminiscence on record as to 'faithful service,' telling us that his own grandfather's principal servant lived with him nearly half a century, and that it was his boast that he had waited at table on twelve squires, 'in noways dahnted.' Probably servants in those days were equal to any emergency. A curious book, published early in the century, called 'The Compleat Servant-maid,' gives us a surprising insight into what was theoretically required of them. The title goes on, 'Directing them how to qualifie themselves for any of these employments'—here follow a dozen 'posts' from waiting-woman to under-scullerymaid. 'With a suppliment containing the choicest receipts and rarest secrets in physick and chyrugery. Also for salting and drying English hams. Also compleat marketman and woman, in buying fowl, fish, flesh &c. to prevent cheating.' The 'rare secrets' may be dismissed! This 'Recipe for the Plague' does not inspire confidence:

Take a spoonful of running water, a good quantity of treacle to the bigness of a hazle nut. Temper all these together, and heat it lukewarm, and drink every four-and-twenty hours.

Nor would we care for the housewifely ingenuity that invented the following mode of making 'sower ale new:'

Burn chalk and oyster shells, beat them to powder, and put it in a bag, which hang in the ale!

But it is worth noticing the 'General Directions' as to conduct—they are refreshing indications of a national conscience. All maids were to say their prayers and attend church, rise early, and endeavour to please, being both humble and modest.

Be neat, cleanly, and housewifely in your cloths. Lay up what money can handsomely be spared. Do not keep familiarly with any but those with whom you may improve the time. If entrusted with secrets, preserve them. Do not waste, or sit up a-junketing at night after your master and mistress are a-bed.

The practical education necessary for each kind of situation then follows. A waiting-woman was to learn to dress well, preserve and carve well, write well and legibly, know languages and good English, and have some skill in arithmetic. Minute instructions for self-improvement in these particulars include the three styles of caligraphy—'mixed, Roman, and Italian;' the right way of holding the pens—with the old orthodox slant to the ear, elbow to the side, and fingers well cramped; also of 'mending' them. She must have been a real treasure if ever existing, but the interest to us lies in the deliberate attempt to ennoble domestic labour, by showing the distinct place it held in social economy, while, by training the individual to a high sense of her or his own responsibilities, both service and servants were put upon a dignified, if modest, footing of their own. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1787 some letters on this subject appeared, which shows that the matter was really claiming attention from the serious-minded of the nation.

A series of 'Rules for Servants' are proposed, too long to quote, but embodying the highest principles of fidelity, loyalty, and honest service, which the writer suggests should be given to all children at school, to be learnt by heart, and repeated at the general meeting of trustees, a copper medal with the names of child and parish engraved, 'suspended by a loop of black or dark-blue ribbon,' to be placed with 'solemn exhortation' round the neck of each child by some respectable gentleman in the presence of the congregation.

The closing injunction is worth quoting; it is to such preceptors and masters that the redeeming features of the century's ideas of 'service' are due.

> Preserve your fidelity (he says), for a faithful servant is a jewel, and for whom no encouragement can be too great. And be strictly honest, for it is a shameful thing to be thought unworthy of trust.

VIOLET A. SIMPSON.

ON AN ALPINE FRONTIER.

HIGH above the giant mountains of Dauphiné, where range on range of unfrequented Alps rise athwart the eastern frontier of France, lies a lonely mountain tarn. The snows of summer scarcely seem to lighten its black waters. The sad winter shadows watch the snowdrifts softly deepening over its frozen surface. For long months at a time its solitude is undisturbed, its desolate shore untrodden. Pallid August moonlight glistens on the hard descending couloirs where no foot of man can ever pass. Autumn breezes sigh round the still unmelted icebergs floating sluggishly on its gloomy waters. Even in the height of summer long icicles hang from the frozen rocks. White mists are ever gathering in the névé-filled hollow above the great ice wall of the Pic Glacier and whirling fantastically upwards at the bidding of the cold mountain wind. Gaunt black splinters on the arête of the Pic du Minuit stand out against the leaden sky beyond. The sullen silence of the spot is seldom broken save by the dull boom of a distant avalanche or the sharper crack of a boulder rolling to destruction down a neighbouring stone-shoot. Not even the boldest native cragsman, the most reckless chamois hunter of the district, but dreads to find himself in its grim vicinity as the twilight steals up the mountain side. A tragic memory lingers yet round its lonely side.

The story runs on both sides of the frontier. In the tiny French villages the last desperate stand, in the days that are past, of the small detachment of imperial troops against the invader is still spoken of with eager pride. Across the mountains among the Italian hamlets the old peasants will relate to a sympathetic listener the tale of their fathers' time. More than eighty summers have come and gone since the fierce struggle on the wind-swept summit of the frozen Alpine pass. But in the local patois the tarn is known as 'The Lake of the Dead' to this day.

And this is the reason.

Years ago when the Great Napoleon escaped from Elba for the last wild campaign that was to end in his utter ruin he marched across the mountains of Dauphiné to Grenoble. Thence his call

to the soldiers of his armies of the past radiated in all directions and penetrated to the remotest valleys. The little French garrison on the Italian frontier tore off their white Bourbon cockades and vowed enthusiastically to die for their old Emperor. As the armies of Europe mustered for the fray instructions were sent to the detachment guarding the pass under the Pic du Minuit to defend it at all costs against invaders from the east. The young officer in command was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl who was living in a frontier village on the Italian side. A gathering thunderstorm was muttering restlessly among the mountains when Marie Davigno heard from the villagers that a surprise attack on the French post was impending. The girl never hesitated a minute. Alone and unaided she stole away up the steep hillside and breasted the slippery rocks on to the Pic Glacier. Already the foe was *en route*, for the pass and the longer easier way was impossible. Skirting treacherous crevasses and wading through deep snow plateaus she struggled bravely upwards to warn her loved one of the coming danger. The fact that her name has lived to this day is a proof of the wonder her daring evoked even among a mountain race. And she was just in time to warn—no more.

The French troops—barely two dozen in all—veterans who had soldiered under the imperial eagles from Austerlitz to Leipzig—crowded round the girl with rough devotion. Then, her story told, they took up their position with grim set faces that augured ill for the foe. The young lieutenant had barely time to kiss his betrothed and whisper a few words of love ere the first shots rang out on the lonely mountain side. In vain he begged her to leave them now her task was accomplished and while it was still possible. '*Jusqu'à la mort, et après*'—till death, and after—said the girl in quiet refusal. And the thunder rumbled stern approval from afar.

It is a sad little episode the record of which has been forgotten amid the turmoil of the great war. Marie Davigno fell dead at the second volley, and then the Frenchmen, outflanked and outnumbered, fought it out fiercely to the last man. After all was over such as were left of the victors flung the dead to rest for ever beneath the icy waters of the mountain tarn. The storm which levelled stately pine trees in the valleys, swept men and cattle from the pastures and flooded with furious torrents each neighbouring dale and plain seemed a fitting conclusion to the deed of

blood. The evening of June 18 was long remembered in the Dauphiné valleys. And not in the district alone. For it was at the very moment that the storm burst—or so tradition says—that far away in another land the Imperial Guard had charged for the last time up the slope of Hougoumont, and the great Emperor was swept away amid the débris of his army from the field of Waterloo.

All this happened more than three-quarters of a century ago. Young children of the villagers who had sheltered survivors from the raging of the elements are now old men and very feeble. Children's children tell the tale first learned by pitying grandparents from wounded lips. Sometimes a bent grizzled old native harps back on his memory's store. If so, he is sure to finish with a solemn injunction to his listener to avoid the locality during certain days in June. '*Jusqu'à la mort, et après*' he will whisper significantly. 'And, Monsieur, it is not good to meet again with those who should be sleeping together beneath the waters of the lake. For it is even said by some——'

But here the legend generally ends with a significant shake of the head, for the peasant of the mountains, superstitious though he be, is apt to keep his real fears for his own people only. Above all does he conceal them from wandering English or German mountaineers. The former laughs at, the latter seriously investigates, all folklore, and both processes are repugnant to the true child-like faith of the hills. Consequently the travellers' knowledge of the reason why the Lake of the Dead bears so ill-omened a name is as a rule derived from the three-lined paragraph in the pocket guide-book. This simply states that 'the tarn is reported to have been used as a burial place for the French soldiers slain in a skirmish on the pass during the invasion of France in the wars of the Great Napoleon.'

Such is the story—nothing more. Monsieur Jean Maître, of the Hôtel du Pic du Minuit, perhaps will tell it you if he likes you, and if he is not too busy.

For in these days there is no nicer spot in fine weather in the whole South-western Alps than the Val du Minuit. Far from the crowded tourist centres, it is known to but few Englishmen. These are mostly climbing men who visit it to tackle the difficult rock arête of the Pic du Minuit which gives the valley its name, or else who use the glacier pass under the mountain leading from

Italy to France. But to the military guardians of the frontier it is very well known indeed. Picked soldiers from the Alpine battalions of Chasseurs-à-pied haunt the mountain paths in spring and manœuvre unostentatiously along the border line as the summer advances. White-moustached generals—perchance a real divisional commander—may be encountered on tours of inspection. Workmanlike staff officers map the mountain positions and keen-eyed patrols wander over the glaciers. And if things happen as they sometimes do on a European frontier—for who can be certain where a purely imaginary boundary line lies in a fog, for instance?—why then the news has to filter far ere it reaches the pestilent newspapers, and methods exist for closing sources of information to the outside world where necessity compels. For European complications are to be avoided unless diplomacy desires them. And if Governments cannot always control their agents, they can generally suppress the details of their deeds.

One afternoon in early summer darkness was rapidly approaching and thick mists were rolling downwards in great white waves from the cold mountains overhead. The interminable séracs of the Minuit Glacier seemed to a certain English mountaineer and his two guides, who were cautiously picking their way through them, to loom a ghostly grey in the gathering twilight. The mighty shape of the Pic du Minuit was almost hidden from view, and the gaunt crags on its broken arête were fast disappearing in a veil of cloud. In fact the weather was atrocious and had completely spoilt John Forrester's attack on the Pic. This was the more annoying inasmuch as it was probably the result of attempting to mountaineer so early in the season. He had been assured by a man at home, who ought to have known better, that the Dauphiné peaks were easiest before the suns of the later summer had melted the snows that clung to the gullies. And he had been fool enough to believe it.

The three men were all rather weary. The snow was in bad condition and the wind was bitterly cold. There was not much sensation in the Englishman's feet or fingers by the time they had scrambled off the glacier on to the rocks of the moraine. These at first proved wet and slippery with a thin glazing of ice, and all the energies of the party were needed to avoid the surrounding pitfalls in the shape of unexpected holes and insecurely perched boulders. But at last they were fairly on the grass-grown slopes

of hillside descending rapidly towards the little mountain inn where dinner and dry clothes awaited them.

Here in the doorway a girl was watching impatiently for their return. Her slight active figure was dressed in a serviceable costume of some grey material. Without being exactly beautiful her regular features and large black eyes would anywhere have attracted attention. Her rather pale face was surmounted by a wondrous mass of dark wavy hair, and her every movement displayed that quick gracefulness sometimes inherited but rarely acquired. She came forward impulsively to meet the returning mountaineers with frank unceremony.

'Have you been on the Pass?' she asked Forrester, eagerly speaking his language with a quaint foreign accent.

'No,' answered the Englishman, raising his rather ragged shooting cap. 'We have been on the Pic Arête.'

'On the Pic,' she repeated quickly, 'and you have seen no one on the way?'

'Not a soul,' said Forrester promptly. 'And from the state of the weather up there I don't wonder at it.'

A disappointed look crept into the girl's dark eyes, and she half opened her lips to speak. But she checked herself abruptly, muttered some words of thanks, and turned away. Not until the rough mountain dinner had begun did Forrester learn the reason of her questions. Her brother should have long since returned from his day's work in the mountains, and every hour that passed made his absence the more inexplicable.

Forrester's acquaintance with brother and sister extended over a four days' stay in the valley. His knowledge of the Ruvignys was derived from occasional conversation at meal times. By this means he had learnt that the father had been connected with the French Embassy at Washington, where he had married an American lady, which accounted for the daughter's independent ways—so foreign to French ideas—and also for the English speech. The son was a captain in the 11th Alpine Battalion of Chasseurs-à-pied, and was now engaged in important secret survey work on the frontier. During the summer Denise Ruvigny had come to live with her brother, enjoying the free open-air life immensely and acquiring a considerable knowledge of climbing. This particular day, however, the weather had been so bad that she had not accompanied him as usual among the mountains.

All that dismal dinner time the wind moaned restlessly outside

and the hail drops splashed fitfully against the window panes. The girl was growing visibly more and more restless and anxious. As soon as the meal had ended she left the room. Forrester was smoking a cigarette and idly turning over the leaves of the visitors' book when the landlord of the inn came up to him with a perplexed look on his round red face.

The Mademoiselle was much concerned as to the absence of Monsieur le Capitaine her brother. For his part—though of a truth it was evil weather in which to be benighted on the mountains—mine host intimated he had but little fear as to the safety of that brave officer. Doubtless he had been forced to seek shelter in one of the neighbouring climbing huts—at the worst an experienced soldier such as he was would be sure to find some nook in the rocks in which to shelter till daylight dawned. But the Mademoiselle insisted on setting out as soon as morning broke to search for him, if he had not in the meantime arrived. And herein lay the difficulty. She could not go alone, and there were no guides in the place except those with Monsieur the Englishman. Did he intend to avail himself of them both on the morrow?

Forrester pondered a moment. He should have no objection at all to guiding her himself if necessary. The more he considered it the more he decided he should rather like the task. In fact it became quite clear it was a good idea. But would the girl accept his assistance?

On this point the landlord soon reassured him. The stout Frenchman was only too pleased, and waddled away in search of his lady visitor. In a very short space of time Forrester's offer had been accepted with grateful promptness and he was watching the charming play of expression in the dark eyes whose owner was trustfully confiding to him all her anxieties. And Denise Ruvigny could have made no better choice of a helper. The young English engineer was a first-rate climber, a man of cool head and infinite resource, and above all a gentleman. Long after she had said good-night and left him he sat smoking thoughtfully by the embers of the dying wood fire. His thoughts turned persistently to the girl who was to be his companion on the morrow. The soft tones of her voice, the smiles that had once or twice hovered round her small mouth, the appeal for assistance, interested him strangely. So he mused in pleasing laziness till a sleepy guide, coming to ask at what time his

Monsieur intended to start in the morning, broke up his reverie and drove him away to bed.

In the cold and dark of the early morning Forrester was roused with difficulty by an agitated French 'boots' and informed there was no news of the missing man. Out of doors the weather showed no signs of improvement. Indeed it was so bad that the two guides protested energetically at leaving the shelter of the valley for the storm and labour of the glacier regions above. But their employer was unreasonably resolute in a manner quite new to those stalwart experts, and they were compelled to start, despite vehement protestation that it was folly or worse to attempt their errand on such a morning. Denise Ruvigny had looked so bitterly disappointed at the idea of giving up the search that Forrester was determined to set forth on it if possible. And since her brother's survey work on the previous day would have taken him in the neighbourhood of the Col du Pic du Minuit—the pass on whose summit lies the little Lake of the Dead—it was proposed to make for that point first.

The little party as it left Monsieur Maître's inn was not a very lively one. The girl was full of foreboding at her brother's absence and shyly conscious that she was with strange companions. The guides were openly incredulous as to the possibility of finding anyone or anything in the mists and rain that enveloped the hills. Englishmen are always apt to be taciturn at 6 A.M., and John Forrester was no exception to the rule, though undoubtedly on this occasion he was the most cheerful of the four. There was a spice of adventure in the whole proceeding that charmed him. It is of course the bounden duty of a member of the Alpine Club to help all mountaineers in distress; that he remembered to have vaguely gathered from its publications. On the question whether such a duty extended to French surveying officers he could remember no precedent. But no such incentive was necessary when Denise Ruvigny's dark eyes were looking distressfully into his, and her soft voice was urging him onwards.

'I fear I am indeed a great trouble to you, Monsieur,' she said once with slightly heightened colour as Forrester adjusted the rope round her on reaching the lower Minuit Glacier. 'But for me you would doubtless be resting yourself below at Monsieur Maître's breakfast table. Is it not so?'

And her small head nodded, half archly, in the direction of that worthy's distant abode in the valley below.

'Much more likely to have been sound asleep in bed,' asserted the Englishman with a cheerful laugh, 'instead of taking a morning walk in the mountains and enjoying myself. See, the mists show signs of clearing. We may have a fine day yet. But the snow on this glacier is in a rotten bad condition, so we must be careful,' he added. And he proceeded to impress on Gaspard, the leading guide, not to go too fast.

As the party tracked cautiously up the glacier it dawned on him that the girl roped between the guide and himself was no novice at such work. She trod firmly and with confidence in the steps of the leader, and when he stopped to sound for hidden crevasses she watched his doings with the accustomed interest of the mountaineer familiar with such obstacles. Once, however, there was an awkward slip. It proved necessary to cut up a steep little ice slope swept clean of snow. Gaspard was in an ill humour and used his ice-axe carelessly. The steps cut in the ice were bad and the girl suddenly stumbled. In a moment, with a little cry of alarm, she slid downward to the full length of her rope towards a nasty crevasse just below. But the jerk of her light weight found the two men roped on each side of her steady as rocks. Pierre the other guide, the moment that it was seen that they were firm, cut down quickly across the ice to her assistance. In less than three minutes Forrester was brushing the snow off her dress and angrily demanding of Gaspard what on earth he meant by scratching the ice with his axe instead of cutting his steps properly.

Denise, however, took it all much as a matter of course, and strove to soothe the angry Englishman.

'Ah! it was my fault, Monsieur, do not blame the guide,' she cried with a little gesture of appeal. 'I was careless, for I thought of other things and not of my footsteps. And it was wrong of me truly!'

'Are you sure you are not hurt?' queried Forrester bluntly.

'Quite certain, Monsieur,' she replied with eager emphasis. 'It was—how say you in English?—a good tumble, nothing more.'

And her lips parted in a half-smile, which, however, faded away quickly.

'But oh! let us hasten on,' she added impatiently. 'We have yet to find my brother. Why do we wait here?'

No more was said. Again the little party got under way

with renewed vigour. Gaspard's ice steps for the rest of the morning were exemplary. And an hour later the missing man had been found with unexpected ease, but also under wholly unforeseen circumstances.

The searchers had quitted the glacier for the rocks which on the French side lead to the summit of the Col. These are steep and broken, and need care in climbing. The leader was fully occupied in choosing the easiest route upwards, and all Forrester's thoughts were concentrated on helping the girl in front of him. Suddenly Pierre, in the rear, gave a startled shout. A few yards to their right a white handkerchief caught between two stones fluttered in the breeze.

Pierre's loud exclamation was followed by a faint cry for help from the same direction. A hasty scramble brought the others to the spot in no time. Under a great mass of overhanging rock was a low natural shelf where a man could shelter in bad weather. Here, protected in some degree from the rain and wind, a man was lying wounded and alone.

The girl flung herself down beside her brother with a little piteous cry. Forrester promptly dragged a flask from his pocket, and its contents brought back some colour to the pale face and lips. The guides leant helplessly against the rock wall with staring eyes.

A moment later Pierre touched the Englishman's shoulder and pointed awestruck to the ground. Gradually his meaning became clear. All round were the signs of a savage struggle. The drifted snow was trampled down and stained with blood. A broken surveying instrument lay at one end of the ledge of rock, and some spent revolver cartridges were scattered about the other. No ordinary accident had caused the disaster. What could it all mean ?

It was soon to be clear enough, however. Revived by the cordial, the wounded officer dragged himself up into a sitting posture, and poured out a torrent of impetuous French sentences. The girl listened eagerly, and her face whitened at his tale. He pointed to the stalwart Englishman standing beside her, vainly endeavouring to understand the rapid foreign tongue. He was evidently urging on his sister some course of action she was unwilling to take. She expostulated; he implored. She hesitated and he gesticulated strenuously with his unwounded arm—the other hung limp and useless—towards the frontier. At

last she turned reluctantly and looked John Forrester full in the face.

'My brother's story is a strange one, Monsieur,' she said slowly in English. 'He bids me tell it you and ask you to help me yet again for the second time.'

The Englishman nodded cheerfully. 'All right,' he said, smiling a little. 'It is all in the day's work. What is to be done next?'

'We must try to catch the thief,' was the unexpected answer.

Forrester's stare of astonishment showed the speaker that he was still quite ignorant of the situation. Rapidly she explained it with the same frank trustfulness she had shown the previous night.

Captain Ruvigny's work on the frontier was in connection with secret plans for the mobilisation of troops in the event of war. A most important part of his duty was to trace the position of certain fresh fortifications which it was proposed to make. The sketches of these new forts with their positions, ranges, and armaments were in fact on the point of completion. In a few days the general in command of that portion of the eastern frontier was to reach the Val du Minuit, and to him the plans were to be submitted for transmission to Paris. It was of the utmost importance that no details of their construction should become known across the frontier. In order not to awaken suspicion the designers worked singly and unostentatiously. But now it was clear that part of the secret was known to someone on the other side.

Overtaken by the bad weather on the previous evening—so the girl explained—Louis Ruvigny sought out this shelf of rock which he had used once before on a similar occcasion. Here he passed a fairly comfortable night. In the early morning he awoke with a start from an uneasy slumber to find a stranger bending over him in the act of rifling his pockets.

'An Italian spy!' cried the wounded officer in fierce parenthesis.

'In a moment Louis grappled with the newcomer, Monsieur, and there was a great fight,' Denise continued, 'but the other was strong and eager, and my brother was numbed with the cold. How it all happened is hard to say. The spy crushed Louis back against the rocks, so that his arm is broken, as you see. From the pain he nearly faints. Then the paper is torn from him in triumph. With a mocking shout the thief bounds away up the mountain

side to the pass. Louis fires—again and again—with his pistol. But ah! in vain. Now but one course remains. My brother cannot go in pursuit, for he is hurt. We must do so instead.'

'It will be impossible to overtake him,' muttered Forrester as the narrator stopped breathless with indignation.

'Oh no, Monsieur!' urged the Frenchman eagerly. 'He is certain to stop at the Pic Hut on the other side. He too is doubtless much fatigued. But you must depart at once with speed.'

'We cannot leave you here,' Forrester objected strongly. 'It is absurd!'

Denise Ruvigny knitted her small dark eyebrows and spoke with a firm decision almost odd in so young a girl.

'One of the guides must remain with my brother, Monsieur. They will return with slowness to the valley. You must pretend that you cross the pass for the pleasure of the mountaineering—ïs that not how you say it? Also you must affirm that I am of your party, and I will talk the English, thus, like an English lady. So shall we be able to follow over the frontier without suspicion.'

'But how will you know the man when you see him?' demanded Forrester brusquely.

'From my brother's description,' said the girl quietly. 'It is in my head. I shall make no mistake.'

'It is a tremendous grind right over the pass to the Pic Hut,' the mountaineer still protested doubtfully. 'Can you do it?'

'Yes,' replied Denise simply. Then her voice dropped a little as she spoke.

'If you help me, Monsieur.'

The Englishman watched her for a moment in growing wonder—wonder that gave place to admiration at her pluck.

'My brother is ruined if the paper is not recovered,' she added. 'Its loss will never be forgiven in Paris, never! Will you go? I wait your answer, Monsieur.'

The other stood silent. It seemed a wild mad idea to the Englishman unaccustomed to the amenities of a land frontier. To abandon a sorely wounded man—to chase an entirely unknown foreigner into his own country—to obtain forcible recovery of a compromising document—such was the task proposed to him. But he could think of no other plan. Moreover Denise Ruvigny had never looked so charming as when, with her large eyes regarding him gravely, she proposed this ridiculous scheme.

And even while outwardly he hesitated, inwardly he knew he should do as she wished.

'I wait your answer, Monsieur,' repeated the girl with a slight tinge of surprise in her tone.

John Forrester gathered up the loose coil of Alpine rope.

'I will do my best,' he said slowly. 'But I do not think we shall succeed all the same.'

'And I am sure we shall,' cried Denise Ruvigny confidently. 'Come, Monsieur, let us go.'

And so the first pursuit began.

II.

The route over the Col du Pic du Minuit is none of the easiest even in fine weather. Still though it is rarely traversed now except by mountaineers bound for the Pic itself it presents no insurmountable difficulties on the French side at least. But on the Italian side it is quite different. There is, it is true, a long roundabout way taking many hours, by which the descent is possible and by which it is generally accomplished. The direct route from the summit of the pass into the nearest Italian valley is exceedingly difficult and trying. Owing to one of those strange glacial oscillations which are the puzzle of scientists the ice of the Pic Glacier has so altered in formation since the beginning of the present century that even the wild daring that carried Marie Davigno up its slippery slopes in the old days would probably now fail to accomplish its task—at any rate unaided. Both routes—the long devious one and the short dangerous one—ultimately meet in Italian territory. Here on the rocky floor at the head of a lonely mountain valley the Italian Alpine Club has built a climber's hut. The nearest village is some miles lower down the valley.

It was a gloomy afternoon. The daylight was already waning sullenly by the time that Forrester's party, descending by the usual route, at last struck the rough track which leads from among the moraine heaps of the Pic Glacier to this refuge hut known by the same name. Forrester himself was uncommonly glad when Pierre pointed out to him the insignificant little building in the distance. The mists that had clung so obstinately round them in the higher regions had rendered their progress,

even by the easier descent, slow and difficult. And his girl companion, despite her pluck and endurance, was nearly worn out.

Not that Denise would admit it for a moment. But for the last hour or two she had tacitly allowed the leader to help her in places where she would have scorned his assistance earlier in the day. And the steadying grasp of her small white fingers on his arm, the natural way in which she turned to him for necessary directions, the feeling that he was responsible for her safety, brought a new sensation to the stalwart Englishman accustomed only to shift for himself or his guides.

Past fatigues were soon forgotten, however, when the hut came in sight. As they neared it a man became visible outside gazing earnestly in their direction. Soon they were close enough to distinguish his features. He was a tall thin-faced individual with a hooked nose, shifty dark eyes, and stray locks of unkempt black hair escaping from beneath a rough mountaineer's cap. Next moment, as Denise Ruvigny sprang suddenly forwards, the stranger as suddenly retreated into the hut and shut the door in their faces.

'Monsieur, that is the thief!' cried the girl excitedly. And she rushed impetuously past Forrester on the narrow path.

The latter was after her in an instant, and Pierre followed with a bound. The hut door was wrenched open roughly and the eager pursuers burst into the little room, only to recoil in overwhelming consternation.

The hut was full of Italian soldiers. As ill-luck would have it, a frontier patrol was in occupation for the night.

The surprise was complete. Fortunate it was that the Englishman's presence of mind rose at once to meet the unexpected danger. Concealing his chagrin he raised his cap in customary salutation and stolidly set about asserting the mountaineer's right to a share at all times in the refuge huts. He quietly unshipped the rücksack from his shoulders, unconcernedly cleared a place on the nearest bench for Denise, and proceeded to stow away rope and ice-axe in a convenient corner. With sharp admonition in his voice he ordered Pierre to unpack the provisions and boil some water as for the usual evening meal. Then he turned to look about him.

The hut was but dimly lighted, and tobacco smoke hung heavily in the air. The man they had seen outside the hut, and whom Denise had declared she recognised as the thief, sat on

the straw sleeping bench staring fixedly at the new comers. Five frontier guards under a sergeant crowded the little interior.

But these 'Alpini,' as they are called, by no means impressed him unfavourably. They had returned his greeting politely: one of them moved aside to give the girl a more comfortable seat, and another began to help Pierre resuscitate the low fire in the little iron stove. There was no suspicion or unfriendliness in their looks. On their part indeed they recognised at once from Forrester's dress and speech that he was unmistakably English. The curious islanders who loved to scramble about their mountains for pleasure were mad doubtless, but quite harmless and often amusingly good fellows. They were quite different from the hated French across the frontier. And Denise Ruvigny's drooping form and face pale with weariness and disappointment evidently excited sympathy.

Perhaps it was just as well that conversation proved impossible. The sergeant made several gallant attempts, but Forrester knew no Italian, and the girl stuck to her Anglo-American, nearly upsetting her companion's gravity by some of her naïve expressions. The Englishman passed his tobacco pouch round, and its contents met with decided approval. There was much smiling and gesticulation, and also some headshaking, when it became clear, chiefly by signs, that the newcomers were from over the Pass. And as Pierre professed a profound stupidity their intercourse of necessity stopped.

Till suddenly the unexpected happened again. Forrester's movements, as he sorted out the best of their scanty store of provisions for his companion's supper, had carried him beside the hitherto silent stranger. The latter touched him on the shoulder and spoke in a low tone.

'I should like a word with you, Monsieur,' he said in excellent English. 'And alone if you please.'

Forrester was conscious of a distinctly disagreeable shock of surprise. But he strolled casually after the speaker outside the hut amid the wilderness of boulders great and small that surrounded it on all sides. Pierre was preparing food within. The soldiers were lounging lazily on the benches. Darkness was gathering fast. No one was near.

'I scarcely think you crossed the Col du Pic du Minuit for pleasure in this weather,' said the stranger sarcastically. 'Perhaps there was another motive.'

'Indeed!' was the laconic answer. 'What was that?'

'One moment,' said the other with a smooth wave of his hand. 'But first—Mademoiselle?'

'Yes.'

'Or Madame should I say?'

Forrester stared impassively at the blinking eyes peering into his without answering, till their owner seemed to think it wise not to press the point.

'Speaks curious English, it appears.'

'Ah!' observed Forrester blandly. 'American, you see.'

'No, French!' cried the other with a scowl.

'Look here, Monsieur,' he continued harshly. 'I can guess the errand on which you have come. But the game is in my hands now. Yonder girl has a brother in the army of France. You start—you know it is true. What then shall hinder me from denouncing her to the patrol as a spy?'

Forrester turned on the speaker savagely. But the latter went on unheeding.

'It is no use to threaten me, Monsieur. Here on Italian soil I am safe. It is you and the Mademoiselle—or Madame—to whom the danger comes. Do you follow me?'

'Well?' asked the Englishman with a scornful assurance he scarcely felt. 'What do you propose to do?'

'This,' said the other promptly. 'Let us bargain. It is true—I confess it—that I took from that pig of a Frenchman the paper with the plan of the new forts. To me it is worth much money, for I shall sell it in Rome to the Minister of War. But I do not reveal it to these frontier fools here. If they knew of it they would perhaps take it from me and I should then lose all. Now I have been in England and know the English gentleman——'

'Really!' observed the representative of that class in parenthesis. 'You surprise me.'

The other scowled fiercely at the interruption, but went on rapidly.

'You must pledge me your word of honour, Englishman, not to attempt to recover from me the paper which I have taken. To-morrow I go down the valley and I take the train to Turin. You will recross the frontier or do whatever you will except deprive me of that which I have won. Are you agreed?'

'And your side of the bargain is——'

'That I keep my silence. Otherwise the girl shall be arrested as a spy this night—instantly. And, Monsieur, let me tell you in this country scant consideration is shown to spies, male or female.'

'My passport, however,' began Forrester thoughtfully.

'Contains no mention of a lady,' cried the other with a sneer. 'Not even a sister or a wife.'

The Englishman's eyes flashed ominously, but the other kept his ground with defiant ease. For a full minute the two men stood looking at each other steadily face to face. The very darkness seemed to deepen round them. A stream murmured dully in the distance. The night wind moaned dismally among the rocks.

But the die was cast. Forrester saw clearly that he had no choice. Denise Ruvigny's safety came first. He spoke at last with grim decision.

'I agree to your proposal. I will make no effort personally to recover possession of the paper from you. You on your part will keep silence before these men about her.'

'Monsieur is wise,' cried the other triumphantly. 'It is, as you say in English, a bargain. You indeed I might have cause to fear; the woman and the guide—bah! they are helpless—fools!'

And the speaker turned with a little exulting bow towards the hut.

A sudden impulse moved the Englishman to call after him. With some curiosity Forrester asked his last question that night.

'So you trust an Englishman's word absolutely then?' he said.

'Between two *gentlemen*,' retorted the spy with a lower bow and an evil mocking face 'such is quite sufficient. Adieu, Monsieur.'

And Forrester's muttered rejoinder was not a blessing.

Indeed he grew quite sulky as he retraced his steps, for when was a fellow ever placed in such an abominable position? On the one hand he had pledged himself to help Denise, on the other he was condemned to absolute inaction. And sulky he remained even after he had helped the girl to roll herself up, fully dressed as she was, in the best blankets the hut provided and settle down to sleep in the cleanest straw with his rücksack as a pillow.

He could only ponder over his troubles in silent perplexity and curse the world at large.

Matters seemed worse in the morning. For a time a dense mist enveloped everything, and while it hindered anyone leaving the hut it did not prevent the arrival of another party of a dozen soldiers from the valley who came crowding noisily inside under a stout dirty little lieutenant. Forrester glowered at them darkly. He made no attempt to explain the situation to the girl who on her part watched him with a half-puzzled expression he could not understand. The spy rolled numberless cigarettes, smoked them gracefully the while, and looked amused. The whole affair was simply maddening.

A puff of cold wind from the icefields above rolled the white fog aside as a curtain is drawn back across a window. Peak and pass, valley and glacier, stood revealed in the grey light of a sunless morn. A bustle of preparation promptly pervaded the hut. In an incredibly short time all the troops with one exception had taken their arms and filed away towards the Col du Pic du Minuit. The man left behind was chopping up firewood outside the hut. The spy was on the point of departure also. But he was two minutes too late.

What followed was the work of a minute. Denise Ruvigny and Pierre the guide did it together without a word. The girl suddenly flung a heavy Alpine blanket over the stranger's face as he stooped to fasten a bootlace. Without a moment's hesitation the young Frenchman brought the heavy iron cooking pot, which he had been making a pretence of cleaning, down on the struggling head muffled under the blanket.

It fell with a mighty crash. The spy was stretched senseless on the ground with a dull thud. Flinging himself down beside him Pierre coolly tore open his coat and handed the contents of the pockets to the girl for examination. Her face was white with excitement, but the small hands never faltered. The paper so eagerly sought was soon found. Pursuit had indeed ended in capture. Escape remained.

Yet the first thought on Forrester's part was not of safety. He had stood inactive at the supreme moment. Painfully he began to explain his enforced inaction.

The girl checked him with a smile.

'Monsieur, last night I did hear all you would tell me now.'

'You heard!' cried Forrester in wonder. 'How?'

'The big boulder,' confessed Denise, half ashamed, 'hid me quite easily. You never saw me, but I heard you well. So truly I understand it all. And now, Monsieur, how do we return to France?'

The latter remark opened a serious question. It was indeed no time to talk of anything else. Pierre too deemed this the best moment to volunteer the cheering information, gathered from the soldiers, that the troops now on the hillside between themselves and the Col were but an advance guard. Others were on the way up from the valley, and were to be expected shortly at the hut. The little party was between two fires. What was to be done?

The hut door was closed, and Pierre leant against it stubbornly. The girl concealed the paper in her dress. Forrester picked up his rücksack and reached down rope and ice-axe.

'Are you sure we cannot return the way we came?' he asked Pierre doubtfully. 'Is there no avoiding them somehow on the glacier?'

The guide shook his head decisively.

'None, Monsieur,' he said with emphasis.

'And we certainly cannot go down the valley.'

'Impossible, Monsieur.'

'What then remains?' demanded the English mountaineer abruptly.

'Only the Davigno ice slope,' was the the grave reply. 'There is nothing else.'

Forrester whistled softly. 'My word! we can never do it,' he muttered in surprise. 'That slope—with a lady!'

Denise heard him. Confidently she looked up at the two stalwart men before her.

'We must try,' said she.

'And if we fail——'

'The good saints will help us,' remarked Pierre piously. But he evidently did not regard the prospect with pleasure, all the same.

At this moment the sound of wood-chopping outside suddenly ceased. The soldier had finished his task and fumbled at the hut door. The inmates heard him swear wonderingly at the obstruction. Forrester flushed angrily.

'At least I have made no promise about this fool,' he muttered. And flinging open the hut door he hit the unsuspecting Italian

a blow that rendered that worthy incapable, even of profanity, for a short space of time.

After that they tied the indignant Alpino up scientifically with the spare hut rope and put him inside to keep company with the still senseless spy. They closed the wooden shutters leaving the hut in darkness and rolled a large stone against the door. Then they tramped resolutely away towards the Pic Glacier with occasional anxious glances behind them. But for a while all was still.

The route by which they had come was soon left. Two hours' steady grind took them over the moraines and across the easy low-lying glacier. Once only when they stopped to rope was the grim determined silence broken.

'Did you hear everything that was said last night?' Forrester asked, fumbling with a knot without looking at Denise—'When you were behind the boulder, you know?'

'Yes, quite clearly,' answered the girl in surprise at the question. 'Oh!——' She stopped suddenly in some confusion.

'That scoundrel well deserved what he got,' muttered her companion with seeming inconsequence. The tangled knot was really a very awkward one.

Denise's cheeks had flamed suddenly. Her eyes dropped unacountably at the same time.

'It was all in English too!' remarked the other casually, looking up as the rope straightened itself in wonderful fashion.

'And I have forgotten my English dreadfully,' murmured the girl with a little laugh. 'But, hark, Monsieur, what is that?'

That was a rifle shot. A moment later a shrill bugle call blared out on the quiet mountain side. Would its echoes *never* die away?

Now began the strangest time in all those two wild eventful days. The hut with its tell-tale captives once discovered, angry avengers drawn from some of the finest mountain troops in the world would be hot on the track. The pursuers of the first day became themselves the pursued on the second. And the task before them ere safety back again across the frontier could be reached was formidable indeed.

Above the little band of three rose a gigantic ice-slope many feet in height. Inclined at an abnormally steep angle it is one of those comparatively rare examples in the Alps of a large expanse of hard blue ice. Up it every step must be hewn with

painful labour and then must be trodden in with careful steadiness. There exists no possibility of turning that slope on either hand. To right and to left the overhanging cliffs are absolutely unclimbable; down them the water drips with dismal persistency from melting snows above. The mists which had cleared from among the lower icefields, over which the keen-eyed Italians were now doubtless in eager chase, still clung heavily over the higher parts of the slope, concealing the exact direction of the Col. But retreat was now out of the question. They could only advance.

Well was it for the little party that the girl had nerves of iron and the men muscles of steel. Perhaps the former's face was rather paler than usual; certainly Forrester's wore a defiant frown as another signal rifle shot rang out in the valley below. But without another word they turned to the ordeal before them.

Upwards, ever upwards, step by step, toiling, persevering, panting, Forrester cut his way onwards with unfailing vigour, and the others followed in their leader's track. Ever above them glimpses of the unending ice-wall in chilling vistas higher still; ever the monotonous chipping of the sharp steel and the hissing slide of the ice fragments dislodged by the axe. Despite the cold surroundings large beads of perspiration clustered thickly on the tanned face of the Alpine clubman, but the strong arms never ceased their everlasting chop, chop, chop, and behind him the girl moved forward with patient skill. Pierre watched the steady progress with keen admiration, steadied his Mademoiselle when necessary, and kept a watchful look out on the glacier below. Time was passing on. If they could but crawl up into the mists above ere their pursuers had traced them to the ice-wall all might yet be well. But it was not to be.

A line of little black dots crept into sight in the distance, winding their steady way across the lower glacier in the footsteps of their predecessors. Once indeed they stopped, but it was to point upwards to where, just below the bank of writhing mists, Forrester's party was visible to them against the dull white slope of ice. Pierre's warning shout to the Englishman made him cease for a moment from his labour and look downwards. He took in the seriousness of the situation at a glance, and his face hardened stubbornly to meet the danger. With a gruff word of encouragement to his two companions he recommenced his dogged cutting in the terribly steep hard ice.

'Let me go to the front now, Monsieur, to make the steps,' cried Pierre anxiously. 'Surely you are tired with the toil.'

'No time to waste over changing places,' said Forrester grimly. 'You attend to the Mademoiselle. If either of you slips, I cannot hold you. See to her.'

The guide grunted acquiescence. The girl's lips were moving as in prayer. The men on the glacier beneath had stopped and were levelling their rifles. An irregular volley spluttered out on the quiet of the morning.

Now it is an exceedingly difficult thing to fire straight upwards with accuracy when the shooters are unsteadied by having had to travel over very rough ground in haste. Moreover the distance was still considerable. Consequently where those bullets went to no man ever knew, and before the Italians could empty their rifles again the fugitives were hidden in the mist.

Forrester was furious with rage at the audacity of the foreigners in firing at an Englishman. But the girl's restraining presence—and his own general breathlessness—kept him from uttering his feelings aloud. Besides, the summit of the Col must now be close at hand; once there they would be across the frontier in no time.

Then suddenly came the realisation of another peril—the last and the greatest. While the pursuers below had halted in hesitation at the foot of the dreaded ice-slope up which was scored the thin track of Forrester's ice-steps, their comrades who had left the hut earlier in the morning, warned by the firing from below, were hastening at their best pace towards the Col. Up the longer easier route they scrambled fast in order to intercept the fugitives. The mist was blowing about before the cold mountain wind in great wreaths of white. A momentary rent in the opaque mass revealed to the climbers the break in the dark rocky ridge fringing the great ice slope where the pass lay.

Then came fresh cloud again. Next the mists were torn asunder for a further second, and the girl's little cry of alarm was unneeded to direct the attention of the others to this second detachment of their enemies pouring up close at hand on the other route to their left.

The moment for a final effort had come. It was to be a race between the two parties for the frontier line, one moreover in which every advantage lay on the side of the soldiers.

Forrester set his teeth hard. A few more hastily cut steps

and he had hauled the girl unceremoniously over the edge of the ice on to the welcome rocks above. There the ground at least was level—thank Heaven for that! Their lives were no longer staked on every single step taken by each member of the little party. The relief in that one fact alone was indescribable. He seized the girl's hand and tore across the débris with which the top of the pass is strewn. Pierre followed with a run.

Grim figures with levelled rifles came bursting through the mists in chase. Angry voices called on them to stop. Threats, imprecations, pistol shots, came hurling, as it seemed, on every side. Through the chilling death-white vapours it appeared to Forrester's overwrought senses as if a conflict had broken out all round them. With grasp tightened on the small hand that lay in his, he sped on dazed and doubting. Already through the driving dampness the watery gleam of the Lake of the Dead shimmered dully before his straining eyes. Yonder lay the frontier, its line marked by the battered old wooden cross, weathered by countless storms. There was refuge, there safety, from the rushing foe behind. Something—was it a bullet?—spattered on the ground at his feet. Something else whistled keenly past his cheek. But surely the direction was reverse. Were there enemies, then, in front as well as behind?

Onwards still—onwards ever!

Shadowy men seemed to rise on either hand as in a dream queer shapes of a bygone age loomed for a moment and were gone. What was that vision—it could have been nothing more—of tall square caps, old-fashioned imperial uniforms, muskets such as no army uses now gripped by weird soldier forms of a forgotten generation? What was that curious echo ringing in his ears, 'Vive l'Empereur!'? That was impossible and yet——

A quick biting puff of cold mountain wind rolled, as by a magic-dispelling power, the mists from before his path. The lake lay on his right hand sombre and silent. The old cross rose gauntly on his left. A dead hush seemed to fall of a sudden on the desolate scene. In the distance the French mountains stood outspread before him; the frontier line was passed. The vision, if such it was, had vanished. The noise of shouting and of shots had died away. A wondrous quiet had come. They three were alone.

Denise Ruvigny's face was white as the snow around her. Pierre the guide staggered forwards into safety like a drunken

man. An unaccountable feeling of fear had seized on Forrester—he knew not why. He stared back fixedly across the now deserted pass, to where its crest cut the sky line beyond the tarn, till his eyes ached. No living thing was visible anywhere.

'Did you see them too?' whispered Denise in awestruck tones, creeping closer as if for protection to her companion.

'Whom do you mean?' asked Forrester uneasily. He shivered slightly as he spoke. The afternoon had fallen; it was cold and sunless.

'Surely, Monsieur has not forgotten,' said the girl solemnly. 'It is the eighteenth of June—the day of Waterloo—the hour of the coming of Marie Davigno.'

Then she added softly the words of the tale of old.

'*Jusqu'à la mort, et après.*'

'Come, Monsieur, let us go.'

The story may be doubted. Another explanation of the sudden panic flight of the Italian soldiery at the moment of successful capture may be found. Whatever John Forrester saw in the whirling mists on the lonely mountain pass he keeps to himself. And you must know that charming little French lady who is now his wife very well indeed before you mention the matter in her presence. If you are wise you will understand that silence is indeed a golden garland to be preserved on some occasions with a wondrous care.

ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

THE

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BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER X.

IN DEEP WATER.

Le cœur humain est un abîme qui trompe tous les calculs.

It is to be presumed that Colonel de Casimir met friends at the reception given by Governor Rapp in the great rooms of the Rathhaus. For there were many Poles present, and not a few officers of other nationalities.

The army indeed that set forth to conquer Russia was not a French-speaking army. Less than half of the regiments were of that nationality, while Italians, Bavarians, Saxons, Würtembergers, Westphalians, Prussians, Swiss, and Portuguese went gaily forward on the great venture. There were soldiers from the numerous petty states of the German Confederation which acknowledged Napoleon as their protector, for the good reason that they could not protect themselves against him. Finally, there were those Poles who had fought in Spain for Napoleon, hoping that in return he would some day set the ancient kingdom upon its feet among the nations. Already the whisperers pointed at Davoust as the future king of the new Poland.

Many present at the farewell reception of the Governor carried a sword, though they were the merest civilians, plotting, counter-plotting, and whispering a hundred rumours. Perhaps Rapp

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himself, speaking bluff French with a German accent, was as honest as any man in the room, though he lacked the polish of the Parisian and had not the subtlety of the Pole. Rapp was not a shining light in these brilliant circles. He was a Governor not for peace, but for war. His day was yet to come.

Such men as de Casimir shrugged their supple shoulders at his simple talk. They spoke of him half-contemptuously as of one who had had a thousand chances and had never taken them. He was not even rich, and he had handled great sums of money. He was only a General, and he had slept in the Emperor's tent—had had access to him in every humour. He might do the same again in the coming campaign. He was worth cultivating. De Casimir and his like were full of smiles which in no wise deceived the shrewd Alsatian.

Mathilde Sebastian was among the ladies to whom these brilliant warriors paid their uncouth compliments. Perhaps de Casimir was aware that her measuring eyes followed him wherever he went. He knew, at all events, that he could hold his own amid these adventurers, many of whom had risen from the ranks; while others, from remote northern States, had birth but no manners at all. He was easy and gay, carrying lightly that subtle air of distinction which is given to many Poles.

'Here to-day, Mademoiselle, and gone to-morrow,' he said. 'All these eager soldiers. And who can tell which of us may return?'

If he had expected Mathilde to flinch at this reminder of his calling, he was disappointed. Her eyes were hard and bright. She had had so few chances of moving amidst this splendour, of seeing close at hand the greatness which Napoleon shed around him as the sun its rays. She was carried away by the spirit of the age. Anything was better, she felt, than obscurity.

'And who can tell,' whispered de Casimir with a careless and confident laugh, 'which of us shall come back rich and great?'

This brought the glance from her dark eyes for which his own lay waiting. She was certainly beautiful, and wore the difficult dress of that day with assurance and grace. She possessed something which the German ladies about her lacked; something which many suddenly lack when a Frenchwoman is near.

His manner, half respectful, half triumphant, betrayed an understanding to which he did not refer in words. She had bestowed some favour upon him—had acceded to some request.

He hoped for more. He had overstepped some barrier. She, who should have measured the distance, had allowed him to come too close. The barriers of love are one-sided; there is no climbing back.

'A hundred envious eyes are watching me,' he said in an undertone as he passed on; 'I dare not stay longer. I am on duty to-night.'

She bowed and watched him go. She was, it would seem, aware of that fallen barrier. She had done nothing, had permitted nothing from weakness. There was no weakness at all perhaps in Mathilde Sebastian. She had the quiet manner of a skilled card-player with folded cards laid face down upon the table, who knows what is in her hand and is waiting for the foe to lead.

De Casimir did not see her again. In such a throng it would have been difficult to find her had he so desired. But, as he had told her, he was on duty to-night. There were to be a hundred arrests before dawn. Many who were laughing and talking with the French officers to-night were already in the grasp of Napoleon's secret police, and would drive straight from the door of the Rathhaus to the town prison or to the old Watch-house in the Portchaisengasse. Others, moving through the great rooms with a high head, were already condemned out of their own bureaux and escritoires now being rifled by the Emperor's spies.

The Emperor himself had given the order, before quitting Dantzig to take command of the maddest and greatest enterprise conceived by the mind of man. There was nothing above the reach of his mind, it seemed, and nothing too low for him to bend down and touch. Every detail had been considered by himself. He was like a man who, having an open wound on his back, attends to it hurriedly before showing an undaunted face to the enemy.

His inexorable finger had come down on the name of Antoine Sebastian, figuring on all the secret reports—first in many.

'Who is this man?' he asked, and none could answer.

He had gone to the frontier without awaiting the solution to the question. Such was his method now. He had so much to do that he could but skim the surface of his task. For the human mind, though it be colossal, can only work within certain limits. The greatest orator in the world can only move his immediate hearers. Those beyond the inner circle catch a word

here and there, and imagination supplies the rest or improves upon it. But those in the farthest gallery hear nothing and see a little man gesticulating.

De Casimir was not entrusted with the execution of the Emperor's orders. He had nothing to do with the secret police. As a member of General Rapp's staff, resident in Dantzig since the city's occupation by the French, he had been called upon to make exhaustive reports upon the feeling of the burghers. There were many doubtful cases. De Casimir did not pretend to be better than his fellows. To some he had sold the benefit of the doubt. Some had paid willingly enough for their warning. Others had put off the payment; for there were many Jews, then as now, in Dantzig; slow payers requiring something stronger than a threat to make them disburse.

De Casimir therefore quitted the Rathhaus among the first to go, and walked through the busy streets to his rooms in the Langenmarkt, where he not only lived but had a small office to which orderlies and aides-de-camp came by day or night. Two sentries kept guard on the pavement. Since the spring, this office had been one of the busiest military posts in Dantzig. Its doors were open at all hours, and in truth many of de Casimir's assistants preferred to transact their business in the dark.

There might be some recalcitrant debtor driven by stress of circumstance to clear his conscience to-night. It would be as well, de Casimir thought, to be at one's post. Nor was he mistaken. Though it was only ten o'clock, two men were awaiting his return, and, their business despatched, de Casimir deemed it wise to send away his assistants. Immediately after they had gone a woman came. She was half distracted with fear, and the tears ran down her pallid cheeks. But she dried them at the mention of de Casimir's price, and fell to abusing him.

'If your husband is innocent there is all the more reason why he should be grateful to me for warning him,' he said, with a smile. And at last the lady paid and went away.

The town clocks had struck eleven before another footstep on the pavement made de Casimir raise his head. He did not actually expect anyone, but a certain surreptitiousness in the approach of this visitor, and the low knock on the door, made him suspect that this was grist for his mill.

He opened the door and, seeing that it was a woman, stepped *back*. When she had entered he closed the door while she stood

watching him in the dark passage, beneath the shadow of her hood. Knowing the value of such small details he locked the door rather ostentatiously and dropped the key into his pocket.

'And now, madame,' he said reassuringly, as he followed his visitor into the room where a shaded lamp lighted his writing-table. She threw back her hood, and it was Mathilde! The surprise on de Casimir's face was genuine enough. Romance could not have brought about this visit, nor love be its motive.

'Something has happened,' he said, looking at her doubtfully.

'Where is my father?' was the reply.

'Unless there has been some mistake,' he answered glibly, 'he is at home in bed.'

She smiled contemptuously into his innocent face.

'There has been a mistake,' she said, 'they came to arrest him to-night.'

De Casimir made a gesture of anger and seemed to be mentally assigning a punishment to some blunderer.

'And?' he asked, without looking at her.

'And he escaped.'

'For the moment?'

'No; he has left Dantzig.'

Something in her voice—the cold note of warning—made him glance uneasily at her. This was not a woman to be deceived, and yet she was womanly enough to fear deception and to resent her own fears, visiting her anger on any who aroused them. In the flash of an eye he understood her and forestalled the words that were upon her lips.

'And I promised that he should come to no harm—I know that,' he said quickly. 'At first I thought that it must have been a blunder, but on reflection I am sure that it is not. It is the Emperor. He must have given the order for the arrest himself, behind my back. That is his way. He trusts no one. He deceives those nearest to him. I made out the list of those to be arrested to-night and your father's name was not on it. Do you believe me? Mademoiselle, do you believe me?'

It was only natural in such a man to look for disbelief. The air he breathed was infected by suspicion. No deception was too small for the great man whom he served. Mathilde made no answer.

'You came here to accuse me of having deceived you,' he said rather anxiously. 'Is that it?'

She nodded without meeting his eyes. It was not the truth. She had come to hear his defence, hoping against hope that she might be able to believe him.

'Mathilde,' he asked slowly, 'do you believe me?'

He came a step nearer, looking down at her averted face, which was oddly white. Then suddenly she turned, without a sound, without lifting her eyes—and was in his arms. It seemed that she had done it against her will, and it took him by surprise. He had thought that she was trying to attract his love because she believed in his capability to make his fortune like so many soldiers of France; that she was only playing a woman's subtle game. And after all, she was like the rest—a little cleverer, a little colder—but, like the rest.

While his arms were still round her, his quick mind leapt forward to the future, wondering already to what end this would lead them. For a moment he was taken aback. He was over the last of those barriers which are so easy from the outside and unclimbable from within. She had thrust into his hands a power greater than, for the moment, he knew how to wield. It was characteristic of him to think first whither it would lead him, and next how he could turn it to good account.

Some instinct told him that this was a different love from any that he had met before. The same instinct made him understand that it was crying aloud to be convinced; and, oddly enough, he had told her the truth.

'See,' he said, 'here is a copy of the list, and your father's name is not on it. See, here is Napoleon's letter, expressing satisfaction with my work here and in Königsberg, where I have been served by an agent of my own choosing. Many have climbed to a throne with less than that letter for their first step. See . . .!' he opened another drawer. It was full of money.

'See, again!' he said with a low laugh, and from an iron chest he took two or three bags which fell upon the table with the discreet unmistakable chink of gold. 'That is the Emperor's. He trusts me, you see. These bags are mine. They are to be sent back to France before I follow the army to Russia. What I have told you is true, you see.'

It was an odd way of wooing, but this man rarely made a mistake. There are many women who, like Mathilde Sebastian, are readier to love success than console failure.

'See,' he said, after a moment's hesitation, opening another

drawer in his writing-table, 'before I went away I had intended to ask you to remember me.'

As he spoke he drew a jewel-case from under some papers and slowly opened it. He had others like it in the drawer; for emergencies.

'But I never hoped,' he went on, 'to have an opportunity of seeing you thus alone—to ask you never to forget me. You permit me?'

He clasped the diamonds round her throat and they glittered on the poor cheap dress, which was the best she had. She looked down at them with a catching breath, and for an instant the glitter was reflected in her eyes.

She had come asking for reassurance, and he gave her diamonds; which is an old tale told over and over again. For in human love we have to accept not what we want, but what is given to us.

'No one in Dantzig,' he said, 'is so glad to hear that your father has escaped as I am.'

And, with the glitter still lurking in her dark-grey eyes, she believed him. He drew her cloak round her and gently brought her hood over her hair.

'I must take you home,' he said tenderly, 'without delay. And as we go through the streets you must tell me how it happened, and how you were able to come to me.'

'Désirée was not asleep,' she answered; 'she was waiting for me to return, and told me at once. Then she went to bed and I waited until she was asleep. It was she who managed the escape.'

De Casimir, who was locking the drawers of his writing-table, glanced up sharply.

'Ah! but not alone?'

'No—not alone. I will tell you as we go through the streets.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAVE MOVES ON.

'La même fermeté qui sert à résister à l'amour sert aussi à le rendre violent et durable.'

It is only in war that the unexpected admittedly happens. In love and other domestic calamities there is always a relative who knew it all the time.

The news that Napoleon was in Vilna, hastily evacuated by the Russians in full retreat, came as a surprise and not to all as a pleasant one, in Dantzig.

It was Papa Barlasch who brought the tidings to the Frauengasse, one hot afternoon in July. He returned before his usual hour, and sent Lisa upstairs, with a message given in dumb show and interpreted by her into matter-of-fact German, that he must see the young ladies without delay. Far back in the great days of the monarchy, Papa Barlasch must have been a little child in a peasant's hut on those Côtes du Nord where they breed a race of Frenchmen startlingly similar to the hereditary foe across the Channel, where to this day the men kick off their sabots at the door, and hold that an honest labourer has no business under a roof except in stocking-feet and shirt-sleeves.

Barlasch had never yet been upstairs in the Sebastians' house, and deemed it only respectful to the ladies to take off his boots on the mat, and prowl to the kitchen in coarse blue woollen stockings, carefully darned by himself, under the scornful imdiate eye of Lisa.

He was in the kitchen when Mathilde and Désirée, in obedience to his command, came downstairs. The floor in one corner of the room was littered with his belongings; for he never used the table. 'He takes up no more room than a cat,' Lisa once said of him. 'I never fall over him.'

'She leaves her greasy plates here and there,' explained Barlasch in return. 'One must think of oneself and one's uniform.'

He was in his stocking-feet with unbuttoned tunic when the two girls came to him.

'Aï, aï, aï,' he said, imitating with his two hands the galloping of a horse. 'The Russians,' he explained confidentially.

'Has there been a battle?' asked Désirée.

And Barlasch answered 'Pooh!' not without contempt for the female understanding.

'Then what is it?' she inquired. 'You must remember we are not soldiers—we do not understand those manœuvres—aï, aï, like that.'

And she copied his gesture beneath his scowling contempt.

'It is Vilna,' he said. 'That is what it is. Then it will be Smolensk, and then Moscow. Ah, ah! That little man!'

He turned and took up his haversack.

'And I—I have my route. It is good-bye to the Frauen-

gasse. We have been friends, I told you we should be, It is good-bye to these ladies—and to that Lisa. Look at her!'

He pointed with his curved and derisive finger into Lisa's eyes. And in truth the tears were there. Lisa was in heart and person that which is comprehensively called motherly. She saw perhaps some pathos in the sight of this rugged man—worn by travel, bent with hardship and many wounds, past his work—shouldering his haversack and trudging off to the war.

'The wave moves on,' he said, making a gesture, and a sound illustrating that watery progress. 'And Dantzig will soon be forgotten. You will be left in peace—but we go on to——' he paused and shrugged his shoulders while attending to a strap. 'India or the devil,' he concluded.

'Colonel Casimir has gone,' he added in what he took to be an aside to Mathilde. Which made her wonder for a moment. 'I saw him depart with his staff soon after daybreak. And the Emperor has forgotten Dantzig. It is safe enough for the patron now. You can write him a letter to tell him so. Tell him that I said it was safe for him to return quietly here and live in the Frauengasse—I, Barlasch.'

He was ready now, and buttoning his tunic he fixed the straps across his chest, looking from one to the other of the three women watching him, not without some appreciation of an audience. Then he turned to Désirée, who had always been his friend, with whom he now considered that he had the soldier's bond of a peril passed through together.

'The Emperor has forgotten Dantzig,' he repeated, 'and those against whom he had a grudge. But he has also forgotten those who are in prison. It is not good to be forgotten in prison. Tell the patron that—to put it in his pipe and smoke it. Some day he may remember an old soldier. Ah, one thinks of oneself.'

And beneath his bushy brows he looked at her with a gleam of cunning. He went to the door and, turning there, pointed the finger of scorn at Lisa, stout and tearful. He gave a short laugh of a low-born contempt, and departed without further parley.

On the doorstep he paused to put on his boots and button his gaiters, stooping clumsily with a groan beneath his burden of haversack and kit. Désirée, who had had time to go upstairs to her bedroom, ran after him as he descended the steps. She had her purse in her hand, and she thrust it into his, quickly and breathlessly.

'If you take it,' she said. 'I shall know that we are friends.'

He took it ungraciously enough. It was a silken thing with two small rings to keep the money in place, and he looked at it with a grimace, weighing it in his hand. It was very light.

'Money,' he said. 'No, thank you. To get drink with, and be degraded and sent to prison. Not for me, madame. No, thank you. One thinks of one's career.'

And with a gruff laugh of worldly wisdom he continued his way down the worn steps, never looking back at her as she stood in the sunlight watching him, with the purse in her hand.

So in his old age Papa Barlasch was borne forward to the war on that human tide which flooded all Lithuania, and never ebbed again, but sank into the barren ground and was no more seen.

As the slow autumn approached, it became apparent that Dantzig no longer interested the watchers. Vilna became the base of operations. Smolensk fell and, most wonderful of all, the Russians were retiring on Moscow. Dantzig was no longer on the route. For a time it was of the world forgotten, while, as Barlasch had predicted, free men continued at liberty, though their names had an evil savour, while innocent persons in prison were left to rot there.

Désirée continued to receive letters from her husband, full of love and war. For a long time he lingered at Königsberg, hoping every day to be sent forward. Then he followed Murat across the Niemen, and wrote of weary journeys over the rolling plains of Lithuania.

Towards the end of July he mentioned curtly the arrival of de Casimir at headquarters.

'With him came a courier,' wrote Charles, 'bringing your dear letter. I don't believe you love me as I love you. At all events, you do not seem to tell me that you do so often as I want to tell you. Tell me what you do and think every moment of the day. . . .' And so on. Charles seemed to write as easily as he talked and had no difficulty in setting forth his feelings. 'The courier is in the saddle,' he concluded. 'De Casimir tells me that I must finish. Write and tell me everything. How is Mathilde? And your father? Is he in good health? How does he pass his day? Does he still go out in the evening to his café?'

This seemed to be an afterthought, suggested perhaps by conversation passing in the room in which he sat.

The other exile, writing from Stockholm, was briefer in his communications.

'I am well,' wrote Antoine Sebastian, 'and hope to arrive soon after you receive this. Felix Meyer, the notary, has instructions to furnish you with money for household expenses.'

It would appear that Sebastian possessed other friends in Dantzig, who had kept him advised of all that passed in the city.

For neither Mathilde nor Désirée had obeyed Barlasch's blunt order to write to their father. They did not know whither he had fled, neither had they received any communication giving an address or a hint as to his future movements. It would appear that the same direct and laconic mind which had carried out his escape deemed it wiser that those left behind should be in no position to furnish information.

In fairness to Barlasch, Désirée had made little of that soldier's part in Sebastian's evasion, and Mathilde displayed small interest in such details. She rather fastened, however, upon the assistance rendered by Louis d'Arragon.

'Why did he do it?' she asked.

'Oh, because I asked him,' was the reply.

'And why did you ask him?'

'Who else was there to ask?' returned Désirée, which was indeed unanswerable.

Perhaps the question had been suggested to her by de Casimir, who, on learning that Louis d'Arragon had helped her father to slip through the Emperor's fingers, had asked the same in his own characteristic way.

'What could he hope to gain by doing it?' he had inquired as he walked by Mathilde's side, along the Pfaffengasse. And he made other interrogations respecting d'Arragon which Mathilde was no more able to satisfy, as he accompanied her to the Frauengasse.

Since that time the dancing lessons had been resumed to the music of a hired fiddler, and Désirée had once more taken up her household task of making both ends meet. She approached the difficulties as impetuously as ever, and danced the stout pupils round the room with undiminished energy.

'It seems no good at all your being married,' said one of these breathlessly, while Désirée laughingly attended to her dishevelled hair.

'Why not?'

'Because you still make your own dresses and teach dancing,'

replied the pupil, with a quick sigh at the thought of some smart bursch in the Prussian contingent.

'Ah, but Charles will return a colonel, and I shall bow to you in a silk dress from a chaise and pair—come, left foot first. You are not so tired as you think you are.'

For those that are busy, time flies quickly enough. And there is nothing more absorbing than keeping the wolf from the door, else assuredly the hungry thousands would find time to arise and rend the overfed few.

August succeeded a hot July and brought with it Sebastian's curt letter. Sebastian himself—that shadowy father—returned to his home a few hours later. He was not alone, for a heavier step followed his into the passage, and Désirée, always quick to hear and see and act, coming to the head of the stairs perceived her father looking upwards towards her, while his companion in rough sailor's clothes turned to lay aside the valise he had carried on his shoulder.

Mathilde was close behind Désirée, and Sebastian kissed his daughters with that cold repression of manner which always suggested a strenuous past in which the emotions had been relinquished for ever as an indulgence unfit for a stern and hard-bitten age.

'I took him away and now return him,' said the sailor coming forward. Désirée had always known that it was Louis, but Mathilde gave a little start at the sound of the neat clipping French in the mouth of an educated Frenchman so rarely heard in Dantzig —so rarely heard in all broad France to-day.

'Yes—that is true,' answered Sebastian, turning to him with a sudden change of manner. There was that in voice and attitude which his hearers had never noted before, although Charles had often evoked something approaching it. It seemed to indicate that, of all the people with whom they had seen their father hold intercourse, Louis d'Arragon was the only man who stood upon equality with him.

'That is true—and at great risk to yourself,' he said, not assigning, however, so great an importance to personal danger as men do in these careful days. As he spoke he took Louis by the arm and by a gesture invited him to precede him upstairs with a suggestion of *camaraderie* somewhat startling in one usually so cold and formal as Antoine Sebastian, the dancing-master of the Frauengasse.

'I was writing to Charles,' said Désirée to d'Arragon, when they reached the drawing-room, and crossing to her own table she set the papers in order there. These consisted of a number of letters from her husband, read and re-read, it would appear. And the answer to them, a clean sheet of paper bearing only the date and address, lay beneath her hand.

'The courier leaves this evening,' she said, with a queer ring of anxiety in her voice, as if she feared that for some reason or another she ran the risk of failing to despatch her letter. She glanced at the clock and stood pen in hand thinking of what she should write.

'May I enclose a line?' asked Louis. 'It is not wise, perhaps, for me to address to him a letter—since I am on the other side. It is a small matter of a heritage which he and I divide. I have placed some money in a Dantzig bank for him. He may require it when he returns.'

'Then you do not correspond with Charles?' said Mathilde, clearing a space for him on the larger table and setting before him ink and pens and paper.

'Thank you, Mademoiselle,' he said, glancing at her with that light of interest in his dark eyes which she had ignited once before by a question on the only occasion that they had met. He seemed to detect that she was more interested in him than her indifferent manner would appear to indicate. 'No, I am a bad correspondent. If Charles and I, in our present circumstances, were to write to each other it could only lead to intrigue, for which I have no taste and Charles no capacity.'

'You seem to hint that Charles might have such a taste then,' she said, with her quiet smile, as she moved away leaving him to write.

'Charles has probably found out by this time,' he answered with the bluntness which he claimed as a prerogative of his calling and nation, 'that a soldier of Napoleon's who intrigues will make a better career than one who merely fights.'

He took up his pen and wrote with the absorption of one who has but little time and knows exactly what to say. By chance he glanced towards Désirée, who sat at her own table near the window. She was stroking her cheek with the feather of her pen, looking with puzzled eyes at the blank paper before her. Each time d'Arragon dipped his pen he glanced at her, watching her. And Mathilde, with her needlework, watched them both.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM BORODINO.

However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

WAR is the gambling of kings. Napoleon, the arch-gambler, from that Southern sea where men, lacking cards or dice and the money to buy either, will yet play a game of chance with the ten fingers that God gave them for another purpose—Napoleon had dealt a hand with every monarch in Europe before he met for the second time that Northern adversary of cool blood who knew the waiting game.

It is only where the stakes are small that the leisurely players, idly fingering the fallen cards, return in fancy to certain points—to this trick trumped or that chance missed, playing the game over again. But when the result is great it overshadows the game, and all men's thoughts fly to speculation on the future. How will the loser meet his loss? What use will the winner make of his gain?

The results of the Russian campaign were so stupendous to history that the historians of the day, in their bewilderment, sought rather to preserve these than the details of the war. Thus the student of to-day, in piecing together an impression of bygone times, will inevitably find portions of his picture missing. As a matter of fact no one can say for certain whether Alexander gently led Napoleon onward to Moscow or was himself driven thither in confusion by the conqueror.

A hundred years ago celebrated generals fought a great deal more and talked a great deal less than they do to-day. There were then no bazaars to be opened nor anniversary dinners to be attended. Neither did the shorthand writer find a ready welcome in high places. Thus a successful warrior who had carried out, *tant bien que mal*, an insignificant campaign or an insignificant portion of a campaign, was not compelled to make modest speeches about himself for the rest of his life.

Napoleon's generals were scarcely social lights. Ney, the hero of the retreat, the bravest of the brave, was a rough man who ate horseflesh without troubling to cook it. Rapp, whose dogged defence of an abandoned city is without compare in the story of war, had the manners and the mind of a peasant. These

gentlemen dealt more in deeds than in words. They had not much to say for themselves.

As for the Russians, Russia remains at this time the one European country unhampered and unharassed by a cheap press—the one country where prominent men have a quiet tongue. A hundred years ago Russians did great deeds, and the rest was silence. Neither Kutusoff nor Alexander ever stated clearly whether the retreat to Moscow was intentional or unavoidable; and these are the only men who knew. Perhaps Napoleon knew; at all events, he thought he did, or pretended to think it long afterwards at St. Helena; for Napoleon the Great was a consummate liar.

Be that as it may, the Russians retreated, and the French advanced farther and farther from their base. It was a great army—the greatest ever seen. For Napoleon had eight monarchs serving with the eagles; generals innumerable, many of them immortal—Davoust, the greatest strategist; Prince Eugene, the incomparable lieutenant; Ney, the fearless; four hundred thousand men. And they carried with them only twenty days' provision.

They had marched from the Vistula, full of shipping, across the Pregel, loaded with stores, to the Niemen, where there was no navigation. Dantzig, behind them—that Gibraltar of the North—was stored with provision enough for the whole army. But there was no transport; for the roads of Lithuania were unsuitable for the heavy carts provided.

The country across the Niemen could scarce sustain its own sparse population, and had nothing to spare for an invading army. This had once been Poland, and was now inimical to Russia; but Russia did not care, and the friendship of Lithuania was like many human friendships which we make sacrifices to preserve—not worth having.

All the while the Russians retreated, and, stranger still, the French followed them, eking out their twenty days' provision.

'I will make them fight a big battle, and beat them,' said Napoleon; 'and then the Emperor will sue for peace.'

But Barclay de Tolly continued to run away from that great battle. Then came the news that Barclay had been deposed; that Kutusoff was coming from the South to take command. It was true enough; and Barclay cheerfully served in a subordinate position to the new chief. September brought great hopes of a battle, for Kutusoff seemed to retreat with less despatch, like

a man choosing his ground—Kutusoff, that master of the waiting game.

Early in September Murat, the impetuous leader of the pursuit, complained to Nansouty that a cavalry charge had not been pushed home.

'The horses have no patriotism,' he replied. 'The men will fight on empty stomachs, but not the horses.'

An ominous reply at the beginning of a campaign, while communications were still open.

At last, within a few days' march of Moscow, Kutusoff made a stand. At last the great battle was imminent, after a hundred false alarms, after many disappointed hopes. The country had been flat hitherto. The Borodino, running in a wider valley than many of these rivers, which are merely great ditches, seemed to offer possibilities of defence. It was the only hope for Moscow.

'At last,' wrote Charles to Désirée on September 6, 'we are to have a great battle. There has been much fighting the last few days, but I have seen none of it. We are only eighty miles from Moscow. If there is a great battle to-morrow we shall see Moscow in less than a week. For we shall win. I have now found out from one who is near him that the Emperor saw and remembered me the day he passed us in the Frauengasse—our wedding-day, dearest. Nobody is too insignificant for him to know. He thought that my marriage to you (for he knows that you are French) would militate against the work I had been given to do in Dantzig, so he gave orders for me to be sent at once to Königsberg and to continue the work there. De Casimir tells me that the Emperor is pleased with me. De Casimir is the best friend I have; I am sure of that. It is said that under the walls of Moscow the Emperor will dictate his terms to Alexander. Everyone wonders that Alexander of Russia did not make proposals of peace when Vilna and Smolensk fell. In a week we may be at Moscow. In a month I may be back at Dantzig, Désirée. . . .'

And the rest would have been for Désirée's eyes alone, had it ever been penned. For next in sacredness to heaven-inspired words are mere human love-letters; and those who read the love-letters of another commit a sacrilege. But Charles never finished the letter, for the dawn surprised him where he wrote in a shed by the miserable Kalugha, a streamlet running to the Moskwa. And it was the dawn of September 7, 1812.

'There is the sun of Austerlitz,' said Napoleon to those who

were near him when it arose. But it was not. It was the sun of Borodino. And before it set the great battle desired by the French had been fought, and eight French generals lay dead, while thirty more were wounded. Murat, Davoust, Ney, Junot, Prince Eugene, Napoleon himself—all were there; and all fought to finish a war which from the first had been disliked. The French claimed it as a victory; but they gained nothing by it, and they lost forty thousand killed and wounded.

During the night the Russians evacuated the position which they had held, and lost, and retaken. They retreated towards Moscow, but Napoleon was hardly ready to pursue.

These things, however, are history, and those who wish to know of them may read them in another volume. While to the many orderly persons who would wish to see everything in its place and the history-books on the top shelf to be taken down and read on a future day (which will never come), to such the explanation is due that this battle of Borodino is here touched upon because it changed the current of some lives with which we have to deal.

For battles and revolutions and historical events of any sort are the jagged instruments with which Fate rough-hews our lives, leaving us to shape them as we will. In other days, no doubt, men rough-hewed, while Fate shaped. But in these gentle times we are so tender, so careful for the individual, that we never cut and slash, but move softly, very tolerant, very easy-going, seeking the compromise that brings peace and breeds a small and timid race of men.

Into such lives Fate comes crashing like a woodman with his axe, leaving us to smooth the edges of the gaping wound and smile, and say that we are not hurt; to pare away the knots and broken stumps, and hope that our neighbour, concealing such himself, will have the decency to pretend not to see.

Thus the battle of Borodino crashed into the lives of Désirée and Mathilde, and their father, living quietly on the sunny side of the Frauengasse in Dantzig. Antoine Sebastian was the first to hear the news. He had, it seemed, special facilities for learning news at the Weissen Röss'l, whither he went again now in the evening.

'There has been a great battle,' he said, with so much more than his usual self-restraint that Désirée and Mathilde exchanged a glance of anxiety. 'A man coming this evening from Dirschau saw and spoke with the Imperial couriers on their way to Berlin

and Paris. It was a great victory, quite near to Moscow. But the loss on both sides has been terrible.'

He paused and glanced at Désirée. It was his creed that good blood should show an example of self-restraint and a certain steadfast, indifferent courage.

'Not so much among the French,' he said, 'as among the Bavarians and Italians. It is an odd way of showing patriotism to gain victories for the conqueror. One hoped——' he paused and made a gesture with his right hand, scarcely indicative of a staunch hope, 'that the man's star might be setting, but it would appear to be still in the ascendant. Charles,' he added as an afterthought, 'would be on the staff. No doubt he only saw the fighting from a distance.'

Désirée, from whose face the colour had faded, nodded cheerfully enough.

'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I have no doubt he is safe. He has good fortune.'

For she was an apt pupil, and had already learnt that the world only wishes to leave us in undisputed possession of our anxieties or sorrows, however ready it may be to come forward and take a hand in good luck.

'But there is no definite news,' said Mathilde, hardly looking up from the needlework at which her fingers were so deft and industrious.

'No.'

'No news of Charles, I mean,' she continued, 'or of any of our friends. Of Monsieur de Casimir, for instance?'

'No. As for Colonel de Casimir,' returned Sebastian thoughtfully, 'he, like Charles, holds some staff appointment of which one does not understand the scope. He is without doubt uninjured.'

Mathilde glanced at her father not without suspicion. His grand manner might easily be at times a screen. One never knows how much is perceived by those who look down from a high place.

The town was quiet enough all that night. Sebastian must have heard the news from some unofficial source, for none other seemed to know it. But at daybreak the church bells, so rarely used in Dantzig for rejoicing, awoke the burghers to the fact that the Emperor bade them make merry. Napoleon gave great heed to such matters. In the churches of Lithuania and farther on in

Russia he had commanded the popes to pray for him at their altars instead of for the Czar.

When Désirée came downstairs she found a packet awaiting her. The courier had come in during the night. This was more than a letter. A number of papers had been folded in a handkerchief and bound with string. The address was written on a piece of white leather cut from the uniform of one who had fallen at Borodino and had no more need of sabretasche or trapping.

'Madame Désirée Darragon—*née* Sebastian,
Frauengasse 36,
Dantzig.'

Désirée's heart stood still; for the writing was unknown to her. As she cut the network of string, she thought that Charles was dead. When the enclosed papers fell upon the table she was sure of it; for they were all in his writing. She did not pick and choose as one would who has leisure and no very strong excitement, but took up the first paper and read:

'Dear C.—I have been fortunate, as you will see from the enclosed report. His Majesty cannot again say that I have been neglectful. I was quite right. It is Sebastian and only Sebastian that we need fear. Here, they are clumsy conspirators compared to him. I have been in the river half the night, listening at the open stern window of a Reval pink to every word they said. His Majesty can safely come to Königsberg. Indeed he is better out of Dantzig. For the whole country is riddled with that which they call patriotism, and we, treason. But I can only repeat what His Majesty disbelieved the day before yesterday—that the heart of the ill is Dantzig, and the venom of it Sebastian. Who he really is and what he is about, you must find out how you can. I go forward to-day to Gumbinnen. The enclosed letter to its address—I beg of you—if only in acknowledgment of all that I have sacrificed.'

The letter was unsigned, but the writing was the writing of Charles Darragon, and Désirée knew what he had sacrificed—what he could never recover.

There were two or three more letters addressed to 'Dear C.,' bearing no signature, and yet written by Charles. Désirée read hem carefully with a sort of numb attention which photographed them permanently on her memory like writing that is carved in

stone upon a wall. There must be some explanation in one of them. Who had sent them to her? Was Charles dead?

At last she came to a sealed envelope addressed to herself by Charles. Some other hand had copied the address from it in identical terms on the piece of white leather. She opened and read it. It was the letter written to her by Charles on the bank of the Kalugha river on the eve of Borodino and left unfinished by him. He must be dead. She prayed that he might be.

She was alone in the room, having come down early, as was her wont, to prepare breakfast. She heard Lisa talking with someone at the door—a messenger, no doubt, to say that Charles was dead.

One letter still remained unread. It was in a different writing—the writing on the white leather.

'Madame,' it read, 'The enclosed papers were found on the field by one of my orderlies. One of them being addressed to you furnishes a clue to their owner, who must have dropped them in the hurry of the advance. Should Captain Charles Darragon be your husband I have the pleasure to inform you that he was seen alive and well at the end of the day.' The writer assured Désirée of his respectful consideration, and wrote 'Surgeon' after his name.

Désirée had read the explanation too late.

(To be continued.)

ALMS FOR OBLIVION.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

IV. THE PORTUGUESE SOLDIER IN INDIA: 1577.

> Time hath, my Lord, a wallet on his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
>
> *Troilus and Cressida*

It was a frequent practice of Euripides to conclude his tragedies with the observation, placed in the mouth of the chorus and especially appropriate for a poet so partial to catastrophes effected by supernatural intervention, that the expected has not come to pass, but that the Deity has found the way to perform what seemed impossible. There could hardly be a more remarkable instance of the accomplishment of the apparently impossible than the fortune of the treatise on the duties of the Portuguese soldier in the East, *Primor e honra da vida soldadesca no estado da India*, Lisbon, 1630, of which we are about to give some account. Alone, perhaps, amid the secular literature of the world, it enjoys the distinction of having been preserved and published by an Inquisitor. An assemblage of all the books destroyed by or at the instigation of officials of the Church, from the holocaust recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Acts to the present day, would far surpass the bulk of the Great Pyramid, while, excluding books written by the ecclesiastics themselves, there might be nothing to weight the other scale except the surviving copies, few and far between, of this shockingly printed and, but for a good binding, shabby little quarto. Assuredly Fernão Martins Mascarenhas, Bishop of Algarve and Chief Inquisitor, had no idea of rescuing any book from destruction when, about 1626, he issued an edict enjoining all books and manuscripts within his jurisdiction to be produced for inspection, in order that those peccant in any respect might be cremated or castigated according to the mandate of the Index Expurgatorius. One of the libraries turned inside out in compliance with this decree was that of a nobleman, Jorge Furtado de Mendoça, whose name seems indica-

tive of Spanish extraction. Among his exhibits was a manuscript treatise of unknown authorship on the standard of conduct to be observed by Portuguese soldiers in India, the title of which we have cited above. Fortunately, the Inquisitor into whose hands it fell, Antonio Freire, an Augustinian friar, though a tiresome pedant, was a man of elevated feeling. Something in his bosom responded to the spirit of nobleness he discerned in the book; so far from burning it, he resolved to print it, and accinged himself to a task needing an alliance of the endowments of Hercules and Job.

'The use of the University of Oxford,' according to an anonymous philosopher whom Bagehot quotes with apparent approval, 'is that nobody can over-read himself there.' This particular form of utility greatly commended itself to the Spanish and Portuguese Governments of the seventeenth century, especially in the shape of devising impediments to the issue of new publications. We in England deem it grievous that in the same century Milton could not publish 'Paradise Lost' without the assent of one Tomkyns, who, had he been in a vicious mood, might have bottled up the Miltonic Satan as effectually as the fisherman bottled the genie. Tomkyns once propitiated, however, all was smooth; but at Lisbon the way to publication lay through an avenue of Cerberuses. On March 16, 1627, Father Hieronimo de Mattos declares that he has read the book in manuscript, and sees no reason why it should not be printed, but many why it should. The very next day this judgment is endorsed by a civil officer, but, instead of going to press, the book goes to the Inquisition, and there remains till September 6, when it is licensed by the Inquisitors. Dr. Jorge Cabral is still lying in wait for it, and his approval is obtained on September 20: but a further official license is yet necessary, which Senhor Gaspar do Rego da Fonseca graciously accords on January 13, 1628. What the MS. is doing with itself for the next six months does not appear, but on July 14 its innocency and fitness for the light of day are avouched by Senhores Araujo, Cabral, Pimenta d'Abreu, and Salazar. It now actually goes to the press, whose numerous errors Freire seeks to excuse on the ground of its having been printed in excessive haste. This must be the fact, for it was actually no more than twenty months in the printer's hands before it was ready for yet another ordeal. It was all very well to print when you had a license, but how were Church and State to know that you had

introduced no unlicensed matter surreptitiously unless the printed sheets were compared with the MS.? Typography and calligraphy, accordingly, wend their way back to our old friend Dr. Jorge Cabral, who perhaps rendered the service of finding out the misprints. These notwithstanding, he certifies that book and MS. substantially correspond, and dismisses the volume that has crawled so long, to run, if it can, with the laconic permit, *Pode correr*. All this scruple and circumlocution, be it noted, about a book written in the interest of religion and morality, which nobody has the least desire to prohibit, and which every one who has the opportunity extols to the skies. What would have been its fate—and the author's—if it had ever so lightly touched upon the misgovernment which overthrew Spanish sovereignty in Portugal ten years afterwards, or ever so gently questioned the Christianity of an *auto da fé*?

In this case, indeed, the author would have been out of harm's way, for he had probably slept in Portuguese or Indian earth for some forty or fifty years before the publication of his book. There is no clue to his identity, nor does it appear how his manuscript came into the hands of Furtado de Mendoça. He mentions having been at Mylapur in 1575, and from his allusions to the fortification of Aracan by the native sovereign in 1576 as still in course of execution he appears to have written in 1577. He has evidently spent much time in India, and is well acquainted with the country. Freire's assertion that the book was written in India seems justified by the mention of miracles performed 'here.' If, indeed, the frequent citations from Aristotle, Plato, Juvenal, Vegetius, and other classical authors really proceed from the original writer one would deem that he must have written in Portugal, for he could hardly have had access to such stores of learning in India; but although the erudition of the worthy Freire is mainly confined to his Dedication and Appendix, it may well have occasionally overflowed into the body of the work. Barbosa Machado, indeed, says that he 'polished' his original, a labour which we could well have excused him. We are fortunately left in no doubt on a subject of more importance, the character of the writer. It is one to command respect and admiration in a high degree. He is a Lusitanian cavalier of the old school, loyal, magnanimous, chivalrous, enthusiastic. He appeals continually to the highest motives, and appears uncontaminated by the general corruption in Portuguese India which

a few years earlier the chief poet of the nation had denounced in his comparison of Goa to Babylon:

> Here, where fecundity of Babel frames
> Stuff for all ills wherewith the world doth teem;
> Where loyal Love is slurred with disesteem,
> For Venus all controls, and all defames;
> Where vices vaunts are counted, virtues shames;
> Where Tyranny o'er Honour lords supreme;
> Where blind and erring sovereignty doth deem
> That God for deeds will be content with names;
> Here in this world where whatso is is wrong,
> Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom begging go
> To doors of Avarice and Villainy,
> Trammelled in the foul chaos I prolong
> My days, because I must. Woe to me! Woe!
> Sion, had I not memory of thee!

It does not appear whether Birth, Worth, and Wisdom ever went begging in our author's person to Avarice and Villainy. They might have done; his worth and wisdom are sufficiently attested by his book; and he must have belonged to the order of gentry. He does not seem to have proceeded to the East with the object of making his fortune, or to have held any but military employment. He is naturally just and humane, but his estimate of his countrymen as champions of Christianity makes him indulgent to much which abstract justice and humanity would condemn. His intellectual powers are not beyond the average, and he is crassly superstitious.

The treatise is divided into four books, in the first of which the soldier's duties to religion are considered; in the second those which he owes to his king; in the third his duty to his country; in the fourth his general conduct. It is somewhat startling to find how large a part of the first section is occupied with admonitions to the soldier not to run away—not indeed *from*, but *to* the enemy. It cannot be thought that the proportion of renegades was considerable; it was nevertheless manifestly sufficient to inspire our author with disquiet, and his dissuasives exhibit a curious mixture of good sense and quaint simplicity. After dwelling forcibly upon the most obvious considerations, he puts it to his readers whether they can endure to be subjects of an absolute ruler who can take away any one's honour by ordering him the bastinado, though it is true that he can restore it by offering him a chew of betel-leaf, and where the citizen cannot even enjoy the privilege of being excommunicated? If spiritual considerations fail to

move, let the unhappy renegade reflect that he must put fifty yards of linen on his head and sandals on his feet. Gastronomy also speaks with no uncertain voice. The benighted mis-believers prefer goat's flesh to beef and mutton; one joint is as good as another to them; they ignore delicate morsels and tit-bits; and they cut and carve at random. Wine, chairs, and napkins are not found among them. The sick apostate must expect no milk of almonds, or gruel, or beef-tea. *Eau sucrée* he may have, and a nauseous mixture of butter with a kind of sugar prepared from inspissated palm-wine. So potent are these arguments that in the author's opinion no soldier would be able to resist them, but for the craft and subtlety of Satan, who perverts the renegades by suggesting that they will find better friends abroad than at home. To explode this notion the writer enters upon a survey of Oriental society, and condemns it root and branch, from its morals to its music. The still more afflicting case of those who embrace the Brahmin and Buddhist religions is next considered, and such are invited to take warning by the history of the deserters slain in battle in the service of the King of Kandy, whose carcases lay long upon the ground, abhorred and unconsumed by the very reptiles.

Our author is of course entirely incapable of appreciating the strong points of the Oriental religions, and his attitude towards them is one of angry hatred and unintelligent contempt. He has, nevertheless, a shrewd surmise that the slow progress of Christianity may be in no small measure attributable to the Christians themselves, and he deals faithfully with the imperfections of his countrymen. One great fault, he says, is their disregard for their own converts, so that the Indians, finding that they are more esteemed and made more of before their conversion than after it, are naturally inclined to continue heathens. The contrast between Portuguese professions and practice, especially in the administration of justice, is vigorously exposed—'they cry wine, and give vinegar.' They excuse themselves by representing that they are no worse than the natives, as if they ought not to be infinitely better. No Portuguese Clive or Cornwallis ever arose to reform the civil and military services; nor, at least during their palmy days, did these produce any one genuinely interested in Indian languages, history, or institutions. It was too early; apart from the thirst for gain which impels mankind in all ages, the spirit of the conquerors was entirely crusading and mediæval. Ludovico

di Varthema, who was in India at the early period of Portuguese conquest, writes on his return:

> From what I have seen of India and Ethiopia it appears to me that the King of Portugal, if it please God, and he is as victorious as he has been hitherto, I think he will be the richest King in the world. And truly he deserves every good, for in India, and especially in Cochin, on every festival ten and even twelve Pagans and Moors are baptised in the Christian faith, which is daily extending by means of the said King; and for this reason it may be believed that God has given him victory, and will ever prosper him in future.

Notwithstanding our author's disapprobation of the backsliding of his countrymen, he has no doubt of their evangelical mission, which he authenticates in the most approved manner by the testimony of miracles. Besides the great standing miracle that the Portuguese are continually gaining prodigious victories with little or no loss, did not Albuquerque, entering the Red Sea, behold a red cross hanging in the air in the direction of Abyssinia? At the siege of Diu, was not the Virgin observed to lay her hand across the touch-hole of a cannon crammed with pieces of iron, which would otherwise have swept a Portuguese column to annihilation? Was not on another occasion the ebb of the tide miraculously delayed for two hours, to frustrate an intended movement of the enemy? It may be remarked that our soldier makes a judicious distinction between the miracles which *have happened* in India *where* he is writing, and those which *are happening* in Japan *while* he is writing, one class being as remote from him in time as the other in space. He nevertheless vouches for one prodigy which he has actually witnessed, the spontaneous discolouration and humidity of the stone of St. Thomas in his church at Mylapur, a suburb of Madras, when mass is performed on the festival of Our Lady of the East. Like the phial of St. Januarius, of which it seems a near relation, the stone eventually returns to its former condition. The same miracle is described by Andrade in his life of João de Castro, with the embellishment that during the actual performance of Mass the cross carved upon the stone becomes of a celestial azure. This chameleon of the mineral kingdom, which had no doubt belonged to some ancient Christian church, is correctly described by our author as bearing an inscription which in his time no one had been able to decipher. It has since been read as Pahlavi, the language of Persia under the Sassanian dynasty, which countenances the opinion that Christianity was introduced into Southern Indian by Nestorian missionaries, who

had certainly found their way to Ceylon early in the sixth century and whose chief may have borne the name of Thomas. The Apostle, however, had obtained a legendary connection with India even before the mission despatched by King Alfred at the end of the ninth century; and no doubts ever crossed the mind of our author, who is fully convinced of St. Thomas's especial patronage of India, and of the great public advantage which would accrue from the removal of his shrine to Goa, provided only that the soldiers made a point of crying St. Thomas in their battles as the Spaniards cry St. James, and refrained from affronting him by invoking other saints who in India are mere interlopers.

The author appears to more advantage when he discourses on the secular duties of the soldier. It is manifest from the general tenour of his remarks that corruption had already made great progress in the Portuguese service, both military and civil. The grand cause upon which he puts his finger is one which tends to affect every European employed in remote and unhealthy countries, the rooted idea that he has gone out to make his fortune, and that it behoves him to shorten his exile by every means of amassing wealth. Our author, on the other hand, tries to make him understand that such is by no means the final cause of his presence in India, but that he is there for the service of his king, the profit of his country, and the honour of the Portuguese name; reinforcing his arguments by the examples of magnanimity bequeathed by the great Albuquerque and João de Castro.

It seems a melancholy irony of fate that precepts so conducive to the preservation of the Portuguese empire should never have got beyond the preceptor, and should have remained unread and unpublished until the empire was as good as lost. Other cankers of the service which he stigmatises with equal energy are want of discipline, especially the reluctance of officers to take orders from superiors in rank but inferiors in birth; and the national vice of procrastination, which would defer an expedition for which the monsoon was necessary until the monsoon had ceased to blow. Some remarks on the conduct of disembarkations reveal the practical soldier, and are accompanied with the curious observation, 'We are not to proceed as though we were fighting with *Germans*.' The Portuguese as a nation had never fought with Germans. Had the author served in the wars of Charles the Fifth? In denouncing luxury and its concomitants he brings in a touch of local colour by bidding the Portuguese take example by their own

galley slaves, who, he says, rowing night and day in heat and cold, naked and under the lash, eating badly and drinking worse, not only preserve their health but improve their constitutions. He strongly denounces a practice from which all European settlements in the East have suffered, that of selling arms to natives. 'Before our time,' he says, 'the Cingalese knew no weapons but lance and arrow, sword and buckler; now we have given them muskets and taught them to cast cannon, and they look up to us no longer.' Like every man experienced in the East, he is very strong on the importance of prestige. It is necessary, he says, to begin every war with a victory, a trifling material loss may have important moral consequences.

On the subject of transports he has so much to say that one could suppose him to have been particularly engaged in this branch of the service. The rules given are excellent, and embody many picturesque details of Indian military and naval life. It does not give a high idea of the morale of the service to find the captains of the vessels admonished on no account to sell the artillery, or make away with the breeches of the guns, or the iron shields that serve as a protection against musketry. They are also to take special care of the ship's guns during a storm, and to make sure that they are not thrown overboard for any stress of weather; as the soldiers on board, regarding the naval artillery as no concern of theirs, will certainly want to get rid of it. Great precautions are to be observed when crews are put on board captured prizes; and when a detachment lands to procure food or water, care is to be taken that the boats shall not be left high and dry by the receding tide, as has often happened. The soldiers when foraging are to kill no more cattle than absolutely necessary, and must abstain if possible from killing cows, 'to which all the natives of these parts are kindly affectioned.' It is also to be desired that soldiers should respect the native women and refrain from insulting the native religion, and accommodate themselves to native ideas in general, in so far as this may be without prejudice to the Faith. Every strange sail is to be jealously noted, and no attention is to be paid to soldiers who go about saying, 'There's John's pinnace, that's Gonzalo's flag': for ships have often been lost by allowing the too near approach of a disguised enemy. If a victory is gained soldiers are not to stop to pillage the vessels they have taken, but to pursue the remainder as long as any are left. Of all disasters, fire is the most to be dreaded, especially in action.

A special 'fire captain' is to be appointed to guard against this danger, who must see that the powder magazine is protected with wet cloths, that the gunner's matches are out of harm's way till wanted, and that the powder is carried in covered vessels specially made for the purpose, and not in open wooden bowls, as the soldiers would like to have it. Every attack by boarding is to be preceded by an 'Ave Maria' (not forgetting St. Thomas), and a general discharge of artillery and musketry; the boarders are to be armed with lance and sword and buckler, not firearms, the loading and discharge of which, it will be remembered, was a slow affair in those days. Musketeers, however, may remain on board and assist in clearing the enemy's decks by discharges from the rigging. It is foreseen that the strength of the enemy may sometimes be such as to render it necessary to chain the Portuguese ships together, haul them on land, and fight as if from a battery. Generally speaking, the naval strength of the native states would seem to be rated more highly than would have been expected. The author's acquaintance with Pegu, however, seems to indicate service in the Far East, where he would encounter Malays and Achinese, more formidable opponents at sea than the Indians. He remarks himself that the power of Portugal's old antagonists, the Kings of Calicut and Cochin, is a mere shadow of what it was. He writes of Oriental warfare only, without any prevision of the appearance of the Dutch and English in the Indian Ocean, though writing only three years before the great national calamity of the subjugation of Portugal by Spain which was destined to bring this about. It is to the credit of his countrymen that he does not think it needful to warn them against indulgence in drink, which would be the very pith and marrow of a similar exhortation to English soldiers.

The third part of the treatise, on the duty of the soldier to his country, begins with a dissuasive against duelling for frivolous causes, which the author declares has cost the State more lives than many a siege and battle. He remarks with justice that the most quarrelsome people in peace are not wont to be the most formidable in war: and exhorts his countrymen to take pattern by the Turks, who never fight duels and yet are good soldiers. From this he passes to a point of even more moment, the observance of good faith in dealings with the natives, especially with respect to the safe conducts given to native ships, which too many Portuguese seek to infringe on frivolous pretexts, that they

may confiscate vessels and cargoes. Our author's language on this point is most worthy of a high-minded soldier; not only, he says, should every stipulation in the safe conduct be rigidly observed, but the foreigner should have the benefit of every doubtful point: as, for example, when the time named in the document has been exceeded, it should always be assumed that the voyage has been prolonged by causes beyond human control. There must have been a time when the Portuguese enjoyed as high a character for good faith as that now possessed by the British, since the Moslems had a proverb, 'Dine with a Jew or a heathen, but sleep with a Portuguese.' In our author's time this character must have been gravely compromised, and not least by the behaviour of adventurers who had broken loose from discipline and taken to privateering and buccaneering on their own account, of whom he complains bitterly.

The soldierly feeling which guides him aright on such questions misguides him in matters of commerce. He laments the growth of the mercantile spirit among his countrymen, though it should be clear that a community of interests with their subjects was the only basis upon which their dominion could be permanently established. He severely censures those merchants who escaped Government taxation by settling in native states, as though the wealth they might acquire must not eventually come to the mother country. Some moderating remarks near the end of the chapter are more likely to have proceeded from the editor than the author, who would hardly have quoted the 'Politics' of Aristotle to establish the proposition that buying and selling are indispensable to society. This is a specimen of Freire's irrelevant interpolations; to him also we should attribute the observation that the merchant who lends to the king performs a meritorious action—and the better the action, he might have added, the worse the security.

The writer is on stronger ground when he gives warning of the hazard of life and property under native princes, and instances in particular the town of Mylapur, already mentioned as the seat of the shrine of St. Thomas, which, having at one time been a Portuguese colony, after its re-occupation by the natives became a city of refuge for discontented Europeans. The inhabitants were consequently in the power of the Rajah of Visnagar, whose arbitrary proceedings are related. One trait in the native character, however (Hindoo, not Mahometan), the Portuguese cannot mention without admiration—the respect shown to the

women of the captured town, very different, as he hints, from the usual behaviour of his own people, and the more extraordinary as the Portuguese women are to the native fair 'as roses to thorns, or pearls to coals'—a dictum which would seem as unjust as ungallant if we did not remember that the women of southern India are not of Caucasian race, like those of the north.

Having got as far as Madras, the author seems to lose the thread of his subject, and digresses still further east into an account of Pegu, which has many points of interest. He mentions the pagodas covered with gold leaf, and describes with praise the piety and integrity of their monastic inmates, who are entirely supported by unsolicited alms, and who cast their eyes to earth on the approach of a woman. The unrestrained religious liberty in the country is noted, and also the absence of caste. The resemblance between Buddhist and Christian rites is admitted, and is accounted for on the hypothesis that St. Thomas may have visited the country. Of Buddha our author knows nothing, except that the natives make much of the miracles of 'Chaque (Sakhya) Racha (Rajah) Buduco, one of their deities.' Portuguese credit, he regrets to acknowledge, is at a very low ebb in the country, though the women have no objection to contract temporary unions with visitors 'for a monsoon'—a very constant wind while it lasts, be it remembered. The writer returns to Pegu in another place, and celebrates its wealth and power, its rubies, gold and sapphires, the king's twelve thousand white elephants and the thirty thousand available for transport, the fifty thousand horses and the eighty thousand muskets, while the lord of all this pomp and might contents himself with parched rice like any common soldier. These accounts are probably exaggerated, but at the time Pegu was undoubtedly the most powerful State in Transgangetic India; it was, however, under the rule of a foreign sovereign. Much respecting it will be found in the travels of Ferdinand Mendes Pinto, about a quarter of a century before our author wrote.

Returning to his main subject, the author dwells on the means proper for the recovery of Portuguese military prestige in India, which he finds in the erection of additional fortresses. Just as there is a 'forward' and a 'masterly inactivity' policy in British India, there were two schools of policy among the Portuguese—that of Albuquerque, which relied upon fortresses, and that of Almeida, which disparaged them. The author is entirely with

the former school, and reminds his countrymen that it is not so long since Goa itself was besieged by the Moslem sovereigns of the Deccan, who had subverted the Hindoo kingdom of Visnagar. The attack would, he says, have been renewed, but for the apprehension these monarchs entertain of the Great Mogul, 'who desires the destruction of them all.' This is the only allusion in the book to the development of the Mogul empire under Akbar, and the limited extent of the Portuguese dominion is shown by their never having come into contact with the most powerful ruler of India. This throws ridicule upon the pompous description of the imperial state of the Viceroy, which probably proceeds from the editor. The enumeration of the sources of Indian wealth, however, is proved to be the author's by the mention of Japan as a country with which the Portuguese still had commercial relations, although the sole export mentioned is silver. Remembering the recent proofs of Japanese military prowess, it is interesting to find the people spoken of even then as the most warlike in the world, and the most pervaded by the military spirit. The writer had probably heard of the feudal organisation of Japanese society, and the fidelity of the retainers to their masters.

A long catalogue, omitting what is now the most important of all, tea, is given of the products of China, which might well have been termed the Celestial Empire had there been truth in the statement that famine, pestilence, and mendicancy have ever been unknown in it. It is interesting to observe that even then remote Timor was celebrated for its sandal wood, and difficult to believe that navigators had never caught sight of the neighbouring Continent of Australia. Of Madagascar the author admits, 'we know not what kind of people live there,' yet it lies directly in the track of navigation to India; and, as none could certainly know that it might not be worth exploring, it seems extraordinary that it should have been neglected alike by merchant and missionary. The author mentions a Christian population on Socotra, as Varthema had done seventy years before him. The existence from the age of Justinian to the age of Elizabeth of a Christian community in this little known island, derived, if Cosmas Indicopleustes may be trusted, from Egypt, but using a Chaldean ritual, is one of the most curious facts stored in the dim corners of history. Its idyll or tragedy can be reconstructed by the poet or romancer

alone; the hermit Church is as extinct as the primitive people of the Canaries, and has left even fewer traces of its existence.

The exhortations in the fourth part are partly of an ethical and partly of a professional character. The latter afford much amusing illustration of the ways and works of the Portuguese Thomas Atkins, who can hardly have been subject to very exact discipline either before or after his arrival in India. He is not to waste powder, not to straggle away plundering, not to devote himself to the care of the wounded when he ought to be fighting, not to drink up whatever the enemy may have thoughtfully left for him, not to commit wanton mischief by slaughtering cattle indiscriminately, or destroying tanks or gardens. Especial notice is taken of the propensity of the soldier in the rear to consider that when the van is firing he ought to be firing also, and to discharge his piece accordingly to the hurt of none but his comrades in front of him. Pikes and lances should be long, swords and muskets short; for a very long sword will usually be found to have a coward at the hilt, and a long musket is terribly cumbrous. The vexations incident to the management of firearms, whether firelocks or matchlocks, cannot be described under three pages, and would almost justify a return to bows and arrows. Much is said respecting the imperfections of the soldier on ship board, which may be summed up in a word, unaccommodatingness. He is not to complain if the captain reserves the best quarters for his own friends; he is to keep as quiet as he can, and give the least trouble possible; in his berth he is not to lay his feet across his neighbour's face—if he can help it.

As we have already remarked, the book appears to have been interpolated by the editor, Father Antonio Freire, whose additions may be easily recognised, as they are seldom remote from some reference to a Greek or Latin author in the margin. The good friar's erudition, however, is mostly reserved for a verbose panegyric at the end, composed, he tells us, in imitation of his patron St. Augustine. It is of no value except for a number of picturesque illustrations from Portuguese history, brought together in one place. Freire died in 1634, and the book, published when the decay of Portuguese power in India was already irremediable, remained so little known that the continuator of Leon Pinelo's 'Biblioteca Oriental' cites it as the production of Freire himself. In our own time the diligent Portuguese bibliographer Silva knew of but two copies, to which is now to be added that in the

British Museum, from which the above account has been derived. This copy, originally in the Sunderland Library, was purchased by the eminent Indian scholar and antiquary Arthur Coke Burnell, who has added some MS. notes. It was acquired by the Museum in 1896.

This quaint but in many respects admirable treatise throws a vivid light on the causes of the decay of the Portuguese power in India, which would have been rather aggravated than removed if every soldier had been the hero and saint the author would fain have made him. These were not so much the corruption, rapacity, or injustice of individuals as the tradition of intolerance which the entire nation had inherited from the Middle Ages, which made it the antagonist of native creeds and customs, and compelled every Portuguese to live sword in hand in the midst of a hostile population. A striking indication of this is the entire absence of allusion throughout the book to any auxiliary forces. A treatise on the duties of the English soldier in India would be largely occupied by instructions respecting those which he owed to his native comrades. The Portuguese soldier had no such duties, for he had no such associates. Lockyer, in his 'Account of the Trade in India' (1711), speaks of 'topasses,' defined as 'black mungrel Portuguese,' as in the military employ of the East India Company at Madras, but these were half-castes and Christians. According to Sir Richard Burton, the first Indian soldiers armed and drilled on the European model were embodied by a native prince in 1592. Andrade, in his life of João de Castro, says that Alvaro de Castro took four hundred natives with him on an expedition; but he does not distinctly say that they were soldiers, nor is there the least recognition of any services performed by them. With all the brilliant valour of the Portuguese, it was impossible for them to make, unaided, extensive conquests on the mainland, or to support the constant wastage of life which fell so heavily upon a small State. England has surmounted these difficulties by the creation of a Sepoy army, an institution implying a different attitude towards the native world from any that would have been possible to a Portuguese in the sixteenth century.

SONGS OF THE WANDERING ISLE.

I.

FIRST NYMPH.

Come, it is morning; out beyond the shade
Of these dark, circling woodlands young day fills
The isle with clear light, pouring down the hills
Into deep, golden vales, as Circe pours
From her enchanted stores
In shallow, golden bowls her magical, red wine.

SECOND NYMPH.

Come, let us wander down the cypress glade
Unto the dewy gardens of the vine
To gather purple clusters, ere the sun
Of noontide in the dust their ripeness spills,
Their juices for our vintaging unwon!

Chorus.—Come gather, gather grapes for Circe's wine!

THIRD NYMPH.

Bring out white willow-baskets; fresh, green leaves
Our fingers in the woven withes shall twine—
To make cool harbour for the tender fruit,
Grown full and round through days of shower and shine.

Chorus.—Come gather, gather grapes for Circe's wine!

FOURTH NYMPH.

For Circe's wine, whereof who heedless drinks
In some fire-breathing hour
From tall and pillared grace of manhood shrinks
To form and semblance of earth-gazing brute,
While evermore his soul immortal grieves
Amid the clamour of his fellow-swine.

Chorus.—Come gather, gather grapes for Circe's wine

II.

MARINERS.

O, hour of grace when we,
Who sank in slumber by the laden board,

And, grovelling, earthward fell
Beneath dark Circe's spell,
By the swift terror of Odysseus' sword
Won from enchantment free!

O, bliss to feel again
The upward-surging blood, the springing form,
To drink with lifted eyes
The sweet light of the skies,
To feel the heart's impulses rich and warm,
The eager, god-like brain!

O, joy to pluck once more
The topmost gold of summer-fruited trees,
Once more to leap and run
Light-hearted in the sun,
To dream again of bright, adventurous seas
Beyond this narrow shore!

III.

NYMPHS.

Bring out the lute and viol! let us sing
Of vineyards glowing purple in the sun:

MARINERS.

Of vineyards looking down upon the sea!

NYMPHS.

And all the radiant harvesting we bring—
From leafy garths of Dionysus won—
O Circe, Queen of bacchanals, to thee!

NYMPHS.

The heavy clusters plucking—rich and ripe—
All morning we have laboured at the vines . . .

MARINERS.

O cool low-murmured calling of the sea!

NYMPHS.

With laugh and song, while from a dryad-pipe
Fresh music gushed, like pouring of cool wines
In crystal jars, O Circe, Queen, for thee!

NYMPHS.

Till, all our baskets filled and brimming o'er,
To thy deep groves with happy feet we turned,

MARINERS.

O merrily the wind blew out to sea!

NYMPHS.

To bring unto thy house our shining store;
For cool, sweet toil of vintaging we yearned—
For crushing of ripe grapes, O Queen, for thee.

IV.

MARINERS.

O joy to hear again
The name of that far shore;
To loose above the foam white, wandering sails once more
To eager winds, and strain
Above the plashing oar!

The wind blows out to sea—
O leaping of white foam!
From spells of woodland glooms and dark enchantments free,
Once more we steer for home,
O Ithaca, to thee!

V.

NYMPHS.

Who shall remember Love
At the break of day—
When the wind blows out to sea
From the circling bay?
Who shall remember Love
At the end of night
When the nested birds of the dark
Have taken flight?
When white is the path of the foam and the waves are filled
with light
Who shall remember Love?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

VIII. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THE scholastic profession, in the public schools especially, has of late years gained much dignity and importance. It was wont to hide its head in modest retirement, and its members, except, perhaps, the headmasters, were often half ashamed of being schoolmasters and prided themselves rather upon being clergymen. But nowadays the scholastic profession is highly esteemed, not only by persons who are not schoolmasters, but by itself.

The reason of this change is not far to seek. It arises from the increasing value of education. So long as national efficiency, national success depended, principally or largely, upon other qualities than intellectual, so long as it was a matter of physical vigour, or common sense, or finance, or the power of command, the public schools could take their stand upon qualities which they have always produced in a higher degree than any other institutions. But the battle is not now to the swift, nor even to the strong; the clever, the capable, the well-instructed, the well-equipped, win the day. It has come to be felt that in all seminaries of sound learning, and among them in the public schools, the essential matter is not how boys play or how they look, but what they learn as a preparation for the struggle of life. If English boys cannot hold their own in intellectual competition with the youth of other nations, the commercial supremacy, and with it the Imperial supremacy, of Great Britain is already doomed.

In these circumstances the public schools have slowly, and not altogether voluntarily, widened their *curricula*. An Army class has become a recognised part of a school. A Modern Side has become a recognised part. Some attempt, not as yet very hopeful, has been made to lay the foundations of scientific or technical instruction. And it is probable that public schoolmasters will ere long be called to face the difficult problem of commercial education.

The expansion of the public schools has invested the scholastic career with a novel attractiveness. Schoolmasters are no longer mere 'gerund-grinders'; they are coming to be occupied with a great variety of subjects bearing, not indirectly, but often sensibly and immediately, upon the welfare of the nation and the Empire.

Education advances, and with it there springs up in the minds of some pupils, if not of many, the hope that, instead of treading a well-beaten road which leads to no definite goal, they may by intelligence and energy make some addition to the universal stock of human wealth or human knowledge. For educational subjects which afford room for discovery possess for many minds a greater interest than subjects in which information or even culture is the sole end.

The scholastic profession has drawn numerous recruits into its ranks, and would have drawn still more but for two considerations. One is that other professions have opened their doors, with increasing success, to eager students. The universities, for example, retain a larger proportion of their best men; for recent legislation has done away the rule of celibacy in academical life, and has enabled the colleges, at Oxford even more than at Cambridge, to impose residence as a condition of the tenure of a fellowship. It is easy to get any number of men who fall just below the first rank of academical distinction as schoolmasters; it is not so easy to get Ireland or Craven scholars. At the same time the Civil Service, both at home and abroad, and Applied Science in some of its many branches, have claimed the allegiance of clever and ardent men who might in old days have become schoolmasters.

The other consideration is the alliance of the scholastic profession with the Church. It is often condemned; it is oftener, perhaps, misunderstood. A lay schoolmaster who fails in his candidature for a headmastership is apt to console himself with the thought that if he had been in Holy Orders he would not have failed. It may be so, but it may not; for laymen are not all successes, as clergymen are not all failures in education. Nor can it fairly be said that as yet the headmasterships of the great public schools have, perforce, been conferred upon second-rate schoolmasters from a lack of first-rate men in Holy Orders. Still, the modern world, which is not too rich in heroisms, has seen few more signal instances of conscientious self-sacrifice, and none, perhaps, which has been less adequately recognised, than in the lives of those lay schoolmasters of high ability and distinction who have been content to play humble parts and to do their duty quietly, and to see themselves passed by men not superior and perhaps not equal to themselves in the competition for headmasterships, because they did not feel, and would not profess, the inward call to the sacred ministry.

Whatever tends to lower the intellectuality of the scholastic profession is a serious injury to it. If the best men are unwilling to become schoolmasters the whole profession will bear the stamp of mediocrity. In so far, then, as the necessity of ordination is a bar to entrance upon the profession, it ought to be removed, or, as far as possible, to be mitigated. The more numerous and influential the appointments which can be entrusted to laymen without the sacrifice of high interests, the brighter will be the future of education in England.

But when all is said, the schoolmasters exist for the schools, and not the schools for the schoolmasters. A governing body in electing a headmaster are bound to consider the success of the school. They may like and admire a man, but they cannot appoint him to the headmastership unless they believe that the school will prosper in his hands. They must consider not merely the theory of education, but the actual sentiments of parents and the actual requirements of boys. Education is a discipline for life, and it is as important that the citizens of a great country should be moral and religious as that they should be well taught. However vital may be the principle of religious liberty, yet if the election of an atheist or agnostic to a headmastership in the present state of public feeling would prejudice a school, the governing body would be justified in refusing to elect him.

They find it conceivable, too, that the undue prevalence of the lay element among schoolmasters would imply a lowering of the scholastic ideal. In the circumstances of an English public boarding-school, where boys spend three-fourths of the year away from their homes, a schoolmaster is felt to be charged with responsibility for all the parts of human nature—for body and mind and spirit. The education would be less complete, it would be less sacred, if he thought only of the body and the mind and ignored the spirit. A governing body appoint the headmaster, but they appoint no other master. Yet it falls to them as a duty to make some provision for the conduct of Divine Service in the school chapel. They can make it in two ways, but in no more. Either they must appoint a clergyman as headmaster, or they must appoint a chaplain, who may or may not be on the staff of the school. But to entrust a chaplain, and not the headmaster, with the religious ministrations of the school is to undo the foremost of Dr. Arnold's educational reforms. In his well-known letter to the Trustees of Rugby School he used these words: 'Whoever is chaplain, I must

ever feel myself, as headmaster, the real and proper religious instructor of the boys. No one else can feel the same interest in them, and no one else (I am not speaking of myself personally, but merely by virtue of my situation) can speak to them with so much influence. In fact, it seems to me the natural and fitting thing, and the great advantage of having a separate chapel for the school—that the master of the boys should be officially as well as really their pastor, and that he should not devolve on another, however well qualified, one of his own most peculiar and solemn duties.'

On the other hand, there are striking examples of boarding-schools which offer contradiction to such anticipations of any lowering of the scholastic ideal, schools where the headmaster is a layman, who, though the chapel service is conducted by the chaplain, himself undertakes religious instruction, prepares for confirmation, and holds his bishop's licence to preach. The movement in this direction, however, is slow: the care of souls in lay hands is a novel idea to conservative boards of governors, and it is probable that for a long time to come, while a preference will be given to clergymen as headmasters of the great boarding-schools, the headmasterships of the schools which are mainly or exclusively day schools will in the future be reserved for laymen. But there can be little doubt that the scholastic idea will fall below its present level, at least in schools where the teaching of religion is almost necessarily delegated by the parents of boys to school-masters, if it is no longer possible to say, as Dr. Arnold said to his colleagues at Rugby, 'No parochial ministry can be more properly a care of souls than yours.'

The scholastic profession, in virtue of its intrinsic dignity, is sure to attract a large body of members. 'The idea is dawning on us,' says Dr. Channing, 'that no office can compare in solemnity and importance with that of training the child.' 'To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom than to govern a state.' 'Much as we respect the ministry of the Gospel, we believe that it must yield in importance to the office of training the young.'

It is attractive too from its very difficulty and responsibility. It creates lasting ties of interest and gratitude. There are few purer relations upon earth than the affection of a pupil for his master. Yet schoolmasters, if they do much good, may do much harm too, not voluntarily, but by failure of temper or sympathy.

There is no profession in which a good man may work so much mischief as the scholastic.

Personality in education is everything. A man may have all the virtues; he may be a saint; but if he cannot keep order or cannot keep it except at the point of the sword and in such a way as to excite hostility against himself and his profession, it is probable that he does more harm than good. No gift is more capricious, at least apparently, none more difficult to predict than the power of discipline. It may perhaps be said that the best disciplinarian will exhibit a sympathetic severity. He will be severe; he will make his pupils feel that, if need be, he will crush them to powder. When his mind is made up and his foot is put down, there will be no disputing his will. But none the less he will be sympathetic; he will not draw the reins in too tightly, he will raise a laugh sometimes; above all, when he punishes boys, he will not shut the door of hope upon anyone, however sinful. A schoolmaster who cannot be severe will fail all along the line; for public school boys are as merciless as young savages, and if a master lets them take advantage of him will take it unscrupulously. But a schoolmaster who is unsympathetic will commit yet worse mistakes, and these in the more delicate relations of school-life, as when he comes to deal with boys who are shy or sensitive or despondent, or in the hours of temptation, penitence, emotion, or of intellectual and spiritual trial.

It is sometimes asked if the qualities of a schoolmaster can be taught. Socrates was wont to ask if virtue was teachable. Nobody doubts now that human nature can be in some degree guided to virtue or turned away from it by external influences such as heredity, education, or social circumstances. But neither does anybody doubt that some natures are more readily disposed to virtue than others. Similarly the scholastic instinct is born in some men. If it is not born in a man, he will never be a first-rate schoolmaster. He must love his profession, or he will not succeed in it. A great teacher—a Comenius or a Pestalozzi—would rather be a teacher than anything else in the world. Still as the humblest of teachers, however grave and many may be his drawbacks, can by patience and practice advance to a certain point of efficiency, so the most richly gifted teacher can learn something, and something too that is well worth learning, from the age-long experience of schoolmasters. For the scholastic art is not a

creation of yesterday; it has been slowly and even painfully built up. It is strange then that any man should profess it without trying to acquire at least some knowledge of the experiments made, the successes achieved, and even the errors perpetrated by the schoolmasters of past days. There is no fact more significant in the history of teaching, and none which, if it stood by itself, would excite a stronger despair of bringing English education to the intellectual level attained long ago in some other countries, than the tacit assumption, so commonly made, that a person who has learnt nothing of educational science may at any time become a teacher.

Public information has already made short work of schoolmasters like Mr. Squeers; for that the famous advertisement of Dotheboys Hall was not entirely or even largely a caricature may be seen by anybody who will consult the numbers of the *Times* about the date of Queen Victoria's coronation; yet until a register of the teaching profession exists and nobody can act as a teacher if his or her name does not appear upon it, there will be schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who adopt the most difficult and delicate of professions with less—far less—than the qualifications of a lawyer or a doctor or a dentist.

The registration of teachers, from the highest to the lowest, will consolidate the educational profession. It will be a guarantee, not perhaps absolute yet generally adequate, against mere ignorance and imposture. It will put an end to the reproach which some few charlatans bring upon education as a science or an art.

Registration implies training; but if the training of teachers, whether in educational theory or practice, can do something to make a teacher efficient, it cannot do all; perhaps indeed it cannot do much. It can rather guard him against certain blunders than ensure his success. It can impart the idea of system or method; it can teach him the use of mechanical instruments, such as the blackboard; it can instruct him in the way of satisfying himself that his pupils have understood, or have not grossly misunderstood, what he has said to them; but the personal magnetic influence of a great teacher lies beyond any training in the world. So far indeed as training goes, in regard to discipline and the art of instilling knowledge, it is probable that a headmaster in half-an-hour's conversation with a young colleague can render him more efficient help than he would get from read-

ing books or passing examinations. And to have been a boy at a public school is the best preparation for becoming a master there. For then the master looks back on his own experience; he reflects who were the teachers that did him most service; and he aspires to imitate what he admires.

The education given in public schools has largely widened. When it was practically limited to the classical languages of Greece and Rome, it was simple and definite; but it often missed its aim. There are many boys who dislike the classical languages and indeed all languages, yet have a taste for intellectual study. Mathematics, modern languages, the branches of natural science are comparative innovations in English public schools; not one of them dates back beyond the early days of the nineteenth century. And it is a curious law that subjects taught in public schools, and to some extent the masters who teach them, take rank according to seniority; boys feel more respect *ceteris paribus* for a classical master than for a mathematical, more for a mathematical master than for a scientific, in proportion to the time that their subjects have been recognised in schools.

It is a pity, indeed, that the division among educational subjects has become so sharp as it is. Specialisation is often an evil for masters as well as for boys. A broad intellectual sympathy is worth more than a narrow exactitude. If a classical scholar knows something of English history or modern languages his lessons upon the classics gain life and force. Hence a young man who chooses the educational profession commands a greater respect, and he may easily command a higher income, if, as soon as his degree is taken, he spends some time in France or Germany or enters at home upon some novel study. While the English boy remains as intractable as he is now, a great part of the teaching given in modern languages will probably be entrusted not to foreigners, but to Englishmen who have lived abroad. Nor is it doubtful that some acquaintance with the most human of educational instruments—language—would smooth away difficulties from the path of the teacher who is a mathematician or a man of science.

Next to character, intellectual power is the most important element in the teacher's success. A school is a place of education. It is not devoted to games or society or the imitation of warfare, but to learning. But no influence upon the lives of pupils is so strong as the evident example of their teachers. It is

a vital point therefore that boys should look up to their masters not only as being their intellectual superiors, but as being chosen for intellectual superiority.

The association of the public schools with the universities is so intimate that an academical degree will probably remain a valuable, if not even an indispensable, qualification for the scholastic profession. And while in the world high academical degrees count for little, in the scholastic profession they count for a good deal. They constitute an assurance that a schoolmaster in the subjects which he teaches knows more than the best of his pupils. For a schoolmaster can hardly be successful if his pupils spend their time during his lessons in making a record of his mistakes. They are apt in fact to become critical of his teaching if he resorts, for however legitimate a reason, to a translation or 'crib.'

A young man who has got a high degree will not need to use any scholastic agency in his search for an educational position. The headmasters of the great public schools generally find colleagues by consulting heads or tutors of colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. They do not rely much upon testimonials, but upon private recommendations. They inquire not only whether a man is a good scholar or mathematician, but whether he is a gentleman, a man of high honour and personal influence, sympathetic with the young, docile, sociable and progressive. It is where appointments are less highly paid that the agencies come in. The agencies in the universities are upon the whole better than others, as standing in closer touch with academical life. But nearly all are carefully and conscientiously worked, and where the opinions expressed upon candidates for masterships are wrong, they are usually wrong not from intention but from ignorance. It is, however, so much the interest of the agencies to help their clients, that headmasters are wise in observing not only what is said but what is not said on their behalf.

There has been too much tendency of late to appoint masters on athletic grounds. An athlete may be and often is a good fellow. In the external or obvious elements of scholastic success he may easily surpass a mere scholar. But in the end a schoolmaster does not rise to the proper dignity of his profession unless he treats athletic qualifications (if he possesses them) as secondary, being rather the means of entering into deeper and fuller sympathy with his pupils than as educational advantages in themselves.

Whatever tends to a good understanding between masters and boys is good for both; and it may well be thought that boys will listen more readily to a master, when he urges upon them duty or industry, if they know that he feels an interest in their games than if they regard him as somehow a being of other flesh and blood than their own. But always and everywhere the true hierarchy of school-life must be maintained—viz. first character, next learning, lastly sport.

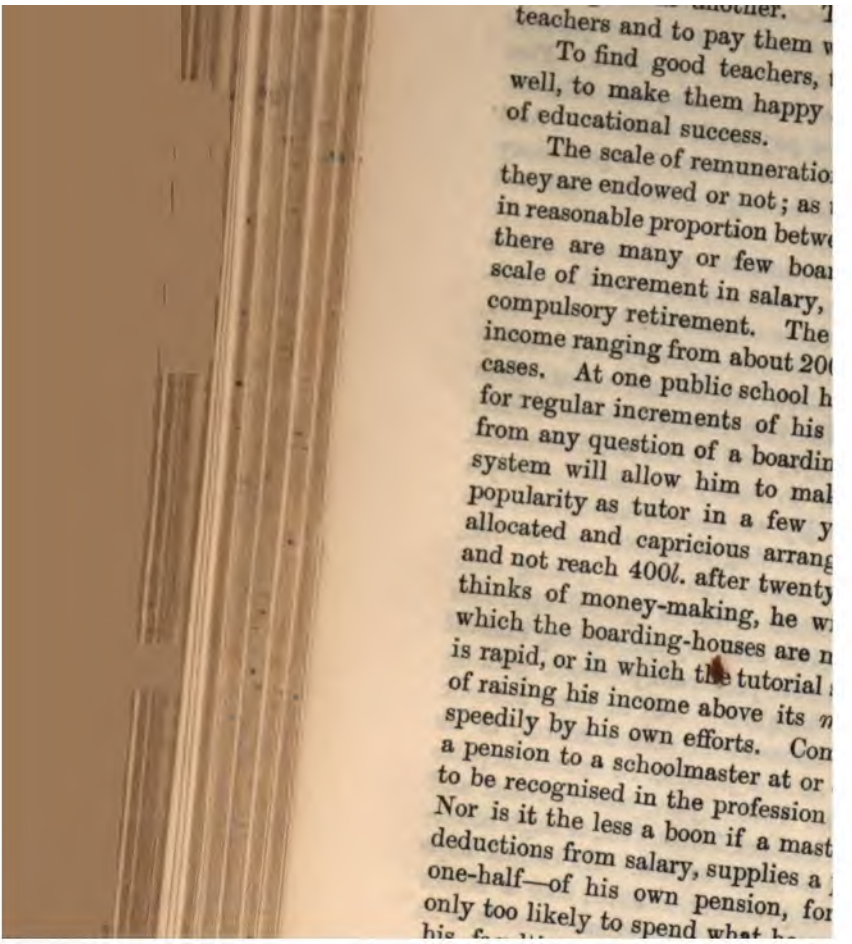
The best schoolmaster then will be a man of culture and common sense, a public school man, a university man, who has got a high degree, who has learnt something outside the lines of regular academical study, who can take a part in the games as well as in the lessons of his pupils, who is tactful, sympathetic and inspiring, who is ever hopeful, who can see the good in everybody, and who makes boys do willingly what it is his duty to make them do at all costs. He is one who adopts the scholastic profession from a genuine love of young souls. But if his motive in choosing his profession is generous, it does not fail of a substantial reward. He lives in a refined and disciplined community. He works upon prescribed conditions; it is not necessary that he should devise work for himself. He enjoys periodical holidays extending over a fourth part of the year, and never, or very seldom, suffering interruption from causes which he cannot control. He derives, upon the whole, a full recognition of his endeavours, in the gratitude of his pupils and the appreciation of their parents and friends. Above all, if he is so fortunate that his lot is cast in one of the great public schools, he has a home of his own and can often marry at an early age; nor is his income liable to such fluctuations as in some professions, especially the clerical, have of late seriously affected many careers.

It is true that in the educational profession as much as in any a striking disparity among incomes occurs. The headmasters of Eton and Harrow may be paid too much; there can be little doubt that many humble schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are paid too little. Incompetency on one hand is too often met by sweating on the other. It is tacitly assumed that, as some few teachers undertake their work without being properly qualified for it, a great number of them may justly perform their work without being properly remunerated for it. No doubt the remedy for this evil will be found when teachers cease to be incompetent. Meanwhile, a catalogue of the pittances upon which men and

women, sometimes possessing academical degrees or certificates, are content, if not eager, to attempt the exacting task of education, affords lamentable reading. The educational profession is one in which many are called, but few are chosen. It is not parents who are the only or the worst 'sweaters' in education. Few preparatory schoolmasters pay their assistants adequate salaries. Few too are the headmistresses who pay such salaries. And whenever a school, as the property of a company, is a pecuniary speculation, there is always considerable danger that the staff will be either undermanned or underpaid.

One important branch of the scholastic profession, and a branch in which academical honours need not be regarded, comprises the preparatory schools. In these schools the headmasters, if they are fortunate, make large incomes. They are probably more highly paid in proportion to their intellectual merits than any other teachers in the world. For they charge handsome fees; they take large numbers of little boys; and in the administration of their schools they are not put to heavy expenses. Many a preparatory schoolmaster must enjoy an income of 1,000*l.* per annum; not a few enjoy incomes reaching to 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.*, and two or three at least get even more. In fact, a young man entering upon the scholastic profession with no special aptitudes or distinctions, can hardly do better than by associating himself with the headmaster of a well-known preparatory school, gaining his confidence and marrying his daughter. But he must not look forward to remaining an assistant-master in such a school, or he will be always a poor man. In such a position he cannot hope to start with a salary of more than 100*l.* a year, besides board and lodging, which is worth to him another 60*l.* or 70*l.*, though advertisements may be seen offering as little as 60*l.* He cannot hope to end with more than 200*l.* a year, nor can he, like a senior assistant in many of the less important grammar schools, who begins at no higher salary, look forward to having a boarding-house under his charge.

The new educational authorities will do well to fix their eyes not only upon the playgrounds and classrooms and sanitary arrangements of schools, but upon the pecuniary circumstances in which masters and mistresses teach in them. For unless teachers get sufficient salaries and unless they see a hope of increasing them, as their domestic expenses are increased, they cannot do their best work; they are disturbed and distracted in



is not in a hurry to get married, will be pretty free from pecuniary anxieties. He can live as a bachelor upon 200*l.*–300*l.* per annum, and it will not be long before he earns a larger income. Many masters of boarding-houses make 1,000*l.*, such masters in the most expensive schools make 1,500*l.* or more per annum. The incomes of the headmasters in the great schools may vary from 2,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* In the smaller secondary schools scattered over the country the headmaster, while drawing an income no larger than that of a housemaster in a public school, enjoys a compensating liberty of action and opportunity of developing his own ideas of education, so that the position is one much sought after by men who have gained experience as assistant-masters in public schools, and who, with a real gift for education, derive both independence and a sufficient livelihood without the weary and repulsive 'waiting for dead men's shoes' which is unhappily involved in our existing public school system. It is, indeed, a strange feature of English public school life that masters should derive a large proportion of their salaries from the profits of boarding-houses. For a scholar is not born or trained to be a hotel-keeper; nor does he choose his wife with a view to her knowledge of culinary affairs. It would be a good thing, if it were possible, to divorce the feeding from the teaching of the young. But the boarding-house system, in spite of its faults, provides the only substitute for parental care, for domestic society, for the intimacies of home-life. The schoolmaster stands *in loco parentis* to his pupils, and one element of a father's duty towards his children is to look after their food. Perhaps it is this unique yet complex relation of a master to his pupils in a public school which is his abiding recompense. It is a relation which nothing terminates but death. Always a public schoolboy looks back with respect, if not with affection, to his 'tutor.' Always the tutor thinks of the statesman or the soldier who has been his pupil as he was when he was a young schoolboy in jackets. Public schoolmen of the same generation find a perpetual bond in the memory of their

Actae non alio rege puertiae.

For as the shadows of life lengthen, the days of boyhood seem brighter and fairer; distance lends them its proverbial enchantment; and the old schoolmaster, drawing near to the grave, dreams that he is still as he was once among his boys.

THE RED CAT.

In the days when Yondercot was a residence of the Bishops of Lammerton, a small party of men was one winter night gathered about the hall fire, the Bishop himself occupying the centre of the group. The ladies of the house party had retired to their rooms after a long evening spent in telling and hearing ghost stories, and the men were now left alone to the quiet of the splendid hall and the humming of a clear fire. They sat for a few minutes in silence, all eyes brooding upon the glow of the fire, and then one of them remarked that every legend and every ghost story in the world must, he thought, have some more or less intelligent foundation in fact. Another quoted Balzac's 'Christ in Flanders,' and told how it was a common belief among certain sailors that Christ still walked upon the sea. Then the conversation dropped again till the Bishop—who had not yet contributed a ghost story to the sequence—leaning forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his hands held out towards the fire, remarked that concerning one ghost story he knew never yet had he been able to trace any relation to fact, unless, indeed, the story was actually true throughout.

They all begged for the story, and though he glanced smilingly at the slow-ticking clock and protested the lateness of the hour, he yielded at last to their persuasion, and told the following extraordinary story. One of the party tells me that he can never forget the effect of that recital, told in the low quiet voice of the Bishop, as the old man sat there in the great panelled hall, leaning forward towards the fire, with the flicker of the flames in his face and about his silver hair, his long white hands stretched out to the fire and his gentle gaze ranging from face to face, as he sought to bring home to their minds some particular point in the story. Outside in the undulating park, now three inches under snow, a wild gale was tearing at the trees and throwing great gusts of hail against the close-curtained windows.

Some years ago, when I was travelling in Sweden (said the Bishop), I found myself in the neighbourhood of the forest of Kolmorden, and one day as I wandered with my guide away from

the shores of Lake Vetter we came upon the ruin of a hovel, whose broken roof, shattered windows, crumbling walls, and its garden long overgrown with weeds and tangling creepers, suggested so powerfully to my mind mystery and romance—for its situation was at once magnificent and desolate—that I asked how it came to its present ill-fortunes. From my guide, and subsequently from the Bishop of Upsala, I learned the story of this broken house, and I learned, moreover, that the truth of the legend was undoubted throughout the whole of Svealand and the northern part of Götaland.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the hut was occupied by a man who worked in the forest, did a little fishing on the lake, and cultivated the garden which I found a veritable jungle. His name was Hans Sparre, a silent, grim-faced man, as completely devoted to Lutheran doctrines as he was to his invalid wife Fredrika, and their little golden-haired child Marie. Theirs was a hard struggle for existence, fought out amid the loneliness of those wooded heights which separate southern from middle Sweden, but they appear to have been happy in their way, and the pedlar who visited them once a month told many a tale afterwards of the father's tenderness, the mother's solicitude, and the little Marie's eagerness for a story. 'It was with her,' he would say, 'never a pretty ribbon, never a trinket—no, no, it was always a story of ghosts and the other world.' And he gave her freely of Birgitta's Uppenbarelser.

With this small family lived a black cat, brought by the same genial pedlar as a present for little Marie. It shared the frugality of the cottage, devoted itself to the child, and seldom showed any disposition to go beyond the limits of the garden. Because of its solemn demeanour, which squared so finely with his own notions, Hans Sparre christened the creature Martin, after his favourite divine.

Well, thus they lived—the hard toiling peasant, the sickly wife, the bright child, and this solemn old cat, Martin.

One very turbulent winter night as they sat before a wood fire, the child lying on the floor at their feet with Martin's black head on her lap, the wife suddenly touched her husband's arm and called upon him to listen.

'"Tis the wind,' he said, stroking her hand.

'Nay, it was a cry I heard. A thin cry, far off.'

'A bird caught by a lynx.'

'Perhaps,' said the little Marie, jumping up, 'it is a fairy, and she wants to come in.'

At that moment something moved against the door, and once again a low cry entered the room from the boisterous night without. Martin rose, arched his back, and drew back his teeth, hissing at the door. The child clutched him up and held him against her breast, while Hans rose from his chair and walked heavily towards the door. Fredrika, with knitting idle in her lap, one finger at her lip, watched him over her shoulder.

He lifted the clumsy wooden latch, and pressing his hand against the door so that the wind should not drive it in, allowed it to open a few inches, while with blinking eyes he peered out into the night.

Scarce was the door three inches open when a cat slunk in through the narrow aperture and padded quickly to the fire. The child gave a cry of joy, Martin leaped out of her arms and rubbed his head against the neck and shoulder of the new-comer, and Fredrika turned full round in her chair to her husband now closing the door.

'Where has it come from?' she cried, her eyes wide with astonishment.

Hans laughed gutturally: 'Out of the night, my Fredrika.'

'God has sent it!' cried little Marie.

'We know nothing more of it,' said the father, coming back to his chair.

Then they turned their gaze on the new-comer.

It was a red cat—a far deeper shade of red than the cats we should describe as sandy—and its fur was miraculously luminous, a bright sheen giving it almost the hue of an orange. For the rest it was well nourished, and though it had come from a reeling night its coat was dry and warm. It gave no token of uneasiness on finding itself in strange surroundings, but settled itself upon the hearth, its green eyes set steadily on the sputtering wood fire, and apparently unconscious of the rubbings and purrings with which Martin continued to welcome its arrival.

There was some little talk between Hans and his wife concerning this additional strain upon their slender commissariat, but it was speedily decided that the cat should not be turned out into the storm, and little Marie vowed that she would share her meals with it so that it might remain with them. From that night it took up its abode with this simple family, and it was given the distinguished name of Luther by Hans himself.

Many weeks passed, and the cat showed no inclination to

leave its home; indeed, it was quite as content with the narrow limits of the garden as Martin himself. The two cats were inseparable, though Luther appeared to take no interest in Martin, and the child looked after them both with a perfectly divided affection.

One day when Fredrika was too ill to move about, and Marie was making a brave show of performing the household duties, the red cat suddenly showed a strange and affectionate interest in his black brother. He left the hearth, purred continuously, walked round and round Martin, nosing at the black cat's face, sidling against his loins, even putting his paws on Martin's shoulder, and then, with one final caress of the other's face, stalked solemnly through the open door into the garden. Martin followed.

Little Marie who had watched this sudden affection on the red cat's part with almost breathless interest, was about to march out with them to see its conclusion, when the kettle boiled over, and all her attention was given to the business of the fireside. When she had set the kettle in the fender, however, she went into the garden and looked for the cats.

They were not to be seen.

She hunted under the bushes and amid the vegetables, she looked into the byre at the side of the cottage occupied by their little cow, but nowhere could she discover the two cats. Then it struck her that a miracle had happened, and that they had gone beyond the boundaries of the garden. She darted away from the shed, and hurried through the garden. At the extreme end of the field, just entering the wood, the child descried the red cat, and behind it, following with due solemnity, her older friend the black. She saw them enter the wood, and then she ran in breathless to tell her mother the news.

Hans arrived home, and was incontinently told the tale. 'Ah!' said he, 'our new friend Luther is evidently a hunter. There will be a bird or two the less in the forest to-morrow.'

The night came, and still the cats remained in the forest. In the morning, also, there was no sign of them. Marie wept bitterly for her playmates, and to all the comfortable assurances of her father protested her conviction that a wolf or a bear had killed them.

On the evening of the following day, as the family sat at their meal, there was a movement at the door as though it were being pushed from the outside, and little Marie, crying out that the cats had returned, sprang joyfully from her chair, and standing

tiptoe, lifted the latch of the door and admitted—the red cat alone. It stalked in as unconcernedly as on its first appearance, and moved directly to the hearth; there it crouched, blinking at the fire, and casting not a single glance at the other inhabitants of the room.

'Thou knowest thy home, then, Master Luther!' said Hans, from the table.

'And where is Martin, where is Martin?' cried Marie, bending over the cat.

'Martin, I fear, will never come back,' answered the father; 'he was too old to begin the work of hunting. You must be content with this Rufus.'

And he had spoken truth, for Martin was never seen again.

But Luther appeared to be content with his excursion, and did not show any signs of a desire to revisit the forest. If he was a hunter, it was only by caprice, and a more domesticated cat it would have been difficult to find. He sat eternally before the fire, blinking with sleepy eyes at the sputtering wood, only on the rarest occasions going beyond the threshold of the cottage.

It was some four weeks after his return that this red cat betrayed signs of his old restlessness. Fredrika was at the table plying a busy needle, with a great pile of flannel before her, which had been brought the day before by their friend the pedlar, and Marie was sitting on the doorstep telling herself stories, with her eyes fixed dreamily upon the blue sky. Luther blinked upon the hearth. The red cat got up suddenly from the fire, paced two or three times round the room, with the same meaningless intensity as we see in a caged panther, and then swerving in the midst of its circle, it leapt quietly to the door, and rubbed its head against Marie's arm, mewing up into her face, and padding on her hands with its sheathed paws. Then it moved off down the garden, and Marie turned her head into the room and whispered mysteriously to Fredrika, 'Luther has gone to look for Martin!'

The mother glanced over the rims of her spectacles—she was counting stitches at that moment—and nodded her head, returning instantly to her intricate task.

But when she looked up again, Marie had gone from the door. The mother called her, but there was no answer. She bundled down her needlework, drew the spectacles from about her ears, and got up calling—'Marie! Little Marie!' She was at the door in a minute.

'Marie! Little Marie!' she called, looking left and right

amid the bushes. Then raising her eyes she saw straight ahead of her the child walking slowly to the fringe of the forest, the red cat, a couple of feet ahead, at that very moment disappearing in the trees.

She ran to the end of the garden screaming at the top of her voice. The child did not even turn her head, and in the next minute she had vanished into the forest. Then Fredrika sprang from the garden, and ran across the field calling loudly to her child as she stumbled over the rough ground. Marie had never strayed from the garden before, and there were dangerous beasts still ranging through the mighty forest of Kolmorden. She ran, breathless, terror in her soul.

But before she reached the forest, she heard her name called, and turning about saw Hans coming up from the lake, an oar on his shoulder. She stopped and beckoned him wildly to her side. He set down the oar and the basket in his other hand, and came striding towards her. She screamed to him that he should run, and the huge fellow set to it with a will, reaching her white and breathless.

'What is it?' he gasped.

'Marie! Little Marie!' she answered, flinging herself into his arms. Then she pointed to the forest. The next instant he had bounded away from her side, and was soon lost to her sight.

She stumbled after him, and as she went she heard his great voice shouting their child's name through the trees. The hills rang with it. Guided by these cries, she made her way to his side, and together they searched hither and thither till the night fell; but they saw nothing of Marie, and no sound answered their cries. It was dark when they reached the cottage.

'The red cat has decoyed her,' said Hans, his lips trembling.

Fredrika could do nothing but sob.

'When it returns I will slay it,' cried Hans, setting his teeth hard. 'I will slay it when it returns. With my two hands—thus!'

'But if Marie does not come back!' cried the mother, lifting her tear-stained face to his.

He jumped to his feet. 'She will return! She shall return!' And seizing up his gun, he rushed out of the cottage and vanished into the night.

Fredrika stood at the door, staring into the darkness, listening for a sound.

Ever and anon she heard him calling the child's name, and now and then a Siberian jay croaked upon the night, but there were wide silences on every side, and she stood dry-eyed, the

insistent humming of stillness singing in her ears. The cries of her husband ceased altogether. The night became absolutely silent. She stood there in the darkness, feeling herself alone in the midst of a wilderness. She began to be afraid. Then, after long hours of this aching silence, a faint sound reached her. She strained her ears, craning her head forward from the door. It came again, a sharp, hissing, quickly smothered sound. She clasped her hands, listening so intently that she was conscious only of the loud singing in her ears.

The night was drifting away, and a greyness in the gloom announced the coming of day. Straining her gaze through this yielding darkness, she saw a figure looming towards her. Again she heard the sharp hissing sound, and in the next minute her husband lurched against her, giving way to the sobs he had striven to keep back, weeping like a child upon her shoulder.

Well, the child was lost—utterly, completely lost, and the pedlar carried the tale on his journey, so that many little children throughout Svealand wept for the pretty Marie whom they had never seen. Hans and Fredrika were broken-hearted. Their lives had been bound up in the little one, and they mourned for her as a man may mourn for his own lost soul.

It was a few weeks after her loss—and while their grief was still too poignant for speech, so that they seldom exchanged words, and never spoke about the lost child—that the red cat once more made its appearance. It entered the house at night, rubbing at the door for admittance, and moving straight to the hearth as on former occasions. To Fredrika's surprise, Hans did not lay hand either to his hunting-knife or to his gun. He jumped eagerly to his feet at the first sound of the rubbing at the door, as though he had been listening for that very sound ever since Marie's disappearance. Then, when the creature had entered, he closed the door, returned to his chair, and sat with face of iron gazing at the cat. His wife feared to speak to him.

Later she called him from his reverie, saying it was time they should retire.

'Go thou to bed,' he answered; 'I watch here.' And she left him. In the morning he was still sitting in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the cat, the cat blinking peacefully at the ashes in the fireplace. And all that day he remained at home. Fredrika went about her duties, pausing oftentimes to observe the silent man sitting heavily in his chair, the fierce brooding eyes of him

At night he said, between set teeth, 'God give me strength that I do not throttle thee before thou showest me my child.'

And that night, too, he sat up, and on the following day he remained at home. Every night with great fear he spoke to the cat: 'God give me strength that I do not throttle thee before thou showest me my child.'

And one day, when Fredrika was ill with the extra work that had fallen to her, the cat suddenly rose from the hearth, paced restlessly round and round the room, and then sprang upon Sparre's knees, stretching up her face to rub against his cheek. He shuddered violently, his hands twitching at his side, and between his teeth he said: 'God help me or I shall kill thee, thou cursed one!' So horrible did it seem to him to be caressed by this red cat.

But when it sprang from his knee and went through the door into the garden, he gave a loud shout of joy. For the first time since Marie's disappearance his face became radiant with delight. 'I shall find her!' he cried to his wife. And, seizing up his hunting-knife, without further word to Fredrika, he went from the cottage, and followed the red cat into the forest.

Fredrika, weak and wasted, shuffled to the door, and, leaning against the side, watched them disappear—the cat moving slowly and unconcernedly, the man following chafingly behind. Then she turned back into the cottage, sank wearily into a chair and waited.

For many days the wretched woman waited, and Hans never returned. She was growing infirm, and the loneliness of her desertion began to prey upon her mind. When the pedlar came by on his rounds a week after the disappearance of Hans he found her shattered in body, her mind so shaken that she was almost bereft of volition. She told him her story, and after he had given her food and helped her to the bed, the good fellow mounted his pony—leaving his wares behind him at the cottage—and galloped at full speed to the village in the valley.

The news spread, search parties set out from all parts of the country, and soon the great forest had been beaten from one end to the other—but all in vain. There was no trace anywhere of the black cat, of little Marie, of Hans Sparre, or the red cat which had decoyed them out of existence. For some weeks excitement ran high, and certainly throughout the greater part of Svealand people talked of nothing else. It was an event in their lives, and the tale, carried by travellers and pedlars, was told and retold a

thousand times throughout the country. But the search parties soon abandoned their fruitless efforts, the kind people who had tended poor Fredrika withdrew to their homes, and once more the unhappy woman was left alone in her misery.

On the very first night of her loneliness the red cat returned. In precisely the same unconcerned fashion it pushed through the opening door and padded straight to the hearth, curling itself up there with the calmest content, as though it had never gone away. Fredrika followed her husband's example, and watched it. Night and day, praying for help from Heaven, she sat alone in the deserted hut with the red cat, waiting till it should lead her to the place where her husband and her child were now imprisoned.

The cat took no notice of her, staring straight before it, never asking for food and never sleeping—unless it slept when she herself fell into weary slumber. And Fredrika watched and watched, longing every day for the signal which should take her to her husband and their child. Days, weeks, a month passed, and every day death grew nearer and nearer to the poor woman alone with the red cat. Her cheeks fell in, her flesh wasted, she became racked with the intolerable tortures of hunger. Alone in her chair by the side of a fireless grate, she sat in utter desertion—watching the red cat and hearing the muffled steps of death drawing nearer and nearer. She did not fear death—but presently she began to fear the cat.

It turned its head one day, and, crouching peacefully on the hearth, stared up into her eyes. It was the first time they had ever looked each into the other's eyes. You may imagine the effect upon the woman's mind. None of us, I suppose, has ever experienced the prolonged stare of an animal; as a rule their eyes blink, close, or turn away, unable to endure our gaze. But this cat who, remember, had led her husband and child to destruction, sat there upon the hearth, its head turned towards her, and its green eyes fixed steadily upon her own. At first she hoped that it was about to lead her to the forest, but after a moment or two, when it showed no sign either of moving or of turning its gaze away, she began to grow afraid. Before terror possessed her completely she determined to kill it, unable to bear the fixity of its gaze; but when she tried to rise from her chair she discovered herself too weak to move, and then it was that horror seized her in its grip. She was the prisoner of the cat.

In vain she essayed to close her eyes; they refused to remain

closed. And as she sat there, mesmerised by the glance of the cat, night fell, and in a little while darkness closed upon the room. But it was a darkness which could not shut out the terror of her situation, nay, a darkness which increased the horror of it a hundredfold, for the green eyes of the cat, malignant and ghastly in the intensity of their gaze, burned through the blackness, and fixed her with their hate. And then, through this darkness, loomed the shape of the cat, at first a blur of brown, then clear and defined in outline—a light red, and finally a flame of fire, luminous, unearthly. Alone in the blackness and solitude of the night, the wind blowing in through the open door bearing with it strange and eerie sounds from the forest without, the dying woman sat prisoned in her chair, gazing at the flaming cat upon the hearth, whose green eyes darted baleful fires into her own.

That night seemed to her like a lifetime of physical agony, and when morning came tardily out of the skies her reason was well-nigh exhausted. At the first flush of dawn the cat rose from the hearth, stretched itself luxuriously, and then without another glance at the woman began to pace slowly round the room. After a minute or so it sprang gladly to the door and vanished into the garden.

Fredrika strove to rise but her strength had gone from her, and she fell back in her chair praying for death. Her mind collapsed as she realised that the cat had gone, and that it would never return to lead her to the place where Hans and Marie awaited her.

It was not until late in the evening that the pedlar, a day or two late on his rounds, struck up the hillside and reached the cottage. He found Fredrika in the state I have described, and seeing that the poor creature was at her last gasp he determined to wait with her until the end. It was after he had given her nourishment and had carried her to the bed that she told him the story of the cat's appearance and disappearance, and so simply and so resignedly did she recite the story that he could not bring himself to doubt the truth of it.

That night the soul of Fredrika left her body, and when he had trimmed the lamp, so that she should not be left in darkness, and had covered the body reverently with a sheet, the pedlar saddled his pony and set off to ride with the news to the village below. But as he went, so the legend declares, he heard a sound of gentle music from the forest—music so rare and

wonderful that he unconsciously doffed his hat, believing himself in the presence of angels. He looked towards the forest, and through the darkness he saw a soft luminous mist—a light that moved slowly among the trees. He feared to approach nearer the forest, but he found himself so enchanted by the music and so spell-bound by the mystery that he could not urge his pony forward. He remained on the side of the hill, his hands resting on the front of the saddle, his eyes fixed upon the light moving through the forest. And presently the radiance became brighter, and in another minute the whole forest appeared to be illumined by this celestial splendour, and in the midst of it he saw the stark gaunt form of Hans Sparre with little Marie in his arms, and at his side Fredrika clinging to his arm, her face as radiant as theirs with a rapture that was unearthly, and they were singing a hymn of Tomas, Bishop of Strengnäs.

When they had passed from his vision the dawn was in movement, and shaking the rein, now clammy with dew, the pedlar hurried down to the valley. As soon as his tale was told a party set off for the cottage, the priest going with them, and the pedlar telling and retelling the mysteries he had witnessed that night as they struck up the hillside.

As they reached the cottage the lamp which the pedlar had lighted shone dimly and ghostly in the morning brightness. They saw it directly they opened the door, and then, the priest uncovering, the rest following his example, they entered the cottage.

The bed was vacant.

The sheet with which the pedlar had covered the body was tossed upon one side, the marks where a body had reposed were visible to all eyes—but the body of Fredrika had vanished as mysteriously as Hans and little Marie. For many minutes they stood gazing in awed silence at the bed, and then a cry of alarm from someone at the back of the little crowd brought them all turning hastily about in a state bordering on panic. 'What is it? What is it?' they cried in one voice.

The peasant who had caused this sudden alarm pointed to a beam of wood amid the smoke-grimed rafters of the cottage.

And there, transfixed by the great hunting-knife of Hans Sparre, was the dead body of the red cat. It was bloodless.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

THE FLAMBOYANT PERIOD IN COOKERY.[1]

I USED to think, as I believe Horace thought before me, that a healthy appetite means an honest preference for plain fare, and that only the man who is rarely hungry despises 'common food.' We all of us have a way of respecting the frugality nothing short of necessity would persuade us to practise. But, as a fact, it was at times when man was always hungry that he had the rarest fancy for uncommon food.

I do not suppose people were ever blessed with more capacious appetites than in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Pepys, cloyed with venison pasties, and flitting from one brave dinner to another; Dr. Johnson, stuffing until the veins stood out on his forehead and the perspiration dripped from his face, explain something of the cheerful alacrity in over-eating which they shared with their contemporaries. And yet, in the English cookery books of the period—of which I am proud to say I own many—I am struck above all with the extravagance, the flamboyancy of the *recipes*. It seems as if the grosser the appetite, the more fantastic and curious had to be the device by which to tempt it. You might think those old, prodigious feeders, who never knew when to finish a meal, could only be coaxed to begin it, like so many capricious children. As a first essential, food was required not merely to be palatable but to 'recreate the sight.' Stevenson might have said of most men of the seventeenth, and even the eighteenth century, as of Pepys, that, dearly as they loved eating, not until the eye was flattered would they have avowed themselves content. A dinner was expected to please as a spectacle. The old authorities on cookery never ventured to neglect the pageantry of dining; their books are full of it. Gervase Markham, who published his 'English Housewife' in 1631, bade the Master Server set down the dishes 'extravagently,' and so 'give a most comely beauty to the table and very great contentment to the guesst.' Giles Rose, whose 'Perfect School of Instructions' came out in 1682, reminds the butler that 'many have gone further to see a table neatly covered than they would have done for to have eaten a good meal at the same table.' Often a special section is set apart for 'Conceits and other Secrets' which, the

[1] Copyright, 1903, by Mrs. Pennell, in the United States of America.

hard-worked woman of the day is warned, are 'so needfull for adornation that whosoever is ignorant therein is lame, and but the half part of a Compleat Housewife.' And they were so amazing, these conceits, that, much as I delight to read about them, I feel I can never be too thankful I did not live in an age when the mere accident of sex would have added the business of the poet and the architect to the cares of housekeeping.

We still think a good deal about the decoration of the table. But to-day, given fine linen, beautiful silver, rare glass and china, a few flowers, and the trick is done. It was another matter, I can assure you, in the seventeenth century, when dinner was a masque on a small scale, and Ben Jonson's portrait of the master-cook was something more than a caricature:—

> A master-cook! why he's the man of men
> For a professor! he designs, he draws,
> He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
> Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
> Some he dry ditches, some motes round with broth;
> Mounts marrow bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
> Rears bulwark pies; and for his outer works,
> He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
> And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.

At times the skill of the cook might be concentrated on one design; he might be asked for no more extraordinary display of his powers than 'to make an Entremose of a Swan,' for example. We should call it extraordinary enough in all conscience; for the swan, roasted whole and gilded, was set upon a bed of paste 'coloured green and combed to look like a Meddow full of grass,' and then adorned with a loose flying cloak of a kind of vermilion, and stuck over with little banners bearing what arms 'were judged most convenient or agreeable to the persons that shall be seated at the Table.' But it was a trifle compared with the performances that graced a great occasion. The description of the 'Triumph' or 'Trophy' Robert May proposed for Twelfth Night suggests a Drury Lane pantomime in miniature. May, the author of 'The Accomplisht Cook,' which he published in 1660, preserved the fine old traditions; the 'blood of poetry' still ran in his veins. But indeed, if he did not appear so sedate and serious in his portrait, I should suspect him of a jest when calmly, as if he were bidding you peel potatoes or boil water, he says to take sweetmeats and pastry and build a ship, with flags and streamers and guns, and a castle with battlements, portcullises, gates, draw-

bridge, and a train of powder; then, to model a stag, filling it with claret and sticking an arrow in its side; then, 'by a great Pin to take all the meat out of a dozen eggs by blowing,' and fill them with rose-water; and, after that, to make pies with live frogs and live birds. Next he says—and this is too pretty not to be quoted—some of the ladies present must be 'perswaded to pluck the Arrow out of the Stag, then will the Claret-Wine flow out as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration to the beholders, after some short pause, fire the train of the Castle; then fire the train of one side of the Ship as in a battle. . . . This done, to sweeten the stink of the powder, let the Ladies take the egg shells full of sweet waters, and throw them at each other. All dangers being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies; where, lifting first the lid off one pie, out skip some Frogs, which make the Ladies to skip and shreek; next after the other Pie, whence come out the Birds; . . . so that what with the flying Birds and skipping Frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company; at length, a banquet brought, the musick sounds, and everyone with much delight and content rehearse their actions in the former passages.'

I still remember the pie of live chickens provided as the holiday's crowning joy at my old convent school. But I also remember the amiable contempt with which, as the years went on, I looked upon the younger children who still had the heart to laugh. Robert May, however, never outgrew his youthful enthusiasm. He sighed, rather, for the happier yesterday when Triumphs and Trophies were still more generally the delight of the 'Nobility, before good House-keeping had left England, and the Sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable Exercises as these.' While his biographer, a now unknown W. W., is so convinced that when the old conceits flourished, then was 'Hospitality esteemed, Neighbourhood preserved, the Poor cherished and God honoured; then was Religion less talkt on and more practised; then was Atheism and Schism less in fashion and then did Men strive to be good rather then to seem so,' that he leaves me wondering whether the true path to virtue is not through ships and castles of pastry and under streams of rose-water.

For all the lamenting of May and his eulogist, it was a path

still followed, if with waning ardour, in the eighteenth century. I find John Nott, the compiler of a 'Cook's and Confectioner's Dictionary,' as late as 1723, copying May's masterpiece with scarcely a change, except in the language—his Ladies 'skip and scamper' when the frogs jump out, his performance causes a 'surprising and diverting Hurly-Burly.' I also find Horace Walpole, later still, in 1745, telling Sir Horace Mann how the Prince of Wales, to celebrate his son's christening, 'had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper and the company besieged it with sugar plums.' Walpole wastes no words in regretting happier days. 'It was well imagined,' is his sole comment, 'considering the time and the circumstances'—the chief circumstance being the recent shameful surrender of Carlisle. Maybe it was as well Trophies languished when royalty could so pervert them.

Anyway, they were the less needed, since dinner without them was one long 'sequence of many coloured astonishments.' If already in the seventeenth century guests began to resign their dramatic part in the spectacle, if they gave up the 'Hurly-Burly' —and a good thing too for their digestion—they refused to dispense with the pageant. There was nothing put upon the table that was not designed to captivate and deceive the eye. The very linen had to contribute to the desired effect. The Instructions of Giles Rose are nowhere more minute and eloquent than when he is initiating the butler into 'the neat and gentile art of folding napkins,' by which may be learned 'how to fold and pleat and pinch the Linnen into all manner of forms both of Fish, Beasts, and Birds, as well as Fruits.' And so 'curious' are the cockle-shells, cocks and hens, pigeons on their nests, dogs with collars round their necks, hares, rabbits, tortoises, turbots, given as models, so subtle the compliment in the 'Mitre,' 'The Cross of Loraine,' and 'the Order of the Holy Ghost' should persons of an ecclesiastical or religious turn of mind be present, that I should like to believe Giles Rose the 'fellow' Pepys found laying the napkins 'in figures of all sorts' one day when he came home to superintend the preparations for a dinner of ceremony, and was so mightily pleased that he had half a mind to give the 'fellow forty shillings to teach my wife to do it.' Pepys' interest was always alert in any strange thing. But I am prosaic enough to ask what practical purpose the napkin, after leaving the hands of the artist, could serve? For when certain of the more ambitious metamorphoses were in question, linen alone did not suffice.

Thus, if a cock were modelled, 'make him,' says Rose, 'a Comb and Wattles and Beard of some red stuff; and for the end of the Beak, you may make it of a large Quill which you may cut and fashion like a cock's bill, which must be fastened with a little *Gum Dragon* steept in Orange-flower, or other Sweet Water, then pull out and fashion him a Tail out of the other end of the fold, and raise it up, and set it as high as you can,' and I do not see what was left for such a mess of dye, gum, and perfume save the washtub.

The masquerade that began with the napkins went on with every course until the guests rose from the table; though, as was only natural, the highest flights of invention were reached in the lighter, more poetic dishes—the fruits, the pastries, the sweetmeats. Giles Rose found another motive, almost as inspiring in the fruit, which he would have the butler cut in 'a great number of ornaments and representations,' disguising it in several figures, 'carve-peeling' it in 'many fashions that will be looked upon with admiration.' Speech failed him for an adequate description, and he gave expression to his superabundant ideas in a series of drawings of apples, pears, melons, plums, pineapples, 'carve-peeled' into flowers, thistles, scorpions, spread-eagles, and other mysterious 'forms' beyond the recognition of an unpoetic person like myself, until, finally, as a supreme effort, he evolved a bunch of grapes, 'not laid in a Dish, but set artificially upright as if it were growing in the Earth, and were yet fast to its own proper stem where it first grew.' Robert May was as ready with devices for pastry and as eager to rely upon florid designs when his own gift of rhetoric seemed to him all too cold. Gervase Markham overflowed with patterns for his pastry, such as 'Beastes, armes, knots, Flowers,' or 'other diverse, pretty works according to your fancy,' and he waxed so lyrical over the possibilities of a tart that I cannot resist giving his own words. 'If the tart,' he explains, 'be in the proportion of a beast, the body may be of one colour, the eyes of another, the teeth of another, and the tallents of another; and so of birds: the body of one colour, the eyes another, the legges of another, and every feather in the wings of a severall colour, according to fancy; and so likewise in armes, the field of one colour, the charge of another; according to the forme of the coat armour; as for the mantles, trailes, and devices about armes, they may be set out with severall colours of preserves, conserves, marmalades, and godinyakes, as you shall

find occasion or invention, and so likewise of Knots and trayle of one colour, and another of another, and so of as many as you please.' But then Markham was a fanatic, and would never have hesitated to sacrifice the dish to the spectacle. He might stoop to design a salad in imitation of flowers, 'some full blowne, some half blowne, and some in the bud, which will be pretty and curious,' though still a salad to be eaten. But it needs no deep discernment to see how much more his heart was in the work when he aspired to an arrangement 'in the manner of Scutcheons and Armes, some like Birds, and some like wild Beasts, according to the Art and Cunning of the Workman'—a salad dishonoured if any rash man ventured to appease with it the grosser pangs of hunger.

Not only with these three great men, but with all the authorities on cookery, there was a continual striving after marvels, though the majority were but imitators and plagiarists. Their books, you would say, were written in a fever of competition. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a contemporary of Giles Rose and Robert May, one of the learned ladies prepared to teach their sex the whole duty of woman, was of the opinion that pastry must be cut 'in some pretty Fancy' by the female who hoped for 'a brave Tart' as the result, and she gives a *receipt* for a 'Rock in Sweetmeats' so stupendous that I half suspect this dignified lady of having her tongue in her cheek when, at the end, she begs the student not to think it 'a simple fancy.' As if anyone could! 'I assure you,' she says, 'it is the very same that I taught a young Gentlewoman to give for a Present to a Person of Quality.' Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald, one of Mrs. Woolley's eighteenth-century successors, made it her 'study to please both the Eye and the Palate, without using pernicious Things for the Sake of Beauty.' And she sought success by spinning gold and silver webs out of sugar, turning a jelly into a bird or the moon and stars; a transparent pudding into a fishpond; a cake into a hedgehog, with currants for its eyes; flummery into Solomon's Temple, cribbage cards, or eggs and bacon, as you choose; her ingenious labours coming to a climax in a desert island made of a rock of candy, surmounted by a crowned figure in the middle, and gravel paths running round it, with little figures and Chinese rails built up of pastry and comfits; 'a pretty Middle Dish,' she adds modestly, 'for a second course at a Grand Table or a Wedding Supper, only *set* two Crowned Figures on the Mount instead of one.' These

ingenuities are repeated in book after book, until I cannot be sure whether Mrs. Raffald, or Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Glasse, or any one of a vast number of distinguished ladies and equally distinguished master cooks, should be credited with them. If I quote Mrs. Hannah Glasse in preference to others, it is not because her imagination is livelier, but rather because her fame is wider, and she may therefore be more honoured for the conception of a floating island, set round with candles like a Christmas tree, that enjoyed popularity in her day. Even in this she was excelled by William Gelleroy, the London cook, who was all for 'economy and elegance,' and yet in the quest after prettiness could add 'some perfumed cockle shells' to a dish already overloaded with ornament. But I could go on indefinitely piling up examples of the confectioner's skill in modelling and colouring his pastry and sugar into the semblance of something it was not, and never by any possibility could be. 'To counterfeit Strawberries,' 'to make cake in the shape of a Snail or a Crown,' to prepare conserves 'to cut in the form of slices of a Gammon of Bacon,' 'and they will deceive the Curious, who cannot but take them for Bacon, unless you taste or smell them'—these are a few out of many similar receipts.

And the master cook, though the material at his disposal was less plastic, did not lag far behind. 'To make Peacocks or Capons look like Porcupines'; 'to dress a Pig like a fat Lamb'; 'to pot Beef like Venison'; 'to make mock Hare of a Beast's Heart'; to serve 'Turkies in the shape of a Football,' or 'in Buskins,' and 'pigeons in the Form of a Frog or the Moon'; 'to dress a shoulder of Mutton called Hen and Chicken'; 'to dress the Belly of Veal or Goat like Apples'—these are constant entries, of which our mock turtle is almost the sole survival. And to show to what delicious excess the fashion could be pushed, I might do worse than recall the 'Peacock drest with his Feathers,' a dish worthy of Giles Rose, its inventor, in which the charm was not the delicacy of the flavour or exquisiteness of the sauce, but the fact that the roasted bird, covered with its skin and feathers, and arranged on a broach 'as it were a Wheel,' and made to turn, 'will move and so will seem as if he were not dead but alive, and this is very easie to be done; and more also, if you please, for you can make him put fire out of his Beak, &c.' In the whole history of art was there ever a more expressive etcetera than that? In a word, the great thing was to offer a puzzle, a

something unexpected, a something strange. 'Mutton Chops in Disguise,' 'a Disguised Leg of Veal and Bacon,' 'Artificial Potatoes,' are other entries no less expressive. A 'Calf's Head Surprise'; a chicken, rabbit, or what you will 'Surprise'; 'a Legge of Mutton roasted after an Outlandish Fashion'; 'a Pigge, a Pound of Butter,' or almost anything else, 'Roasted Curiously'; 'a Mallard Boiled Curiously,' and so on, one after the other, are further proofs, if proofs were wanted.

Some of the old conceits lingered long, and the fashion for dishes to go masquerading did not pass without a struggle. Even so conscientious a *gourmet* as Grimod de la Reynière, in the days of the Directory—in the days, that is, of Cambacérès and Talleyrand—could gravely recommend a dish of crayfish, some cooked in the approved fashion, others still alive but painted red, in order to provide an amiable surprise for the guests at a dinner party. The genius of Carême, his contemporary, was for building classical temples and rococo palaces out of pastry, structures almost as astonishing as the desert island and fishpond of Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald and her followers. And, for that matter, we have not yet altogether outgrown some of these pretty fancies. For ingenuity, in name at least, the 'Toad-in-the-Hole,' 'Bubble-and-Squeak,' and 'Angel on Horseback' of the modern English kitchen might have had a place on the older *menu*. The peacock dressed to seem as if he were alive has its rival in the boar's head with pink and white sugar garlands about its snout and rings of lemon round its ears, upon which I have feasted at more than one Christmas banquet. Chocolate fish are not unknown in France at Easter-time. Americans delight in 'Angel Cake,' and it may be that the 'Election' and 'Independence' and 'Federal Cakes' of my little old 'American Cookery' (1805) reappear on appropriate occasions in certain parts of the United States. Ices may still be served in the shape of little birds and curious fruits. Only on February 22 last I celebrated the birthday of the 'Father of my Country' by eating cherries cut from a tree of ice with a little hatchet of excellent cake. But Carême's flamboyant creations were the last flaring up of the poetic fire, and all these things to-day are but belated protests against the common sense of an age that likes 'to know the truth for the truth' when at table. Practically speaking, the art of making things look like something they are not has devolved upon the vegetarian, who must, in self-defence, disguise the emptiness of his fare.

But it needed not only a pretty show, not only the 'metaphorical dish,' to satisfy the appetite of our forefathers. Judged by our puny standard, the amount they could eat is alarming. Sixteen dishes of meat was Gervase Markham's idea of the right number for one course when the dinner was merely such as became a modest gentleman, provided as many more dishes of other things were added as would make 'the full service no less than two-and-thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on the table.' Inconveniently, I should have said. And this first course, if you please, was followed by a second as ample. 'Three courses of ten, fifteen, and fifteen, and a sumptuous dessert,' is Walpole's description of the banquet Lord Holderness gave to a company of 'artists.' Most of the eighteenth-century cookery books printed elaborate plans as guides to the artist, whose success in setting a table was measured by the number of dishes he could crowd upon it at one and the same time—plans that leave you in no doubt as to the origin of that parade of little dishes with which some Americans still love to surround their plates at the hotel dinner.

According to the theory of Horace, men whose hunger warranted those wholesale preparations should have been satisfied with the chop and steak, and perhaps a bottle of Worcester sauce thrown in, of the modern English bill of fare. But, in defiance of Horace, they demanded a variety that gave the accomplished cook and the complete housewife no time to rest upon their laurels. It was not enough then to understand boiling and roasting, grilling and frying, the limits now of the English cook's knowledge. The casserole had to be mastered, and the chafing-dish—whose recent reappearance in Bond Street windows is looked upon as part of the American invasion—was indispensable in the well-equipped kitchen. To stew was a fine art. Braises and daubes, ragouts, hashes, and fricassees were as common as the good 'roast beef of Old England'; and 'made dishes' were not a mere peg for Dr. Johnson to hang his pompous platitudes on: the chapter describing them was the longest in almost every cookery book. The ways of preparing any one meat or vegetable or fish were endless. Mrs. Hannah Glasse, who had no patience with 'French tricks,' and whose intention was 'to instruct the lower sort,' taught such a multitude of modes for the dressing of beef, mutton, and veal that you reflect with awe on the lengths to which her imagination might have carried her had she catered

alternatives to the breadcrumbs without
thought indecorous on the English dinner
turbot he supplied eighteen means of esca
shrimp sauce; and every other fish that s
and not in vain, upon his generosity. R
in his hatred of 'French tricks' as Hannal
French when it came to a question of
twenty-one different omelettes, each a triu
omelette could be turned out in twentieth
cause of rejoicing! And he could fry,
bake, boil, roast, until his directions would
a generation brought up to look upon e
bacon. Nor did the man of genius hesitat
passed then through as many transformat
America. As for pastry, to look into any
books is to discover how legitimately th
by his inheritance of pie!

And not only this. There were the co
ceased to exist, save in the cookery and ot
the tanzies and Florentines, the capilot
panadas, granades, and chardoons, the
and, in Pimlico, the salmagundies—it w
for a salmagundy that Mr. Morgan, Rode
H.M.S. *Thunder*, was famed—the stump
amulets and monasticks—but why so asce
been found for a chicken stuffed with o
herbs, and served with rice and forced-m

weeks,' he wrote to Stella from London—and the wiggs Pepys ate so cheerfully with ale for his Lenten supper, and the diet bread Pamela took with her on the memorable journey to Lincolnshire, and how many other sweet things we have never eaten ourselves but love better than if we had because of the charm of association. And then the drinks with names that delight: metheglin, mead, ratafia, hydromel, hypocras, shrub, sherbet, muskadine, Malmsey—wine for the gods, wines made from almost every flower that blows and fruit that ripens, and even many vegetables long since doomed to oblivion in the stock-pot. Did not 'wine of turneps' once enjoy great renown? What a fragrant gulf lies between Sir Kenelm Digby, with his innumerable 'liquids' for 'the sating the curiosities of each or the nicest Palate,' and his degenerate descendant, content to quench thirst on plain whisky or beer! Sir Kenelm Digby's 'Closet Opened' robs the American of his distinction as the inventor of 'mixed drinks.'

But I am most impressed when I look into the composition of all these dishes and drinks. 'It was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking,' Swift says somewhere; and I agree with him, if he meant the sort of eating and drinking in fashion under the Stuarts and the Georges. When people had ceased to marvel at the linen beasts and birds on their plates and the pastry beasts and birds before them, each mouthful was a fresh 'surprise,' each new dish could be attacked in the spirit of adventure. 'I am not afraid of being called extravagant, if my Reader does not think I have erred on the frugal Hand,' Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald declared; and she spoke for all her profession. But what they considered an excess of frugality is to us an orgy. The cook could not put too much of any and every thing in a dish, whether of flesh, fowl, or fish. The array of herbs with names as sweet as themselves—thyme, rosemary, marjoram, basil, lavender—is simply bewildering. 'Well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything,' was one of Swift's directions to the cook. Roses, violets, cowslips, lilies-of-the-valley followed the sweet herbs in equal profusion. The flower garden was as important as the kitchen garden to a well-appointed *chef*. And there was as little stint with berries and fruits and spices. Oh, that spice-box! It is a saving sign of grace when William Gelleroy (1762) is at pains to explain that he has recommended 'a larger quantity of spices than are generally used; but as this depends on the palate of the person or persons for whom it is

Robert May's receipt: Boil your leg of
stuffed it with parsley, and make sauce w
chopped parsley, butter, vinegar, juice o
barberries, or grapes and sugar. Serve
that seemed too unimaginative, beef suet
added to the stuffing, and to the sauce
eggs, and lemons could give the desired ze

If this be simple, what, then, is '
know? Let me go again for an examp
stern opponent of 'Epigram Dishes imp
choose at random, as choice must be mad
I cannot give it in full—it is too long; b
dishing it up are more than sufficient.
bread in the bottom of your dish. Then
and pigeons, broth it; next your quails,
your pullets, then your artichocks, or s
then your lemons, Pommgarnet'—a good
I suppose—'or Grapes, Spinage, and fried
saffron or fryed sage; then round the cent
put your minced Capon, and then run
butter, &c.' Here again is an etcetera t
And for further embellishment it might
combs, minced meat, spinage, yolks of e
other varieties.'

And if you eat, and do not need s
waters, the sovereign pills and powders
business of the good housewife to make,

In the latter half of the eighteenth century cookery began to grow more sober, and consequently more dull. Fancy is checked in its flight; conceits are less fantastic. By the beginning of the nineteenth century sobriety is the rule. But—for the present, any way—the old extravagance, and not the new sobriety, is my concern.

I do not attempt to account for the curious contradiction in this old extravagance—the healthy appetite and the unhealthy excess—though I admit I am not without my theory, ingenious as the subject. I think there must have come a moment, with the general awakening throughout Europe, when it was a toss-up whether or no the art of cookery would relapse into barbarism; and, like the males among certain birds, who conquer in their courtships by their parade of gay and gorgeous plumage, so the daintier dishes triumphed in the end by sheer force of display and bravery of appearance. The eye of the 'feeder' was appealed to, and his imagination stirred by a hundred childish devices, that gradually he might develop into the 'diner' of to-day. I throw this out as a suggestion; but the more I study my cookery books, the more I wonder there has not yet arisen a Darwin to trace the struggle for existence in the kitchen and the final evolution of the art of cookery as we know it.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Among the many strange and sinister figu
none is stranger, more sinister, than that o
police. It was not without a shudder tha
dazzling uniforms and the great ladies of
resplendent in their brocades and diamond
the crowd which filled the Tuileries at the
a man whose face was pale with a cadaver
plexion his enemies detected the taint of a
to match the putrescence of the soul
features never moved or changed, but wh
those of a ferret seemed to look the h
through. The dress was in keeping with
blue uniform had about it something biza
It was shabby and badly cut, though Napo
insisting that his functionaries should disp
in their attire, and in punishing condignly
disregard his wishes. The orders which th
conferred upon this singular being were c
demonstrate the lofty disdain which the
the baubles of the master; created a peer
recipient affected not to be aware of his
individual passes, so great is the impressio
the men and women of his time, that even
the women shiver at his ironical congratula
moonlight of the preceding evening, while
the recollection that this is the monster
ticide' Lyons by standing its population n

uneasiness. Master though he is, supreme, omnipotent, he knows that here is the man who overthrew Robespierre, and whose daily boast is in itself a menace: 'Once Robespierre cried, "Either Fouché's head or mine must fall in the next fortnight on the scaffold." It was his head that fell.'

Napoleon, indeed, exhibited in his dealings with Fouché a feeling which he entertained towards no other minister in France—of positive dread. From time to time he debated whether he ought not to seize and shoot or hang this dangerous, because inscrutable, individual. But always at such moments the boast of Fouché and the head of Robespierre started up before his memory. He himself had been the intimate of the Robespierres, though never sympathising with their extravagant ferocity, and he well knew how great were the power and position of the man that Fouché had overthrown. What added to his uneasiness was the stupefying audacity of the police minister, who did not shrink from maintaining a close espionage upon the sayings and doings of the Imperial household, so that even Napoleon's own remarks to Josephine at night, in their familiar *tête-à-têtes*, were perfectly well known to the minister, and would be recalled to the Emperor's exasperated notice by some casual mocking remark, introduced without the slightest appearance of malice into the police reports which Fouché daily prepared and the Emperor daily studied with the closest of attention. The peccadilloes of his ministers, the disorders of their private lives, the intrigues of the great ladies of the Napoleonic Court were all recalled in these documents, and Fouché did not forget from time to time to draw attention to the light conduct of the Emperor's own sisters and brothers. The minister proceeded to even greater lengths of daring. In 1802 he actually arrested the royalist noble Bourmont as that individual was leaving Napoleon's own presence, where Bourmont had been denouncing him. When scheming to bring about the Emperor's divorce, as the best means of stinging the Emperor to fury he placed in Josephine's mouth the most insulting personal charge against her husband which could come from the lips of a wife. During the Friedland campaign, he ventured to insert in the Parisian press articles calling for peace with an openness which enraged the Emperor, and which would have cost any other minister his head. No one more consistently and more successfully opposed the great soldier at the very height of his power.

It was Fouché's glory that he erected the direction and manage-

according to some, Napoleon had display
him, merely remarked with haughty disda
so great a man is so ill-bred!' When in
him, and said, 'Fouché, you are a traitor
Fouché replied with perfect calm, 'Sire,
with your Majesty.' In 1802, at anoth
common in Napoleonic history, when the
him with disgrace and death, and declare
against the ruler of the State, Fouché coo
be time enough to hang me in a few hours

In spite of his odious character and
cannot be said that, for the times, and c
affairs in France with which he had to d
cruel or corrupt in his police administrat
with such tact and discretion did he mana
gradually became one of the most popular
Paris. Every party in France fancied th
The royalists looked to him for protecti
in him their old friend and comrade, who
consequences of Napoleon's hatred of 'i
partists did not trust him, but could not di
His duties were of immense importance.
only with the repression of crime, social
with the direction of public opinion in Fra
of foreign conspirators in England, Germ
repression of insurrections in France was i
to him, and large bodies of troops were und
at his disposal enormous funds: the pol

him the articles which were to appear in the Parisian press next day. He had virtually the power of life and death—the right to throw any man into prison, to keep him there without a trial, and to detain him even if adjudged innocent upon trial. The gossip of Paris rang with dark stories of his methods. In that curious contemporary work, the *Secret History of the Cabinet of St. Cloud*, published in 1805, we find it said:

> Fouché shares with Réal and Dubois . . . the reproduction, or rather the invention, of new tortures and improved racks; the oubliettes, which are wells or pits dug under the Temple and most other prisons, are the work of his infernal genius. They are covered with trap doors, and any person whom the rack has mutilated or not compelled to speak out, whose return to society is thought dangerous, or whose discretion is suspected . . . is precipitated into these artificial abysses—there to be forgotten, or worse, to be starved to death.

There is indisputable evidence that these horrors really existed, and were not the idle invention of fantastic brains. In the Moreau trials of 1804 several of the prisoners protested publicly in court that they had been tortured, and a letter was read from one of them, St.-Régent, to his sister in which he said: 'I have suffered martyrdom . . . I have been put to the question twice. You do not know what kind of torture this is, but I will tell you privately.' The President of the Court made no comment upon this disclosure. From Napoleon's own letters we know that he ordered the use of the thumbscrew, while Bouvet Lozier was garrotted until he would speak. Some very curious facts are recorded in the *Naval Chronicle* of 1816, where, in the report of a careful investigation made in Paris into the fate of the unhappy Captain Wright, who was probably murdered in prison by the police at a time when Fouché was in office, we are told on the authority of a statement by Wright himself, left in the hands of another prisoner, that 'some of these poor people' (the witnesses in the Moreau case) 'had their thumbs screwed together by the cock of a musket, operating as a vice, while gunpowder was placed upon their nails and fired; others had burning coals or hot embers applied to the soles of their feet; the most shameful violence had been used to others.'[1] The fact that Wright knew of these deeds would in itself be a reasonable explanation of his death, for to let an enemy pass to the outer world with such

[1] At the date of the Moreau process Fouché was not in office, but the men responsible had been his subordinates and were trained in his methods. They remained his subordinates when he returned to power shortly after the trial.

evidence against the Napoleonic police would be to place a terrible weapon in the hands of the British Government. As we shall presently show, owing to the destruction of important papers by Fouché, there is no cause for surprise that no evidence against the police in this strange affair to-day exists in the French archives.

The police of Fouché kept exact records and had every kind of information at its disposal. Fouché himself distrusted the tales of the ordinary *mouchard*, or police spy, and enlisted in his service far more valuable auxiliaries. To begin with, Josephine herself was at his disposal, and in return for the facts which she disclosed to him, he paid her immense debts from time to time or lent her money, which she was always wanting. In this way he knew the actual thoughts and intentions of Napoleon quite as well as the Emperor himself. Indeed, Napoleon's irritation at this occult surveillance peeps out from a complaint that Fouché meddled in his domestic affairs and deprived him of happiness, though the remark is prompted in the first instance by Fouché's obscure intrigues to bring about the divorce from Josephine, at a time when the minister of police had finally broken with that lady. Others of his agents whose names have come down to us as famous in the history of the times were Bourrienne, Napoleon's confidential secretary, putative author of the untrustworthy memoirs which bear his name, and which were in actual fact compiled in part from his papers; the Countess St.-Elme, the redolent lady to whom are ascribed the dubious *Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*, which were 'written up' by Nodier, and the reputed mistress of Ney, whose experiences may well have been the foundation of that modern French novel which so perfectly depicts the manners of the Revolution and Empire, *Les Confidences d'une Aïeule*; the Baronne de Châtenay, who has left valuable and entertaining memoirs of greater authenticity, and whose espionage does not seem indisputably established, though it was suspected by her Parisian contemporaries. Besides these people in high life, Fouché had in his service such men as Barère, Méhée de la Touche, and a number of other dubious reputations, second-rate Jacobins, royalists with a past, ladies of a not too severe morality. All these people were paid in secret, and their names were known to none except the minister. Below them were a number of adventurers and needy individuals, who received a payment of 4*l.* for each important piece of information that they gave. Below these

again, and in the lowest category of the secret police, were a host of servants, footmen, keepers of drinking shops and menials generally. Finally, Fouché himself was not unwelcome in the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St.-Germain, where he had opportunities of picking up useful information as to royalist feeling, and perhaps at times hints as to royalist plots. In return for these kindnesses he extended his protection to the nobles, though he never hesitated to strike mercilessly at conspirators.

The police minister was bound to report daily to Napoleon. When the Emperor was away on a campaign, the reports went by the special daily courier, who proceeded post-haste from Paris to headquarters. At these junctures, with Napoleon absent, the police minister was by far the most powerful man in France, and his doings were very closely watched by the umbrageous ruler. It may be of interest to give a specimen of these reports, for though the one which we select was not actually issued by Fouché but was produced subsequent to his fall, it was modelled generally upon his forms, lacking only the penetrating analysis of facts which he usually appended. The report refers to one of the departments of police, and was seized by the Allies during the campaign of 1813.

GENERAL POLICE.

(*Bulletin of September* 29, 1813.)

PARIS.

Posts.—Arrivals and departures (numbers and names).

Police, Correctional.—Verdict on abuses regarding the provision of substitutes in the 15th Light Infantry. All acquitted.

Prisons.—Number of persons detained, 5,084.

Bourse.—Rise, Rentes, 65; Actions, 1,020.

Then follow a large number of details with regard to ministerial correspondence, under which head are noted arrests of smugglers; reports that French prisoners in England are being compelled to take service in the British Army; news from Brest that a French vessel has been captured under the guns of a French fort; from Mainz, that the French commanders of columns are absent from their forces without leave; from Dunkirk, that a French vessel has come in from London with four escaped prisoners on board; from Perpignan, that eleven refractory conscripts have been arrested; from the Jura, that a pedlar has been arrested selling prints of the Pope in chains, and so on. To each

continually attack his enemies, by draw
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other. Thus, when he was anxious to dri
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the Austrian ambassador, Metternich,
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understand what brought him there, a
a paroxysm of not unjust indignation
flighty lady, whom he himself had know
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keep on good terms both with her and w
standing his hints to the Emperor. At
to denounce, for he was perfectly aware
a host of agents besides himself, many o
object of checking and testing his report
all ranks and grades, like Fouché's own
directly to the Emperor himself. Other
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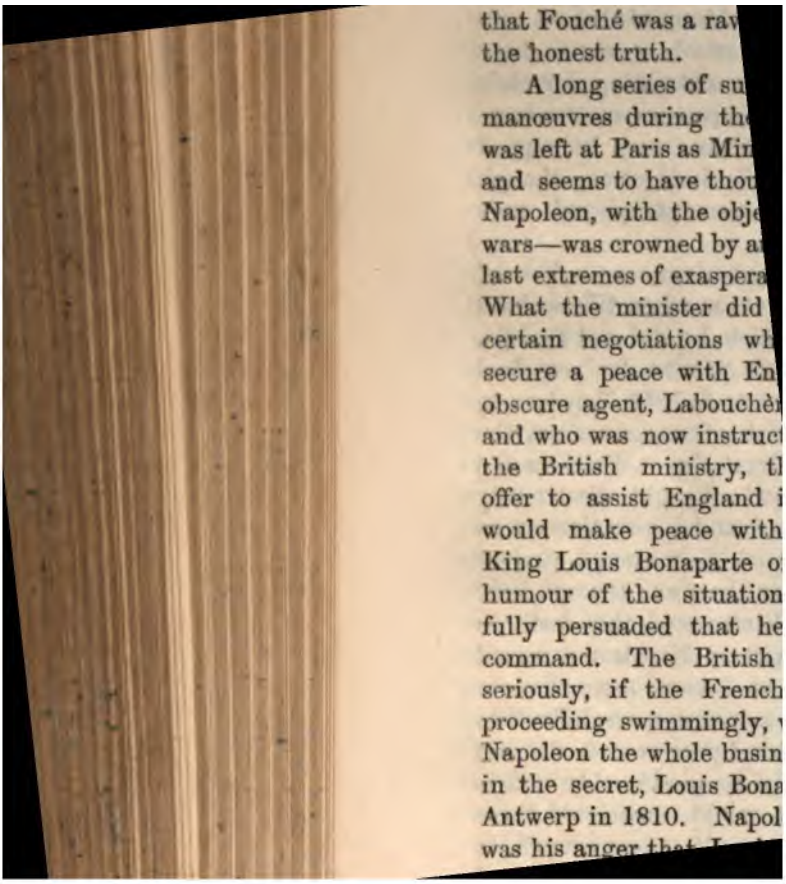
London, New York, Hamburg; agents who watched the British War Office; agents at the Court of Louis XVIII. The British projects of invasion, and the plots in which some of the minor British officials were concerned, were known to Fouché long before any attempt had been made to carry them into effect. Here there was a persistent struggle of police and counter-police, as everywhere over the European stage at this period; for even in France the police agent who shadowed the suspected royalist might himself in turn be shadowed and assassinated by a royalist counter-agent. In this way St.-Régent rid himself of an indiscreet spy, who allowed the nature of his mission to appear. Our police records for the period in England are sealed to the public by the red-tape regulations of British officialdom, so that we cannot say how far the British secret police, which seems to have been tolerably efficient, was successful in outwitting Fouché's hirelings. There is reason to think that upon one or two occasions objectionable people of minor importance were kidnapped from England by smugglers at Fouché's instigation, though Napoleon virtuously declared that *he* never employed such methods.

As the Empire proceeded upon its hazardous course, Fouché like his master marched from one success to another, till his head was turned and there was nothing in which he did not meddle. He viewed with real alarm the Emperor's passion for perpetual war, and like Talleyrand did his very utmost to hold Napoleon in control, receiving here no small amount of support from the Generals round the Emperor, such as Murat, Junot, Berthier and Duroc. In particular, he detested and thought disastrously impolitic the continual war with England, and his sentiments on this head being made known to the British Government, curious relations of semi-confidence arose between them and the murderer of the Lyonnese. It was not entirely disinterested, this desire to stop the Emperor's wars. After each victory Napoleon returned more powerful than before; his despotism became more absolute and oppressive; his demands for violent measures more difficult to resist; and Fouché, notwithstanding his Lyons record, did not love aimless violence. Moreover, Fouché unquestionably understood that sooner or later the moment would come amid these successes when Napoleon would think himself strong enough to dispense with his dangerous minister, whose obscure intrigues and inexplicable evolutions filled him with quite as much disquietude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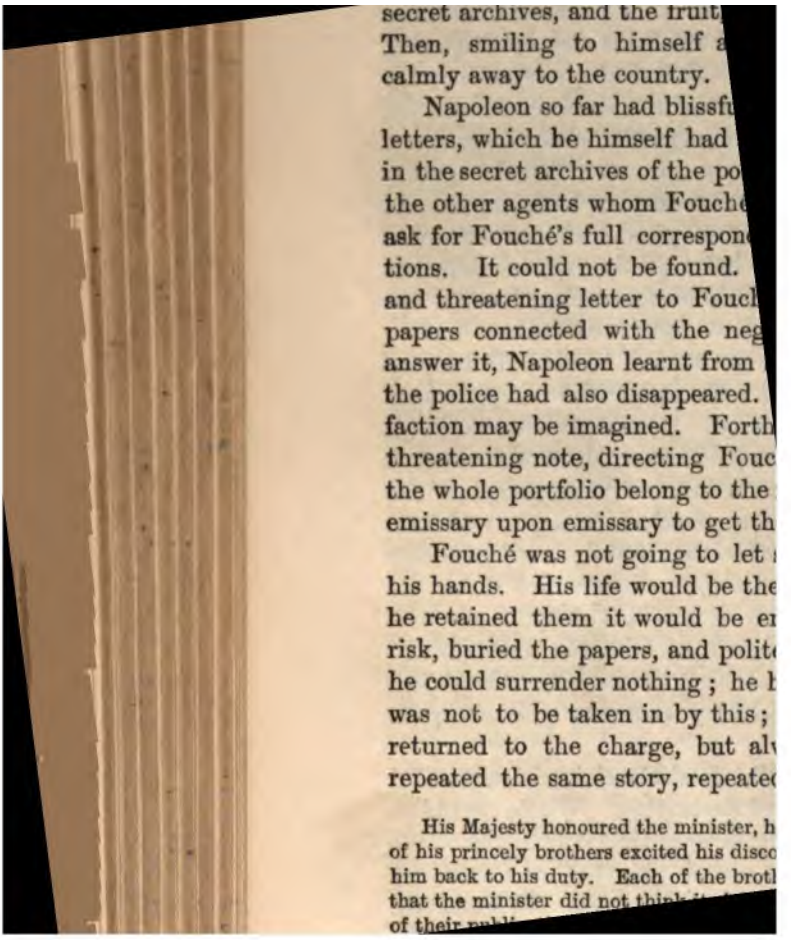
as the only intelligible explanation of his perfect calmness that the Emperor was really in the business, and merely used it as an excuse to get rid of a highly dangerous personage. The moment Napoleon returned to Paris he called a Council of State, and, after furious tirades against Fouché, demanded individually of the members what ought to be done with such a man, what punishment was there in the French Code for one guilty of such iniquity? To the Emperor's disgust not one of the Council would suggest Fouché's disgrace and removal from office. In a voice of thunder the Emperor then announced that Fouché was already disgraced, and would be forthwith dismissed from office. Talleyrand maliciously remarked, as Napoleon raged and fumed: 'Certainly M. Fouché is utterly in the wrong, and as for myself I should appoint a successor to him, but there is only one man for the post—M. Fouché himself.' The Emperor's choice, however, was Savary, whose complicity in the most terrible episodes of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien led him, somewhat unjustly, to be regarded in Paris as a 'mameluke,' which was the slang of the time for one of the Emperor's most brutal and contemptible servants.

Savary ought to have at once proceeded to the Ministry of Police and seized all the papers. But now Fouché played an astonishing trick upon his simplicity. It was neck or nothing: if the papers passed into Napoleon's hands, Fouché was as good as lost; indeed, his end would have been a firing party on the Plain of Grenelle. Therefore he approached Savary; told him that the papers were in sad disorder, but that he would arrange them for him; besides, he insinuated, the house was dirty, and for so august a person as Savary it was his duty to clean it thoroughly and put it in good order. For the rest Fouché bantered him with the cold mocking sarcasm in which this gentleman dealt, till the poor clumsy successor did not quite know what to make of things.

All through the night of his dismissal Fouché, with a faithful secretary, was at work burning and destroying. Whole portfolios of the most compromising documents were thus committed to the flames, while those papers which would give the ex-minister a hold upon Napoleon were carefully subtracted and removed. Day after day the process continued; when Savary made any inquiries he was blandly informed that Fouché's wife was not quite ready yet to go to Rome, whither Fouché had been ordered on a special mission, the real object of which was to get him out



secret archives, and the fruit
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Fouché was not going to let
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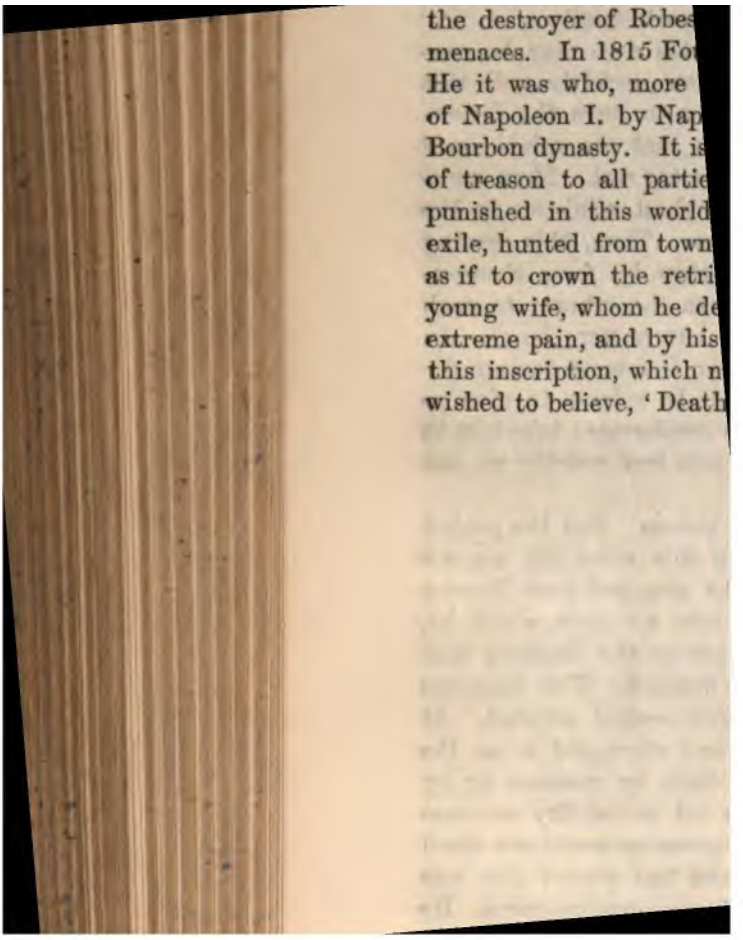
that the minister did not think
of their

to see their conduct so constantly supplying an object of criticism to all the drawing-rooms. As his Majesty counted upon the minister's discretion, the minister had to justify this confidence, and all the more because the Emperor used such extreme warmth in his expressions and his complaints, that if he, the minister, had known less of the princesses he would have believed them guilty of the extremest imprudence. For this reason he always burnt the letters, and nothing in the world would lead him to regret this act of prudence.

This was gently to insinuate that the letters if produced—and Fouché was quite capable of having them published—would be exceedingly unpleasant for the whole Bonaparte family.

If Napoleon had been furious before, his rage may be conceived at this impudent reply, for he knew perfectly well that M. Fouché had never been such a fool as to burn the letters. Moreover, the worst of the imbroglio was that the misdeeds of Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte were only too real. More emissaries departed for Fouché's seat—the highest ministers in the Emperor's cabinet, Maret amongst them. Then, this proving useless, Savary was ordered to get the letters, by force if necessary. But he was no more successful than the others; to each demand Fouché calmly replied that the letters were burnt. In a mood of the bitterest exasperation, after the most furious denunciations of him, Napoleon ordered, 'If he refuses to give up the letters, put him in the hands of ten gendarmes; take him to the Abbaye; and, by God, I will show him how quickly we can settle his affair.'

Things were beginning to look very serious. But the prefect of police, Dubois, who was charged with this order, did not act upon it. With his old chief, Fouché, he arranged that Fouché should stuff a few unimportant papers into a cabinet, which he, Dubois, would seal up, and then announce to the Emperor that the ex-minister had complied with the demand. This farce was enacted, and for the moment the Emperor seemed satisfied. At this juncture Fouché returned to Paris and attempted to see the Emperor himself, hoping to win him back by menaces or by wheedling. But Napoleon, though in all probability unaware that the important letters had not been given up, would not stand this. The whole tale of the trick Fouché had played him was known in Paris, and was the diversion of every drawing-room. He gave one last order which was to be placed by Savary in Fouché's hands, and which is characteristic: 'Your services can no longer be agreeable to me. You are directed to start within twenty-four hours for your Senatorship of Aix. This is the purpose of this


the destroyer of Robes
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THE MENACE OF THE SUBMARINE.

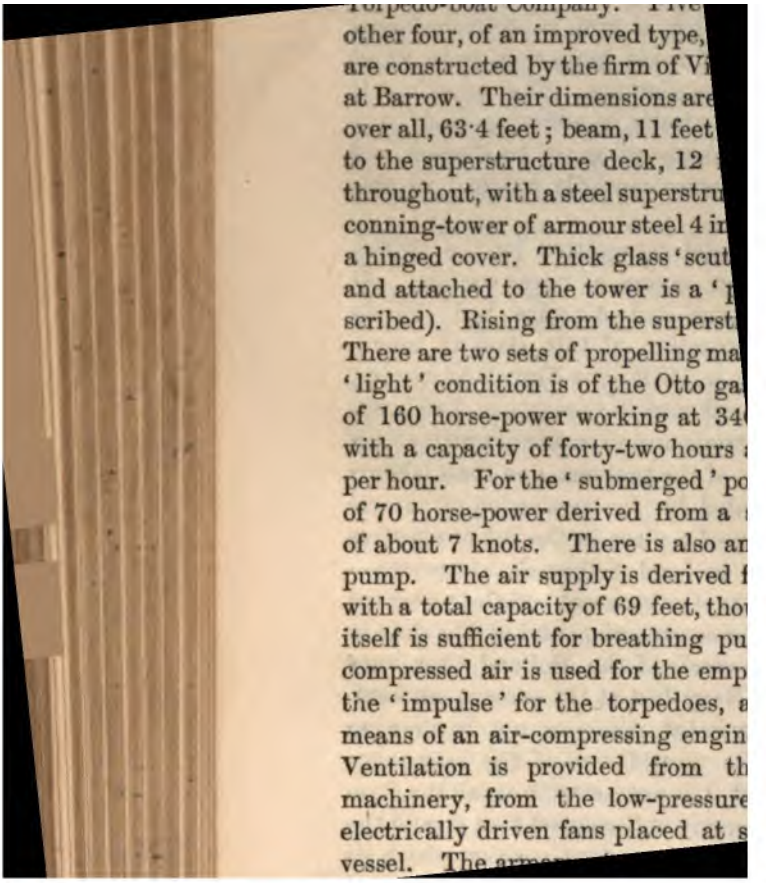
BY LIEUT. G. E. ARMSTRONG, R.N.

In March 1901 Lord Selborne, in the course of his memorandum explanatory of the Navy Estimates, made the following statement:

'Five submarine vessels of the type invented by Mr. Holland have been ordered, the first of which should be delivered next autumn. What the future value of these boats may be in naval warfare can only be a matter of conjecture. The experiments with these boats will assist the Admiralty in assessing their true value. The question of their employment must be studied and all developments in their mechanism carefully watched in this country.'

Herein we find the first official recognition by the British Admiralty of the submarine as an engine of naval warfare. At the time in question both France and America had already entered seriously into the construction of this class of vessel. Twelve years previously—namely, in 1889—the French Admiralty, recognising the possibilities of submarine navigation, had commenced to carry out a series of trials and experiments with a view to arriving at a practical solution of the problem, and their labours and enterprise had been rewarded by the possession of several types of submarines which deserved a place in the list of effective warships. Two years previous to Lord Selborne's statement—namely, in 1899—the United States Government had also embarked upon a programme of submarine construction, and at the date in question possessed four or five vessels of the Holland type, very similar to those figuring in our Navy List at the present moment. Whether the British Admiralty acted wisely or not in showing such a tardy appreciation of the possibilities of the submarine need not be discussed here. But it is necessary to recall the foregoing facts in order to realise properly at the outset that should the submarine prove to be worthy of the important position which its advocates claim for it, our programme of construction is a belated one, and that extraordinary efforts are necessary to bring ourselves even up to a level with our rivals in this particular direction.

For the reader thoroughly to understand what a 'submarine' is, so that he may form for himself a basis on which to lay the



compasses and the controlling levers for the steering and diving engines.

The trials and performances of the British boats are very properly kept secret, but the following details, never before published in this country, of the trials which took place last November of the *Mocassin* of the United States Navy—a type similar to the British—will give a very correct idea of the capabilities of our own boats.

The trial of *surface* speed in light condition, under the gasolene engine only, consisted in making a run of not less than two nautical miles. A speed of 8·5 knots was maintained, the contract speed being 8 knots. The trial in an *awash* condition, under the gasolene engine only, consisted of a run of not less than ten nautical miles. A speed of 7·80 knots was maintained, the contract speed being 7 knots. The *submerged* speed and torpedo trial consisted of a submerged run of two nautical miles. A speed of 7·25 knots was maintained, and at the end of the run the vessel rose and successfully fired her torpedo. During the latter trial it was found that the preparations for diving having been completed, the time taken for the entire submergence was no more than seven seconds. Having proceeded on her course a certain distance the *Mocassin* turned towards the range flags, and shortly afterwards rose, remaining in sight for thirty-five seconds. She then dived again, and a minute afterwards reappeared, remaining in sight for thirty seconds. About three minutes afterwards she rose again and was visible for thirty-five seconds, when she fired her torpedo, at a distance of over 300 yards from the target. Owing to a faulty adjustment of the torpedo, probably owing to its not being fitted with a gyroscope, it did not pursue a straight course; but this was no fault of the boat, which at the moment of firing was heading with her bow tube directed straight for the target. As a result of these trials the vessel was accepted from the contractors.

The French have at the present time fifty submarines and submersibles built, building, and projected. They are of several types, as the following particulars clearly show, and for the sake of brevity and clearness I have set them out in tabulated form.

I. Submarine Boats properly so-called, driven by Electricity alone, and Accumulators.

1. *Gymnote* (1888).—Steel; 30 tons; 35 miles at 8 knots or 100 miles at 4 knots. This is especially an experimental boat.

and 8 men.

3. *Morse* (1899).—Hull of Roma br
36 metres; width, 2·75 metres; 1 m
pedo tube forward with 3 Whitehead
8 men. Can do 150 miles at 6 or 7
12 to 13 knots.

4. *Français* (1899).—Of the *Morse*

5. *Algérien* (1899).—Of the *Morse* t

6. *Farfadet* (1899); 7. *Gnome* (189
9. *Lutin* (1899).—185 tons; length,
metres; hull of steel; maximum speed
7 and 9 knots.

*II. Submarine Boats, called Autonom
Motors on the Surface and Electric M*

10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 1
26, 27, 28, 29 (*all being built*).—Of th
hull of steel; length, 23·70 metres; wi
motors for the surface, and electric motor
Radius of action on the surface, 300 mi
merged, 40 to 45 miles; speed on the su

30 *X* (*being built*).—160 tons, 2 scr
surface navigation, 2 electric motors for

31 *Z* (*being built*).—200 tons, 1 scr

IV. Submersibles. Thermic Motor for Surface Navigation and Electric Motor for Submerged.

33. *Narval* (1897); 34. *Sirène* (1900); 35. *Triton* (1900); 36. *Silure* (1900); 37. *Espadon* (1900).—The *Narval* takes a quarter of an hour to dive; the other four, *Sirène*, *Triton*, *Silure*, and *Espadon*, take only nine minutes. The *Narval* 116 tons, and the other four 154 tons; length, 34 metres; width, 2·40 metres. When completely immersed the displacement is 200 tons. Two hulls (internal and external), of steel. One triple-expansion steam-engine of 250 H.P., fed by a Seigle boiler heated by heavy oil. On the surface the *Narval* does 252 miles at a speed of 11 knots—that is, 23 hours' travelling—or 624 miles at 8 knots, that is, 78 hours. Below the water it does 25 miles at 8 knots, or 70 miles at 5 knots. The dynamo is worked by accumulators, but the steam-engine can also work the dynamo for recharging the accumulators. Carries 4 Whitehead torpedoes projected from two Drzewiecki torpedo tubes. The crew consists of 2 officers and 9 men.

38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50.—*Aigrette* type, 175 tons displacement. They must only take from six to seven seconds to dive. These thirteen submersibles were put in hand (eight at Toulon and five at Cherbourg) in 1902 by M. de Lanessan. But M. Pelletan has suspended the building of eleven of these boats. Only two are therefore being built, one with a petrol motor (Dursel system) and the other with a steam-engine; but the Minister of Marine has not sanctioned the employment of this steam-engine, so that at the moment only the hull of this submersible is being proceeded with.

So pleased are the French Admiralty with the performances of these submarines that they have under consideration four new types. The best of the existing French boats can go down within twenty-two seconds to a depth of 16 metres—at least so I have every reason to believe—and a large number of experiments with various modes of discharging torpedoes have been carried out, one officer alone having fired 125 torpedoes from his boat.

The foregoing brief description of the submarine vessels now actually existent to-day must inevitably convey to the mind of even the most superficial student of naval affairs that the submarine can no longer be looked upon as merely a subject for interesting experiments. Indeed, the performances of the French

harbours on the French
closely watched during the
cruiser squadrons which h
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succeeded in leaving Cherbo
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eluding the squadron watc
battleships lying up harbour
they once more put to sea, ag
and returned in safety to Che
220 miles in a period of about

Although such a feat as thi
practical uses to which a sub
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may be trusted to lay stress upo
fairly urged that their task wa
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for the enemy. Secondly, it
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both these objections I think su

It must be remembered tha
particular experiment was a 's
was absolutely dependent upon
and, unlike a

enemy's coast across Channel or at a distance from the naval base will be entrusted to the submersibles, whose range of action and seagoing qualities are considerably greater.

The contention that these particular vessels would probably have been destroyed in actual warfare is not by any means a reasonable one. The *Français* type of electric submarine can dive when 'closed up' in fifteen seconds, and if not 'closed up' in two minutes. The American boat, be it remembered, took only seven seconds. Perhaps only those who have had actual experience of practice at sea with quickfiring and machine guns can properly appreciate the significance of these figures. In the first place the target which such a vessel presents, when awash, is about as difficult a one as could be imagined. Secondly, only 'direct hits' would be of any avail, and the chance of securing any of them in the short space of time at the disposal of the captains of guns would be extremely slight; and in saying this I think even the most ardent gunnery man will agree with me. Of course, any attempt to injure a submarine when submerged would be out of the question, owing to the resistance given by the water to even the heaviest projectiles, and the consequent deflection. It is true that in some of the submersibles—notably of the *Narval* type—rather a long time is taken in preparing for the diving condition, owing to the necessity of thoroughly cooling the engine and boilers before submersion; but this fault is being overcome, and when using this class of vessel the plan of attack will have to be so arranged as to allow for due preparation. But, generally speaking, the actual attack by a submarine will be always carried on with the vessel in 'diving condition,' and therefore able to present—under the least favourable conditions—only a small and momentary target to the enemy. Supposing that a submarine is overtaken by the enemy and his gun fire becomes too accurate to be pleasant. All she has to do is to fill her ballast tanks and sink quietly out of sight—if necessary, for hours. The situation of the enemy immediately becomes a most perilous one. Liable at any time to be torpedoed by an unseen foe, the only course left is to clear off as quickly as possible; and this would have been the fate of the French cruisers during last year's manœuvres, if they had pressed the *Français* boats too hard.

In the description given of the trials of the *Mocassin* I have pointed out that the boat rose to the surface three times before discharging her torpedo. This was done chiefly for the purpose

of testing her diving capabilities. As a matter of fact neither submarines nor submersibles are under any necessity—except in very bad weather, when the chances of their being hit would consequently be reduced to a minimum—to rise to the surface prior to an attack. Any need for this is obviated by the use of the 'periscope,' an instrument invented by Sir Howard Grubb, the greatest designer of telescopes in this country and a distinguished astronomer. It consists of a long metal rod, about 15 feet long and 3 inches in diameter, containing a series of inclined mirrors which convey the image of surface objects down to the navigator in the conning-tower. This instrument has a visual angle of fifty-five degrees and is capable, by rotation, of giving a clear view all round; the man who steers can keep his eye to the periscope and steer with the same ease as a gun can be laid by a telescope. The French claim to have a very efficient instrument, and the Italians have a good one also of practically the same type as the British. Our own periscope can be lowered or raised at will, and, when attacking, the best way of working it is to keep it up until seen by the enemy, when the boat can be taken to a depth which will cover the top of the periscope, rising slightly when necessary to take an observation. So perfect is it, and so regular in its action is the depth-keeping apparatus of an efficient submarine, that the *Français*, for example, has run a course of eight miles under water with the periscope constantly 1 foot out of water. This means that the unfortunate gunners on board a ship which is being attacked would, under these circumstances, have a painted metal rod 1 foot long and 3 inches wide to fire at, at the distance of several hundred yards; and even if they accomplished a miracle by hitting it, they would hardly be better off than they were before!

The 'invisibility' of a submarine depends upon her size, colour, speed, and the time spent in an awash condition between her dives. In the smaller vessels there is very little 'bulge' on the surface when the boat is submerged, but of course this increases in proportion to size and lines. It has been found that the best protective colouring is a blue-grey, and during the trials of the *Gustave Zède* it was found that she could not be seen even in smooth water until nearly under the ship she was attacking. Curiously enough, it was observed that the disturbance of the surface water was more pronounced in calm weather than when the sea was rough. This, from the point of view of the

submarine, is fortunate, as in a confused or heavy sea the periscope would have its usefulness lessened owing to the blurring of the object-glass by spray and water.

This 'blindness' under water, and the consequent necessity of relying upon a periscope for navigation when submerged, certainly limits the effectiveness and independence of a submarine, but it is difficult to see how this natural obstacle is to be overcome. The other natural difficulty—namely, the air supply—is not nearly so troublesome. The air contained in the vessel is generally enough to keep the crew alive for about twenty hours, though the atmosphere would certainly be much vitiated at the end of that time; but a reserve of air can be carried in steel cylinders, and, indeed, on one occasion during bad weather off Brest, one of the French boats sank beneath the waves for thirty-six hours until the weather had moderated.

The foregoing description should give the reader a very fair idea of the capabilities of the submarine, and the strength of its claim to be considered a potent engine of naval warfare. Nothing which I have stated regarding it is in any sense exaggerated, and, indeed, the improvements which are now being made in our own boats and by the French in theirs only serve to emphasise its possibilities. In our own navy only a select few amongst our officers have any practical acquaintance with this new type of vessel, but should a naval war take place in the near future between the French and ourselves, we may be certain that the enemy's submarines will cause our captains more sleepless nights than either his cruisers or torpedo boats. Our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, however, have used every effort to acquaint their officers and men with all the aspects of submarine warfare. At Cherbourg, Brest and Toulon, and even Bizerta, the submarine occupies a prominent position in the internal economy of each naval port, and the strategical problems arising out of its use are being constantly thought out. In our own navy scarcely one officer in a hundred has ever seen a submarine.

Yet the strategical menace offered to us by these French boats is immense, and in the opinion of many officers in our own service who have devoted attention to the subject the whole principle of naval strategy in war-time has undergone serious modification in consequence. Take Cherbourg, for example. Here we have a strongly protected naval harbour within sixty miles of Portsmouth, containing a flotilla of submarines and

submersibles whose radius of action easily extends to the whole length of our Channel seaboard. A blockade of the harbour by a British fleet under these circumstances would expose our ships to wholesale destruction by a foe whom they would be powerless to strike even if they were aware of his approach. We are constantly hearing of some new invention for indicating the advent of a submarine; but what then? There is no means of striking it, even in the unlikely event of its position being discovered, and the situation would be rendered even more desperate if a flotilla of these boats issued forth simultaneously. The only safe thing to do under the circumstances would be to clear out —and thereby raise the blockade. The position of the captain of a British warship outside Cherbourg in war-time may indeed be fairly compared with that of a man sitting on top of a powder magazine, which his enemy is in a position at any time to blow up.

There is another way, too, in which submarines can be used for purposes of defence. Many harbours round our coast, such as Milford Haven, the entrance to the Mersey, &c., are protected by forts with heavy artillery at their entrances for the purpose of preventing the entry of hostile ships. There will be no necessity to rely upon guns or mines for this work in the future. A couple of submarines moored 'awash' at the entrance, with their torpedo tubes pointed towards the channel, are all that are required. On the approach of the enemy they would quietly sink and await his coming, and any vessel that attempted to pass them would get short shrift. For the purpose of keeping out torpedo flotillas each boat could have quick-firing guns fitted to the top of the conning-tower or superstructure, which would be able to inflict a galling fire on the enemy, while presenting to him the smallest possible target. As a matter of fact, however, there would be other means of keeping out torpedo boats or destroyers without relying upon the submarines for such subsidiary work.

But, as I have already indicated, it is not by any means merely for the purposes of defence that the submarine has been designed. It is essentially, even in its present comparatively undeveloped form, a weapon for offence. Ten years ago the naval policy of France was directed towards providing herself with a flotilla of torpedo boats which would turn the English Channel into a hornets' nest for our fleets and mercantile marine. Our answer to that policy was the building of a large fleet of torpedo-

boat destroyers. Now, again, the French have answered us with a flotilla of submarines, and it is no secret that they build their hopes for a successful issue to a naval struggle with us upon the capacity of their submarine flotilla to deal us blows which we shall be powerless to ward off. That the menace thereby offered to our naval supremacy is not a light one surely needs no emphasis. The French have spared no effort and no expense to provide themselves with a weapon for which no efficient guard has yet been invented. Their submarines are designed not only for the protection of their coasts, but also for insidious attacks upon the most powerful vessels of our fleet or for destructive forays along our coasts and harbours, which would have for their sole protection mine-fields that, as a defence against submarines, would be of very little use; while in the Mediterranean they have so laid their plans that Toulon and Bizerta will be able to send forth their submarine flotillas to harass our fleet and even perhaps attack Malta Harbour itself.

Two years ago, Lord Selborne, who has seen for himself, by actual personal experience, what a submarine is capable of doing beneath the surface, told us that what the future value of these boats may be in naval warfare can only be a matter of conjecture. Those who have studied the question closely say that conjecture is turned to certainty. But time presses, and who shall say that the British Navy to-day is ready to return blow for blow, no matter from what quarter the attack may come?

THE MAKING OF A UNIVERSITY.

BY SIDNEY WEBB, L.C.C.

In the middle of February a few of the London newspapers reported, briefly and obscurely enough, an official decision of no small moment to the future of English education. The other newspapers did not notice it at all, and public opinion is still unaware that a decisive step in national policy has been taken. The decision was that of a special committee of the Privy Council, consisting of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Sir Edward Fry, in favour of the dissolution of the examining board known as the Victoria University, and the establishment of separate teaching universities at Liverpool, at Manchester, and for Yorkshire. Taken in conjunction with the complete reorganisation of the University of London on a teaching basis (1898–1900), with the statutory creation of a university at Birmingham (1900), and with the recognition by the Government of new university colleges at Reading and Southampton (1902), this simultaneous approval of the creation of three new universities in the northern counties may fairly be said to mark an epoch. We are actually engaged, on no small scale, in the business of making universities. We are evidently going, during the next few years, to endow each part of England with its own local university.

Now there are still many people, not otherwise ill-informed, to whom this movement for the making of universities is little better than foolishness. To them, a university means Oxford or Cambridge, and they are unable even to imagine either the desirability or the possibility of creating a new university, or of establishing such a thing anywhere else than at Oxford or Cambridge. There is, however, a very real and rapidly growing demand for new universities. It is not a demand for additional Oxfords or new Cambridges, but for something essentially different. It would plainly be hopeless, even if it were desirable, to attempt to create in London or at Birmingham the traditions, the atmosphere, the charm, or the grace of collegiate life on the Isis or the Cam. Nor do those

who ask for additional universities seek to compete for the boys from Eton or Harrow, with two or three hundred a year to spend in pocket-money. The new universities are demanded, and they will be paid for, not in order that a tiny section of the community, whether picked by means or by scholarship ability, may obtain the hall-mark of a certain distinctive culture, but—to use terms which will certainly be misunderstood—in the twofold capacity of intellectual workshops and technical schools. What middle-class public opinion is now demanding is that there should be, on the one hand, adequate provision of complete intellectual training and professional instruction, cheap and easily accessible, for every boy or girl destined for a brain-working occupation; and, on the other, that there should be set going additional centres of the 'Advancement of Learning' in the Baconian sense, not necessarily the perfect acquaintance with what has been written in the past, but the discovery of new truth and the achievement of new conquests by man over his environment.

For both these purposes the making of new universities in England has become imperative. Other nations are rapidly increasing both the number and the proportion of their citizens equipped with the highest scientific and professional advantages. The proportion of university students is going up in Holland and the United States at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; in Germany and Belgium, by 6 per cent.; in Switzerland, by more than 7 per cent.; whilst in France, Italy, Austria, and Russia the annual increase cannot fall behind these figures. On the other hand, in the United Kingdom the proportion of the population for whom we provide the highest training is at best stationary, and in some years actually declines. We may still believe that man for man an Englishman is superior to the citizen of any other country, but not even the most sanguine patriot can ignore the advantages of education. Even in the realm of public administration and business enterprise the world is passing out of the 'unskilled labour' stage, when our healthy English gentleman could by innate capacity for command easily distance every rival. We have come, at the opening of the twentieth century, to an era of professional expertness, in which the merely cultivated amateur is hopelessly beaten out of the field.

The world is requiring, year by year, not only more and more doctors and lawyers of scientific attainments and professional expertness of the highest standard of excellence, but also incom-

parably more engineers and chemists, architects and surveyors, teachers and Civil servants, clerks and business managers, journalists and authors, who have quite certainly got to be educated up to a point far beyond that contemplated by the Oxford of a generation ago. In England, as things are, these tens of thousands of aspirants to higher education cannot go to Oxford or Cambridge (it would be supremely unwise of Oxford and Cambridge to seek to accommodate them), and for lack of local universities their education is now usually prematurely broken off, or lacks direction and stimulus—fails, above all, in subtle cultivation of the imagination and generosity of aim—because there are not in England, as there are in every other civilised country, local universities dispersed throughout the land in such a way as to be genuinely accessible to at least one per thousand of the population, instead of, as at Oxford and Cambridge, to less than one-fifth of that proportion.

It is important that the nature of the demand for new universities should be understood, as misapprehension both arouses opposition on the part of those who are concerned for the older universities and also perverts the making of the new universities themselves. These new universities are not, and should never be intended to become, the rivals of Oxford and Cambridge. They have different aims and different methods, and they will appeal to different classes. The parent able to afford to send his son or daughter to spend three or four years at Oxford or Cambridge will in nearly every case continue to prefer to do so. The undergraduates of the new universities will in the main be composed of persons who would not in any event have found their way to these ancient haunts of learning. They will include (*a*) those resident in or near the seat of the university, and thus able to continue to live inexpensively at home ; (*b*) the country students attracted to the great urban centres by their exceptional opportunities for the study of medicine, engineering, or economics, or for professional training as schoolmasters or lawyers. With the exception of a tiny proportion of local residents and of these country students, the undergraduate class of the new universities will, we may infer, be confined practically to those coming from homes maintained on incomes of less than 1,500*l*. a year, whilst all of them, without exception, will be intending to earn their bread in the practical work of the world.

This is what is meant by saying that the new universities,

besides being centres for the advancement of learning, will be technical schools. We need not dispute the advantage of spending three or four years in general culture before even beginning professional training. It is most desirable that Oxford and Cambridge should continue to provide this advantage for the select few who can afford it, and should not tamper with their ideals with any vain hope of attracting *les nouvelles couches sociales* of the educational world. It is, however, plain that the tens of thousands of engineers and chemists, teachers and lawyers, business men and journalists, for whom we have to provide higher education cannot afford so leisurely a curriculum. By the age of twenty-two they must at any rate have got well forward with their specialised instruction and professional training; we must therefore necessarily organise our university courses in such a way as to turn out the graduate fully equipped, not only as a cultivated citizen, but also, so far as may be possible, as a trained professional. Hence it is exactly true, however much the term may be disliked, that the new universities will, apart from their higher purpose of being centres of scientific investigation and research, inevitably take on the character of technical schools for all the brain-working professions of the time—as, indeed, the most celebrated universities of the world, from Bologna and Salerno, through mediæval Paris and Oxford, down to nineteenth-century Berlin and Heidelberg, have always been.

These conditions and limitations of the new universities imply, first, that they will rapidly become large and numerously frequented institutions; and, secondly, that the standard of their teaching will be extremely high. They will be large, because their *clientèle*, comprising, as it very shortly will do, all those intending to enter the less aristocratic brain-working occupations, will be enormous; and because a university course will soon be an indispensable qualification for every teacher, as well as for every chemist and every engineer. When we remember that Paris and Berlin have each over twelve thousand undergraduates, we may look to twenty thousand for London, and at least one or two thousand apiece for such centres as Manchester and Birmingham. Nor will the arts faculty lag far behind those of science, engineering, and economics. The city of Liverpool alone will need to engage for its own schools about two hundred new teachers every year, and must therefore, if it is to give them a three years' course, provide for three times that number of

undergraduates in pedagogy alone. Moreover, the very fact that the undergraduates of the new universities will be young professionals, eager to master their subjects in order to apply them to gain their livelihood, will inevitably compel an intensive study of each department of learning unknown to the average passman. It is a very different thing for the economic professor, for instance, to lecture on banking and currency at Oxford, even to 'honours men'; and to deal with the same subject day after day before a class of bank clerks and branch managers in such a way as to retain their respect and convey instruction. The very practical character of the new universities will inevitably 'stretch' their professors—will force them, that is, to a much higher standard of knowledge and suggestiveness than is demanded of those who are giving courses intended only to produce a cultivated understanding of the whole realm of knowledge.

But the most important work of the professor in the new universities will be not so much his large undergraduate classes as the tiny group of graduate students who, in his laboratory or otherwise under his direction, are pursuing original research. The twentieth-century university will be most proud of and will gain most renown by its post-graduation work. This, too, will be aided by the very limitations and conditions of the new seats of learning. As they will necessarily have to deal with large numbers, the professorial staff will be numerous; and we therefore at once leave behind the 'early-Victorian' notion of a college in which there is a single professor for each subject, assumed to be able to teach the whole of it. In place of the venerable figure of this single-handed professor we get the faculty, or, as it is sometimes termed, the board of studies—the little group of able researchers, each keen on some particular branch of the subject, and knowing that branch with a minuteness impossible to anyone obliged to deal with so vast a field of learning as one science or one subject has now become. And in the faculty as a group of specialised experts collectively covering the whole field, together with the graduate students already engaged in the practical work of the world, or bringing with them from other universities the stimulating criticism of different traditions and new methods, we get the chance of a university society and a university atmosphere on the Thames or the Mersey which may not give us quite the literary grace or cultured charm of the old

universities, but which is calculated to be, of all others, the most fertile in scientific discovery.

Let us apply these considerations to the new university which is plainly destined to be the greatest of them all, that of London, charged with the provision of tertiary education for seven millions of people. Here we have the pioneer work done, the legal formalities accomplished, the framework of a university constructed —even two million pounds' worth of buildings, plant, and endowment in full going order—and yet scarcely more than the nucleus of a university. The twenty-five distinct and separate 'schools of the university,' the five hundred university professors already at work in those schools, and the hundred or so more who are giving university courses in other institutions, together with the six thousand students in all these classes, amount as yet to little more than excellent material for a university, which needs a great deal of pulling together before it can take its place as the intellectual centre of the metropolis of the Empire. What London University needs, to put it briefly, is money, and the stimulating impulse of a great ideal. We shall the more easily understand this need if we pass in review the eight faculties of which the university is composed. These faculties, though they include among their six or seven hundred professors men of the highest distinction in almost every branch, have not yet taken their proper place as, for their several subjects, the inspiring and organising committees of the supreme governing body. They have not in any one instance yet taken the lead in surveying the whole field of their subject, ascertaining what reorganisation and what additional resources are needed to deal with it adequately throughout the whole 2,730 square miles of the university sphere, for all its seven millions of people; and then placing these needs imperatively before public opinion and the authorities. Paid as they are by the separate governing bodies, they are still under the shadow of the older grouping of London education by colleges and institutions; they are as yet scarcely conscious of themselves as organs of a university which is organised by faculties, and not by colleges; and they seem, consequently, still unaware either of their proper place in the university, or of their great responsibilities. But they will serve us, for the moment, as categories in which we may classify the most urgent requirements of the university as a whole.

Let us begin with science, in which London is clearly des-

tined to be exceptionally strong. Here we have some sixty or seventy professors, scattered irregularly over half-a-dozen 'schools' and half-a-dozen other institutions of the university, without either geographical or graded co-ordination, nearly all owning allegiance to particular governing bodies, and jealously concerned rather to maintain their own science teaching in that particular institution than to organise each branch of science for the whole seven millions of people who are their real clients. A beginning has been made by the appointment and payment by the Senate itself of professors of chemistry, located for the present at University College. But before this co-ordination can be completed even for chemistry; before it can be applied to the other sciences; before an adequately equipped and duly specialised centre for the advanced and post-graduation work of the faculty can be provided, to which a stream of able young researchers from other universities will be attracted; before the necessary provision of undergraduate teaching can be made for the outlying districts, with their thousands of potential students—there is a great deal of work to be done, and a great deal of money to be raised. It will take at least 50,000*l.* a year to set the science faculty properly on its feet, put it in due relation to the university as a whole, provide at all efficiently for research, and at the same time supply the rapidly growing demand for undergraduate instruction over the whole thirty miles radius of the university area.

The new engineering faculty, with fewer than a score of professors, is in what we must call an infantile condition. Dispersed among three 'schools' and half-a-dozen other institutions, the faculty has to leave at present practically unprovided for such whole branches as marine engineering, naval architecture, hydraulics, and railway and tramway construction, in which London University ought to lead the world. Here, too, the need for a fully equipped and duly specialised post-graduation centre for the faculty is severely felt. The existing professors find themselves fully occupied with the grind of daily lectures to undergraduate classes; and the advanced mechanical student is, as a matter of fact, advised by the practical man to go to the McGill University at Montreal, or to the Polytechnikum at Zürich, to find opportunities which London apparently cannot afford him. On the other hand, the rapid growth of the demand for undergraduate teaching makes urgent the multiplication of centres of 'first-degree' instruction, which the university cannot at present

provide. In these new centres there are interesting experiments waiting to be tried—the six months' session alternating with six months spent in the workshop; the half-time course with a twelve months' session served by relays of teachers; or, on the other hand, an unprecedented development of the evening-class system. It is difficult to put a figure to the needs of the engineering faculty, dependent, as it is, on the provision of science instruction. But it is certain that a donation of a round million would not more than suffice for the work which is actually waiting to be done.

There is, however, one concrete need, connected with both the science and engineering faculties, which demands special notice. Neither London nor any other centre in the British Empire has anything comparable with the great Technical High School at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, where a capital expenditure of half a million, supported by an annual subsidy of 50,000*l.* a year, provides for the German Empire the most advanced instruction, and the most highly specialised research in every branch of technology. We badly want a Charlottenburg in London, established on the four or five acres of vacant land at South Kensington, where it could work in close co-operation with the Royal College of Science and the Central Technical College, and where it could deal with such branches of the application of science to industry as are yet practically untouched by the university. To establish such a highly specialised and elaborately equipped institution, appealing scarcely at all for the attendance and fees of the undergraduate, involves a capital outlay of half a million, and an endowment of twice that amount.

The medical faculty, at present counting half the professors and a third of the students of the whole university, has one paramount and very simple need. At present the science teaching of the medical undergraduate is dispersed among twelve inadequately equipped medical schools, where twelve scanty staffs attempt the elementary instruction of twelve small classes in each subject. Imperfect as is this provision, it puts a strain on the hospitals and medical schools which seriously hinders the more important advanced medical teaching and clinical research. We shall not give our medical investigators a chance of discovering the causes of gout and cancer until we can relieve them of this strain. London is badly in want of a great university school of science for the medical faculty, so as to take off the hands of the

hospitals the first two years of the medical undergraduate course. For this, too, there is vacant land at South Kensington, and the scheme awaits only a donation of a quarter of a million for building and twice that sum for endowment.

In the economic faculty, which includes 'industry,' 'commerce,' and 'political science,' the university has its centre and its nucleus provided, by the munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards, at the London School of Economics at Clare Market. What is here wanted is professorships and scholarships in such subjects as insurance, banking, railway administration, foreign trade, commercial and international law, and public administration. With these should come the expansion of the present nucleus of palæography into an effective *école des chartes*, for the scientific study of history, for which London with its wealth of records offers the best opportunities in the world. Ten thousand pounds would endow, poorly enough, a single chair; and at least a score more chairs are needed.

The faculty of law is as yet an incorporeal entity, if not a 'chose in action.' The remnants of law teaching, with the Inns of Court holding aloof, were not deemed worthy to be collected into a faculty. But there are now funds available, from the proceeds of the sale of New Inn and the prospective yield of Clifford's Inn, out of which it is hoped that the Attorney-General will create a great school of law in organic connection with the university. The faculty of music has started with a donation of 5,000*l.* from Trinity College (London) for a professorship. The faculty of theology, with half-a-dozen 'schools' of various denominations, gets along as a veritable 'happy family,' with no troubles or dissensions other than the chronic need of each of the seminaries for funds. But for these funds they do not look to the university; and the Church of England side at King's College has been fortunate enough to secure a new endowment from ecclesiastical funds.

There remains the arts faculty, the mother of all the rest, but fallen, in London, on rather evil days. The undergraduate classes in arts are few and scantily attended, while the specialist courses, of which London might have the best in the world, are spasmodic, unco-ordinated, and badly advertised. Apart from philosophy, which should set up as a separate faculty, and the large possibilities offered by archæology, salvation is to be found for the arts faculty in two different directions, either of which ought to suffice to restore it to the premier position in the university. We

want, in the metropolis of the Empire, a gigantic school of languages, based on comparative philology, not forgetting the ancient Oriental and classical literatures, but serving also the manifold needs of the trader, the official, and the missionary. There are fifty different tongues to be taught, fifty different philologies to be scientifically investigated, and nearly as many literatures to be studied. Twenty thousand pounds would not endow more than one of the fifty, so that donors and benefactors of all tastes—those interested in the classical literatures of the Mediterranean, those touched by the subtle magic or practical needs of the East, those concerned for what may be called the missionary tongues of Africa and the Pacific, and those stirred rather by the modern Babel of commerce and twentieth-century authorship, must all co-operate to create the great school of languages which will one day be the pride of the Imperial university.

The other opportunity for the arts faculty in London is local, if not parochial in its aim. London engages for its primary and secondary schools more than fifteen hundred new teachers every year, and it will, at no distant date, have to provide each of these, between eighteen and twenty-one, with a three years' course of 'training,' nine-tenths of which is merely the general education of the undergraduate in arts, science, or economics. For its own sake, as well as for theirs, the university must take in these four or five thousand students destined for the most extensive of all the brain-working professions of our time. The alternative of relegating them to closely segregated seminaries, apart from all university influence, cannot be contemplated with equanimity. It is therefore clear that, great as will be in London the faculties of medicine, science, and engineering, that of arts will once again be numerically the greatest of them all.

London University stands therefore in urgent need of very large sums. To set it on its feet, and equip it with the necessary endowment to enable it to cope with its task, requires at least five millions sterling. Each of the nine other new local universities required by the different provinces of England needs perhaps a tenth of this sum. Within the next decade we have, in fact, to provide, for England alone, for what we may call tertiary education and the advancement of learning, the equivalent of ten millions sterling, which is about as much as we shall spend in the decade on three or four Admiralty works at Gibraltar, Simon's

Bay, and other places which the taxpayer could not even find on a map of the world.

But unlike the 10,000,000*l.* for Admiralty stone and concrete, the 10,000,000*l.* required to set England up in universities need not come wholly out of the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Education Act of 1902 has made university education a public function no less than elementary education, and has given it a claim of equal strength to aid and support from the new local authorities. Already Nottingham, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London contribute largely to the support of their local university institutions. A rate of no more than a penny in the pound—less than a tenth of what is gaily voted to the primary schools—would give the new local universities an annual income of something like half a million. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer would but pluck up courage to expand the present Government grant of 27,000*l.* a year to English university colleges into one of 270,000*l.* a year, on condition that at least an equal contribution was made from private donations or local funds—and no step that a Government could take would be more widely popular—this would very promptly give us the equivalent of ten or fifteen millions sterling, and enable England to be provided with ten strong universities for the several districts—in London and its thirty miles radius; at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Durham (with Newcastle-on-Tyne); for Yorkshire, for the East Midlands (with Nottingham), for East Anglia, for the South-Western Counties (with Bristol, Exeter and, it may be hoped, Plymouth), and for the South (with Reading and Southampton).

THE CUCKOO.

No one of our migratory birds is more eagerly awaited or more gladly hailed than that reprobate, the cuckoo. Spring, to many of us the most delightful season of the year, lacks something of its fulness until his note is heard far and near over the country side. Hearing his voice as we do when the very air is full of hope and promise, and often for the first time on one of those balmy mornings that make us feel that spring has now come indeed, we may perhaps be forgiven if we forget what his arrival means for scores of innocent birds, and selfishly associate it with our own pleasurable feelings and anticipations.

An old legend has it that at one time the cuckoo was an industrious nest-builder, so closely devoted to the affairs of this world that he (or she) impiously failed to observe as days of religious rest the Festivals of Our Lady, and thus fell under a curse which for ever denies the domestic joys too eagerly sought. Shakespeare was not forgetful of the truth in—

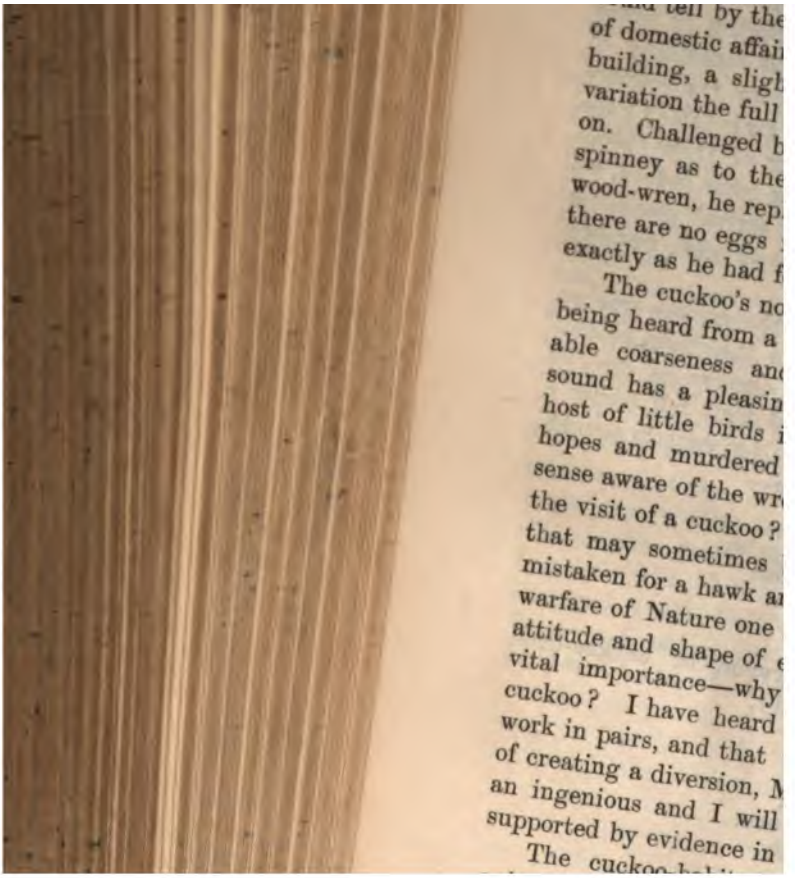
> The cuckoo, then, on every tree
> Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
> Cuckoo!
> Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear
> Unpleasing to a married ear.

Most people nowadays in the enjoyment of cuckoo-time ignore the taint attached to cuckoo morality.

The familiar rhyme

> In April come he will,
> In May he sings all day,
> In June he changes his tune,
> In July he prepares to fly,
> In August go he must,

is a succinct and faithful account of the less nefarious side of the cuckoo's character, and charitably makes no reference to the dark spots. 'He changes his tune' is a decided euphemism. In April and May the call is, of course, the familiar 'cuck-oo,' though the male bird utters at times in addition a sort of bubbling chuckle, while the female has a cry that may be expressed 'kwoo-oo-woo.' In June, however, 'cuck-cuck-oo' and



many possess so finely tapering a tail that any one would credit them with exceptional stinging power. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that cuckoo-birds and cuckoo-bees should both alike assume a more or less terrifying aspect. The facts lead me to the conclusion that in both cases the appearance is for the sake of inspiring awe and respect into the would-be enemies of the comparatively defenceless cuckoos, rather than of intimidating their victims. It is worth noting that it is the dangerous sparrow-hawk rather than the comparatively weak kestrel that is imitated in the cuckoo's plumage.

In spite of a general knowledge of the ways of the cuckoo, we are profoundly ignorant on many most interesting points connected with him. Everyone knows that the cuckoo puts her egg into the nest of another bird and assigns the honours of incubation and rearing of offspring to the little foster-parents. I use the word 'puts' advisedly; she does not *lay* her egg in the nest, but on the ground, and then picking it up in her beak places it in the nest. This act has been observed by many persons, and it seems probable that the cuckoo first marks down a nest and then lays an egg on the ground close at hand—she does not go flying about the country with the egg in her mouth seeking whom she may defraud.

A friend of mine saw a cuckoo alight upon a roadway near some ivy-clad buildings, lay an egg, pick it up in her beak, and at once place it in a wagtail's nest in the ivy. At least two well-authenticated instances are known of the bird placing her egg in a newly finished nest which at the time did not contain any eggs of the lawful owner; while there is abundant evidence to show that frequently the cuckoo removes an egg to make room, as it were, for her own. Dr. Rey, of Leipzig, a most indefatigable observer and the greatest authority on the habits of the bird, has repeatedly found that after the insertion of the cuckoo's egg the number of those of the foster parent is reduced by one or two. Mr. J. H. Gurney, in a paper read before the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, mentions several similar instances of which we may quote the following. 'A few years ago, Colonel Butler found a greenfinch's nest in his garden with one egg in it, which he marked with a pencil. A day or two afterwards the nest contained a cuckoo's egg, and the marked greenfinch's egg was picked up on a path at a considerable distance from the nest, presumably, one might almost say certainly, dropped there by the cuckoo.'

If the legitimate owners of the nest are at home when the cuckoo pays her call they strenuously resist the intruder, and sometimes, we may hope, with success, for the strange egg has now and again been found abandoned or broken on the ground near the nest. At any rate, the discovery of numerous breast-feathers from the cuckoo, scattered round the desecrated home, is eloquent testimony to a valiant but, alas! vain defence.

There is a popular belief that the cuckoo's egg simulates the appearance of the foster parent, so as to escape detection. In many cases, it is true, there is a resemblance both in colour and in markings that is simply marvellous, and seems almost to demand deliberate choice by an artistically trained intelligence, or a power of producing any given colour or pattern to order on seeing what was required. Needless to say, both of these suggestions are ridiculously absurd and unworthy of serious consideration.

It is, however, beyond contradiction that colour-matching occurs so frequently as to render mere coincidence an impossible explanation. Recently I examined nearly three hundred specimens of cuckoos' eggs, comparing them with the eggs of the clutch in which they had been found, and in 51 per cent. there was a very fair resemblance, sufficiently close to prevent the intruding egg from being conspicuous, while 13 per cent. matched their respective clutches to a nicety. No reasonable being can maintain that so many cases are due to mere chance coincidences. It has been suggested that abnormal eggs are often wrongly attributed to cuckoos; perhaps this may be so occasionally, but the texture and greater thickness of the shell will, as a rule, enable one to identify the cuckoo's egg in cases of doubt, and if the egg when taken be at all far advanced in incubation the young bird may be extracted without very serious injury to the egg-shell, and then the curious conformation of the cuckoo's foot, two toes in front and two behind, will at once settle the matter, woodpeckers being the only other British birds that possess 'zygodactyle' feet, as the ornithologists term it. I am not aware of 'abnormal' eggs being found with any frequency in the nests of birds other than those which are undoubtedly patronised by the cuckoo, and why liability to cuckoo favour should induce 'abnormality' I fail to see, and hence feel pretty sure that the great majority of reputed cuckoos' eggs are such in fact. The range of colour and of marking is quite extraordinary; some

eggs are whitish with fine black specks, others dull grey and mottled with brown, or even red, spots; others, again, are perfectly blue, or blue with a few freckles. This being so, it is evident that great possibilities are open to the cuckoo in making a good match; at the same time, it is impossible to credit the bird with conscious and deliberate selection. How then are we to account for the prevalence of successful simulation?

Cuckoos' eggs have been found in the nests of over a hundred different species of birds, even in that of the wren, and, still more appalling, of the fire-crested wren—one shudders at the thought of a pair of these feathered mites labouring to supply the voracious appetite of their gigantic foster-child! The most commonly selected nests, in England at any rate, are those of the meadow-pipit (why this so frequently, and the skylark, of very similar habits, so seldom?), tree-pipit, hedge-sparrow, robin, wagtail, and reed warbler. Colour-matching is achieved with great frequency among the pipits, and it is noteworthy that the eggs of the pipits themselves are remarkably variable in colouring, so that more or less successful matching is rendered comparatively easy. On the Continent, the butcher bird, whose eggs are also very variable, is often honoured with the cuckoo's attentions, and again the colour-matching is, as a rule, excellent. With wagtails again admirable counterfeits are commonly found, and here the eggs are very constant in type, and the close imitation compels wonder; this is even more striking in the case of the Continental Orphean warbler, which lays an egg of very distinct appearance, but this is nevertheless accurately copied in the cuckoo's egg. Hedge-sparrows' eggs, on the other hand, are hardly ever imitated: the cuckoo's egg is glaringly conspicuous among the pale blue shells. So far, however, as I have observed, blue eggs of the cuckoo are always placed in the nests of birds which themselves lay blue. Are we then to consider that birds whose eggs are as a rule accurately copied by the cuckoo are extremely particular and resent the addition of a strange egg to their own, while others are indifferent, or perhaps stupid? Our actual knowledge hereon is very scanty. We do not know whether, say, wagtails as a rule turn out from the nest an egg differing in appearance from their own, or perhaps forsake the violated home; nor do we know whether the presence of a conspicuous alien may involve the whole clutch in a common ruin by revealing all to the sharp eyes of a hungry foe.

It is possible, indeed probable, that some birds are more tolerant

given, deserted her nest at once, but th
whom a fair exchange had been made
hatched the young blackbird with her
fall victims to a marauding cat. Aga
morning found in the unfinished nest
under observation while building. The
suspended operations for several days
forsaken her nest. Accordingly, the
day the linnet returned, lined her nest
clutch of eggs.

The facts compel the belief that the
principle tending to bring the cuckoos
colour correspondence with those of t
some species. It is, moreover, very si
found in the nests of wrens never sim
wren's egg: in the deep-domed nest w
all is dark, and the colour of the eg
probably never sees even her own eggs
egg is not uncomfortably large the wr
intrusion.

Instinct at times is very literally
instinct that one fondly hopes will
child. A few summers ago a mudwa
firstborn on my window ledge, flying
burdens of mud until the cell was n
with praiseworthy diligence and foret

broke open the door of the completed house, and placed all the caterpillars and the solitary egg on the window ledge. The wrath and consternation of the returning mother were a sight to behold, but, not to be beaten, she seized the caterpillars one by one and stuffed them back again, pushing them in with her flat head swinging like an animated battering-ram on her six tiny feet; then she repaired the damage, *but her precious egg she left outside in the cold*. She knew it not, and how should she? She had never beheld it. Her maternal instincts were satisfied, and blind to their best interests; but her intelligence was such that knowing she had put one egg in the cell she did not lay another—the larder was not stocked for two.

It is likely enough that, in the same way, the love of birds for their eggs is often blind. There comes a time in the breeding season when the instinct to 'sit' is overpowering, and, if there be but something 'eggy' to sit on, 'sit' the hen bird will, be the something its own egg, or one of earthenware, or of cuckoo. It is thus conceivable that an ill-matching egg might at the beginning of the egg-laying period of a fastidious foster-parent cause desertion or be rejected, while later on, when the 'sitting' instinct is strong, an equally conspicuous egg might be tolerated. Successful simulations would then hatch out early, and have a better chance of dealing destruction to the unhatched eggs of the fosterers, or their weak, newly hatched young; whereas if the cuckoo's egg hatched last of the clutch, the young cuckoo might have too heavy a task and fail to get his necessary monopoly of supplies.

The size, especially the width, of the cuckoo's egg is an important consideration in its fate. A very wide egg would project above the rest in the nest, and might cause discomfort to the sitting bird. It is remarkable that while the eggs of such birds as have been examined vary far less in breadth than in length, the egg of the cuckoo is more variable in breadth than that of any other species, probably in accordance with the diverse sizes of the eggs of the various foster parents. Perhaps the most striking feature is the extraordinary smallness of the cuckoo's egg; although the bird itself is more than double the length of a house-sparrow, its egg is hardly larger than that of the one bird that richly deserves extermination.

It was long ago suggested by that *doyen* of English ornithologists, Professor Alfred Newton, that there are races of cuckoos,

one race having been evolved as the successful patron of one species of foster-parent, another of another. If this be so we might expect there to be some sign of kinship among the cuckoos' eggs found in wagtails' nests, and again among those found in hedge-sparrows', and so on. Using size as a test of blood-relation, it has been ascertained that differences do exist marking out tree-pipit-cuckoos, meadow-pipit-cuckoos, hedge-sparrow-cuckoos, and wren-cuckoos into distinct sets, and in the case of the last the difference is notably such as to cause the egg, which is remarkably small even for a cuckoo's, to approximate more closely to the size of the wren's egg. Hence it is highly probable that there are certain races of cuckoos whose members being closely related lay eggs of somewhat similar dimensions, and in the main confine their attentions each to its own particular variety of foster-parent. Individual birds, recognisable perhaps by some peculiarity of voice or plumage, are known to return with unerring accuracy to the same spot year after year, nor is it improbable that such of the young as survive the perils of migration will resort to the place where they were reared, and inherit their mother's partiality for the nests of some one species of fosterer, and also more or less of her type and colouration of egg; the males too, young and old, would probably return to their old haunts, and thus family groups of cuckoos would tend to segregate themselves.

But an ounce of fact is better than pounds of theory. In the neighbourhood of Leipzig no less than seventy nests containing cuckoos' eggs were found in one season, and fifty-eight of these were red-backed shrikes.' In any given locality, then, the majority of cuckoos may prefer some one particular species for foster-parent, and so the odds be in favour of male and female individuals of like rearing and pedigree mating together. The isolation of race from race is not perfect, as is evident from the faulty matching of many eggs. This may perhaps be accounted for by occasional matings between birds of unlike foster-parentage, and the inheritance by their off-spring of a mixture of preferences which cancel one another, and result in impartiality; or at times by stress of circumstances if the cuckoo have difficulty in finding the nest of the species she prefers. Dr. Rey's observations are here of great interest. Out of upwards of 400 cuckoos' eggs examined by him about 30 per cent. closely imitated the eggs of the fosterers; 27½ per cent. resembled those of species freely patronised by cuckoos, but did not resemble those of the actual bird to whom they were entrusted; 35 per

cent. were of a 'mixed' type, that is to say, more or less combined the colour and markings of eggs of two foster species; while 7½ per cent. bore no relation in colour to the eggs of any other birds. According to this naturalist, and there is little doubt that he is correct, each cuckoo prefers and year after year adheres to the nests of some one particular species of foster-parent, and will do all she can to find such nests for each of her eggs; at length the physiological moment arrives when the egg must be laid, and if the favourite nest be not forthcoming—well, she just pops it into the first she finds!

The period of egg-laying is unusually prolonged in the cuckoo, extending over several weeks, and it seems that as a rule one egg is laid on each alternate day, about a score being produced in the course of the season.

There is reason to hope that all parental affection has not died out of the race. A few instances are on record of the hen bird remaining in the neighbourhood of a nest in which she had placed an egg, and appearing to take some interest in its fate; while Mr. Norgate has noticed that those reed-warblers' nests which contain cuckoos' eggs have sometimes cuckoos' feathers woven into the outside and bottom of the nests. Does the cuckoo sometimes help in nest-building, or does the reed warbler take toll off the breast of the unwelcome visitor?

The majority of the eggs hatch in the month of June, and then is enacted the final scene of horror. The hideous young cuckoo just emerged from the shell, with eyes as yet unopened, sets himself in most deliberate and uncanny fashion to oust the rightful occupants of the nest. The history of all parasites forms a perplexing chapter in the economy of the universe, but this surpasses all in its base ingratitude and heartless cruelty. Provided with a special depression in the back by that careful and merciless Nature, this callow bird works with head and wings to get his comrades into the saddle thus prepared; the legs, stalwart out of all proportion in so young an animal, are straddled out, the claws grip with firm determination the soft lining of the sides of the nest, the beak is thrust against the floor, the wings wide outstretched lest the victim roll sideways back into the nest. Tense in every muscle, the little alien heaves with all its puny might, and one by one the helpless fledglings or the unhatched eggs are hoisted over the edge, to perish of cold and starvation. To the onlooker the whole performance is positively repulsive, so

part in agricultural matters by eating w
bristling with hairs that baffle the r
other insectivorous birds. So diligen
pursuit that, till Huxley set the disp
some zoologists credited with possessin

AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.

It is a little, faded, withered booklet, with a cover like dried piecrust and a back of yellow calf. It was thumbed and worn and weather-stained in the reign of Queen Anne, for it served as a pocket Encyclopædia in 1709 and gave information on every possible subject—political, astrological, and meteorological—for the whole of the forthcoming year of 1710. Its puffy little covers bulged even then with self-importance, as it revealed the future by aid of 'Mathematicks and the Caelestial Sciences'; and its pages were fringed with little paper curls and crumbling from over-diligent fingering when Louis XIV. sat on the throne of France and Marlborough fought at Malplaquet. They crumble most at those places where Merlinus Anglicus Junior deals brave blows at the French king and calls him the 'Grand Thief of Europe,' or the 'Bloody Tyrant'; and the page that foretells the exact date on which 'The Great Disturber of Europe will have his Nails so par'd, that he will never be able to disturb Quiet any more, God, the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain,' was tattered by approving thumbs nearly two centuries ago. There are pages of these prophecies, and quite a reasonable percentage of them were fulfilled; and there are weather forecasts so assured of themselves that they give—in January—the weather for twelve months ahead, and fix 'Clouds flying' for September 20, 1710, and 'now slabby and cold Rain' for October 9. There are advertisements, too, of 'Artificial Teeth set in so well as to eat with them and not be discovered from Natural'; and the announcement that 'Francis Moore, Licensed Physician and Student in Astrology, at the Sign of *Old Lilly*, near the Old Barge House in Christ-Church Parish, Southwark,' was prepared to cure all sorts of agues at one dose, 'by the Astrological way, which is surest, without seeing the Patient'; and similar things of great use for a gentleman living far away from London—in Surrey. But of more use than all were the blank pages sandwiched in between these words of wisdom, and on them the Surrey gentleman wrote all his household expenses from day to day.

We know he was a Surrey gentleman because of the frequency with which some such item occurs as: 'For things I bought at

Godalminge Faire, 00. 12. 00.': or 'April 20, 1710. Spent at Guildford in Wine and Coffee, 00. 03. 06'; but we do not know his house, nor even his name, although we can build up the picture of a comfortable English home in the reign of Queen Anne from the conscientious entries of all the ways in which he spent his money day by day, and put all down in the little cramped writing that fills these leaves. There are his charities, all entered carefully, and telling of the times: 'To a poor Souldjer' comes so often that one can fill in the details of England swarming with the derelicts of Blenheim and Ramillies, begging their way through the country; and the large sum of sixpence stands against each entry. 'To a poor Clergyman, one shilling' comes on March 15, 1710, and this follows so closely on the trial of Dr. Sacheverell a mere fortnight before that the generous gift must have been inspired by the fact that this was one of the fulfilled prophecies of the little book, which forecasts for the end of February 'an Eminent Church Man call'd in Question.' Generosity accounts for much; and the constant recurrence of such items as 'to Mr. Conway's maid one shilling,' 'to Mr. Otway's man and maid one shilling and sixpence' must have made a large total at the end of a year.

The wages in the reign of Queen Anne give a valuable standard of the purchasing power of money then: 'Aug. 26, 1709. To Jane Hedger for her year's Wages ended ye 18 Instant £3. 0. 0.' 'Oct. 31, 1709. To Tho: Edgler for his year's wages ended the 3rd of Octob: £3. 0. 0.' 'Sept. 7, 1709. To Goody Ford for her Daughter Lydia's wages (10 months) £2. 10. 0.' When servants did not earn twopence a day, labour was cheap: 'June 26, 1709. To Tho: Cheynell for 5 days and a half fetching Wood and Faggotts for me with his two horses and his son: 00. 13. 06.' With 6*d.* a day as a fair wage for anyone the crushing weight of the taxes under Good Queen Anne can be appreciated by the following: 'A book was then made (January 1709) by Sam. Child, overseer of the poor, which comes to £91. 10. 00. My tax comes to £9. 01. 00.' Clearly this Surrey gentleman had to pay the tenth of the whole district's poor rate. But this was not all. Again in January comes 'For my Tenths £1. 14'; on Feb. 24 is 'ye third payment of ye Queen's Tax £5. 17. 01. to Ed. Baxter;' on March 24 is 'to Mr Perry £10. 0. 0.: Lady Day'; and on April 25 is 'to Ed: Baxter for ye 4th payment of ye Queen's Tax £5. 17. 01.' There is another tax that has its story. 'On April 15 1709 To

Ed. Baxter for ye Window Lights ten shillings.' This was the window tax duty, first imposed in 1695 to defray the expenses of calling in the debased coinage so much clipped and depreciated in the Stuart reigns. It will be seen that these taxes amount to nearly 30*l.* in four months, out of a total expenditure in the same months of 88*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*, nearly a third of the whole. It must have needed some philosophy to pray 'God bless Great Anne our Queen' in these circumstances; and with household necessaries so very dear too.

We can picture the living in those days from the cost of the items in these little pages. The house must have been dark o' nights with candles at five shillings and twopence a dozen and 'Oyl' a shilling the pint; and they sat round the one light in the long evenings, for there is 'For mending ye Lanthorn 10*d.*'; and the frequency of 'For Worstead, 6*d.*' shows that the only possible thing to do was to knit. Rushes, and sand, must mean that these covered the floors; and as they cost a shilling each time (a pig cost only two shillings) they were as lavishly used as was decorous in the house of a man of quality. 'A Tub of Sope 9 shillings and 6*d.*,' and again 'Four dozen of Sope eight shillings' are suggestive items; but they did their own washing, for starch is entered fairly often. They brewed their own ale too, for there is a separate page devoted thus: 'Anno Dom. $170\frac{0}{0}$ an account of what malt I have had of Mr. Otway of Godalminge.' And they must have made cowslip wine, for there stands the entry of payment for the cowslips and 1*s.* 6*d.* 'for a grose of corks.' We can find out what dinners they ate in 1709, for it is all down neatly. Vegetables are the largest items, 'Turnēps, Cowcumbers, Carrotts, Onions' are almost daily, pears by the bushel, and cheese by the hundredweight; 'For a 100 weight of cheese £1. 8. 0. For ye carry^{ing} of it home, one shilling.' Eggs and currants and lemons and oatmeal in quantities; anchovies and capers, and many chickens. Goody Francis was paid 5*s.* 6*d.* on May 20, 1709, for eleven chickens, and Goody Ford had 8*s.* 6*d.* for seventeen pounds of butter. A pheasant was 1*s.* and two woodcocks cost 10*d.*, and 200 heads of asparagus for 1*s.* 6*d.*; but 'Collyflowers' were very dear at 11*d.* for two in days when a yoke of oxen cost 10*l.* Meat is not often mentioned, but when bought it is in such large quantities that it must have been for salting: 'Feb. 6. 1710 To Quennell ye butcher of Chiddingfold for 15 stone of beef £1. 7. 6.' 'Mackerell' was had once, and salt fish at 4*s.* 6*d.*,

and 200 oysters at two shillings; and once they paid 1*s.* 6*d.* for prawns, but how prawns got to the neighbourhood of Godalming in those days is past finding out. Incomprehensible also is why ten shillings was paid 'To Goody Mellersh for 28 pd. ½ of Clover'; and why did they buy 'poppies'? Sugar is only mentioned once, for it was as great a luxury as mace and nutmegs, which cost 2*s.* 9*d.*; and tea also only once, and that is the subject of a little revelation. There is one page that is filled up with repetitions of 'Lent to Coz. Jenny Allott,' with different amounts on dates extending from February 10, 1709, to July 29, 1710, when they cease suddenly. One item is: 'Paid for her to Mr Lan: Eliot for half a pd. of tea 6 shillings and 4 pence.' And although the writer was a just man and a thrifty, there is no sign that he was ever repaid.

Although he was frugal in his own expenditure he was lenient to his wife's extravagance and advanced her money—though under protest. On April 24 he paid: 'To my Wife £5 due to her at Midsumer next'; but in August he felt it his duty to curb her, and he wrote on Aug. 29, 'To my Wife in full of ye £5 due to her at Xmas next, £4. 0. 0.' Which was a severe lesson. But the little brown pages are very human; for on January 5 the neat, small writing grows straggly as it says: 'To Mr Young for a Token 5/: To ye Servants (by my Wife) 5/: to ye Midwife (Tickner) 10/: to ye Nurse (Chitty) 5/'; and the good man gives 2*d.* to 'a Fidler' immediately. Perhaps his wife was much younger than he, and that was why he kept the accounts so carefully; and she was not strong, for there is a guinea to Dr. Sheppard and several items of 2*s.* 6*d.* for medicines. She must have been his second wife too, for there are letters from 'my son Jo: at Oxon,' who had spent 2*l.* 10*s.* on shirts, and required 30*l.* 15*s.* to pay his University charges for 'Midsumer and Michaelmas'; and then there was 'Betty.' Betty must have been Jo's sister, and she was spoilt by her father; for what can one think of such extravagances as these: 'For moslyn ten shillings: for a fan mountinge 1 shilling and 3*d.*,' followed by 'For Betty's stays to Mr Day £1'; and 'For five yards of stuff for Betty three shillings,' and '8 Ells of Holland' (which was 4*s.* 6*d.* an ell); and powder (for her hair) at 1*s.* 4*d.*, and buckles (for her shoes) at 1*s.*, and a pair of stockings at 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 'Dying Betty's Gown' for 4*s.* 6*d.* After such preparations for a rout it is no wonder that the next expenses are: 'To Mr Withinbrooke for

Daffy's Elixir: For Spirit of Hartshorn: For a Purge for Betty 1/6.' On his own personal adornment the good man spent little; there is 'for looping and buttons 2/1,' 'to Hart ye collermaker 3/-' 'to Tickner for 3 pair of shoes 9 shillings,' and then 'to Mr Day ye Taylor for making my Calamanco Wastcoate and breeches seven shillings,' and to 'ye Barber sixpence.' We know his dress, therefore, and we know his habits. He was an angler, for he paid eightpence for fishing tackle; and a horseman, for the expenses of horseshoes, saddle, and bridle are noted; and a farmer, for he paid wages to his haymakers and gave 'to my 4 servants for Hay Gloves four shillings.' He was a great letter writer, for there are nineteen entries of the cost of his letters, which varied from 4*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* each; and a great smoker, for he paid ten shillings for '6 pounds of Tobaco'; and a very moderate drinker, for there is only one pint of sack, at 1*s.* 6*d.*, in all the accounts. He was a politician, too, for on October 11, 1709, he spent 'at ye Election at Guildford three shillings and eightpence'; and a good Churchman, for he gave 5*s.* 5*d.* at 'the Synod,' and 3*s.* 6*d.* at 'ye Visitation,' and a shilling to the Apparitor. And he was a very generous friend and a ready lender; until the last item in the book shows why several pages are still blank. 'On August 14, 1710, Sarah Blaze came to live with us.' That is evidently the end; there was no more to be said.

LILLIAN C. SMYTHE.

GREATER LOVE.[1]

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.

I.

A THREADY chorus of war-whoops sounded from out the jungle, its volume, at each repetition, growing fainter and mellower with distance. The little band of *dakaits*, having wrought by its stolen ambush such mischief as it might, was drawing off exulting and triumphant. Hidden securely by the tangle of greenery, the foemen knew themselves to be safe from pursuit, knew that the baffled white men, whom they had smitten so shrewdly, must accept their check with what meekness they could command, and would have their hands full for the present, patching up their wounded and burying their dead. It was this knowledge that made the savage war-yells tingle with such insolent glee, ring with such mockery, such contempt.

Tommy Burton, the political officer, stood in what a few moments earlier had been the foremost firing-line, with his useless revolver still undischarged in his hand, staring about him like a man in a dream. All around, the bearded Indian soldiers, sweating from their recent exertions, their khaki uniforms torn by the thorn-thickets through which their rush had been made, were forming up in little groups upon the jungle-smothered hill-cap whereon their enemy had so lately been posted. Their teeth glistened as they grinned nervously at one another; they drew breath with sobbing pants, but already their tongues were beginning to wag, discussing in raucous, falsetto speech the fight that was just ended. Between the soaring trunks of the forest trees the smoke of the rifle-fire still hung in a thin mist, the edges of which writhed away in slow contortions.

Already the incidents with which the last ten minutes had been packed seemed to Tommy as unreal, as incredible as though they belonged to the memories of some former life; the start from camp, made barely two hours ago in the chill of the early morning, was part and parcel of a very distant past, had had its being, with

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all other happy and light-hearted things, in a period infinitely remote. Since then, it seemed to Tommy, the very face of the earth had suffered change. It was impossible to identify the world in which he now stood with that other sane and wholesome world in which hitherto it had been good to live.

And as he stood thus, numb and dazed, now that the need for action was ended, his memory was busy mechanically conjuring up a picture of all that had befallen, re-enacting every incident of the last few minutes. Walter Fairleigh and he, with Oliver Salmon, the newly arrived subaltern, had been walking briskly along the narrow jungle foot-path in single file. They had been stepping out with the springy gait, laughing and jesting with the *gaieté de cœur* which, in the tropics, come to even the healthiest of white men only with the cool fragrance and cheerfulness of the early morning hour. They had all three been instinct with the sheer joy of being alive, with the delight of drawing breath, of snuffing the scented forest air, of feeling the tingle of young blood, the rhythmic movement of tireless young limbs. The small detachment of armed natives that formed their escort had been tramping before and behind them, the men marching at ease and chatting as they went. Although the district was in a state of disturbance the white men had had no reason to believe that any party of the enemy was near at hand, wherefore a sudden spurt of rifle-fire, bursting with an angry crackle from the forest-clad hill which skirted the path some twenty yards to their right had taken them completely unawares. Salmon, who had been walking immediately in front of Tommy, had wheeled sharply round upon him with anger in his face. 'Damn it all!' he had cried, 'Can't you take care what you are doing with your stick?' and an instant later he had squatted on the ground, examining with interested curiosity a hole in his thigh, from which the blood was trickling grudgingly. While Tommy still watched him, barely realising what had happened, Salmon had attempted to flounder on to his feet again, and then had sunk back with a groan. 'They've winged me, the beggars!' Tommy had heard him cry.

Heavy firing was going on now on all sides, the *dakaits* blazing away joyously from behind the trunks of trees and the dense curtain of thorn-brake, while the native soldiers loosed off their carbines as fast as they could cram in cartridges, without aim or direction. The towering walls of forest that hemmed in the slender track hid the enemy loyally, and his hiding-places

were indicated only by little clouds of smoke which leaped forth hurriedly, stopping short with a jerk, as though arrested by the sound of the clanging reports. Deafened by the din, half-stunned by the shock, dazed and bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, Tommy had stood where he was, gazing about him with a kind of paralysis of despair at the hopeless confusion into which the men had been thrown by the ambush, and as he gazed a hideous weakness had seized him. Death, of a sudden, had seemed very near, inevitable, imminent, and more ghastly than ever he had dreamed it. One or two of the sepoys had pitched headlong into the scrub, some lying limp and still, others flogging the ground wildly with arms and legs. Their fellows were plainly demoralised, and a cold fear had clutched at Tommy's heart, for the conviction had been on him that irreparable disaster had smitten the little force, and that he too was involved in its ruin. He had felt physically sick, and through his mind there had stormed a jostling crowd of sensations, new to his inexperience, while the chill magic of fear held him spell-bound. Then he had caught sight of Walter Fairleigh—the man who above all others was his chosen friend, the man whom he loved, admired, 'swore by' with all a lad's enthusiastic hero-worship—and forthwith every other emotion had been swallowed up by a veritable passion of horror and dismay. For Fairleigh had been cowering behind the bole of a huge tree, his face drawn and white to the lips, his eyes alive with terror, his empty hands clawing at nothing with spasmodic, nervous gropings, while he cried to the men to seek shelter in a voice that was tremulous and well-nigh inarticulate.

One glance had sufficed to burn into Tommy's perception the incredible truth that Walter Fairleigh, of all men in the world—Walter Fairleigh, who in the pursuit of big game had given tokens, not once, but many times, of a reckless courage—was now, in this moment of supreme stress, rendered impotent and shameless by ungovernable fear! 'And am I looking like that too?' Tommy had thought. Then he had turned away his eyes, loth to gaze longer upon a spectacle that held for him such a poignancy of pain, feeling that to pry into the soul of his friend, now that it was stripped to such pitiful nakedness, was an outrage, an indecency—ashamed to his very marrow to have seen what he had seen, and desperate suddenly, with a smarting rage that drove out fear, because the man whom he loved, in whom he had believed intensely, had failed him. And, as he turned, Salmon's

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voice, quivering with anger, sharp and strident with physical suffering, had sounded in his ears.

'Look at the damned coward, sneaking there behind the tree!' it had cried. 'Lead the men yourself, Burton, for God's sake! Don't wait for him!' And the voice had broken in a splutter of almost hysterical imprecations.

Those words had stung Tommy like so many whip-lashes laid across his face. It was horrible to him that any living soul should have witnessed Walter Fairleigh's shame—the shame which, Tommy felt, was his own in equal measure—most horrible of all that that witness should be Salmon. The new subaltern's forced intrusion upon their long comradeship had been resented by Fairleigh and Tommy alike; they had been prejudiced against him from the first, and more intimate acquaintance had led them to write him down a cad, a bounder, and a Jew-boy. All this had been vividly, yet vaguely, present to Tommy's mind as, tingling with rage, he had thrown himself headlong into the firing-line, yelling to the men in the vernacular, and by the sheer force of his own impetuosity had borne them forward with him, through those cruel thorn-thickets, in a furious charge upon the hill-crest whence the *dakaits* were firing. As they breasted the slope several of the men had pecked and stumbled, some to squat limply, some to writhe in dreadful contortions, others with arms and legs wide-flung in a horrible *abandon*; but, Tommy's fighting blood fairly up now, he had carried his men with him, straight at the ambushed enemy, with the blind fury of a charging bull. During that rush he had had no thought of his own safety, no fear of danger; he had recked nothing what might befall him, since that had happened to Walter and to him which made life a thing detestable. He had been possessed throughout the onslaught by a veritable insanity of anger, by a mad hunger for retaliation upon the *dakaits* whose attack had precipitated so terrible a disaster—a calamity, undreamed-of by them, beside which, in Tommy's estimation, the total blotting out of the little force had been as nothing! But the *dakaits* had clung to cover with their wonted skill, had drawn off into the wilderness at precisely the right moment, and when the deserted hill-cap had been reached, and the delirium of action was past, Tommy stood still, listening to the mockery of the receding war-whoops, feeling as though he had dreamed an evil dream. The insistent, unreal reality of all that had happened preyed upon him, chilling him

his ideal had failed him! Staggere
been dealt him, Tommy, as he stood
hill-top, could take no comfort from
self, his first panic forgotten, had '
Then, very slowly and reluct
began to make his way down to
narrow world to which he belonged,
he miserably felt, could never again

II.

A week had passed since the m
the forest—seven whole days and ni
footed minute that had made up t
Tommy, who had slept ill, to have cra
Oliver Salmon, his eyes and cheeks
had been lifted, limp and spent, into
been carried out of camp *en route* fo
This had happened six days earlier, a
and Walter Fairleigh had been a
make the best they might of an e
was like the mocking wraith of thei
And during all this dreary time the
most in both their minds had not be
them. It is the habit of the men of
incident as the brush with the *da*
monotony of their days, to discuss

Tommy had threshed the matter out in his own mind over and over again, constantly, ceaselessly, with dreary reiteration. The facts were there, damning and stubborn; there was no twisting them into such guise that they should be made capable of bearing some other interpretation. There was no blinking the truth: Walter Fairleigh, in the face of all his previous splendid record, had shown the white feather, had 'funked' shamelessly, past all forgiveness, in the hour of trial. No one of the three white men had ever been under fire before, and the experience, when endured for the first time, holds many curious and unpleasant sensations calculated to search the soul of the bravest, and to make him conscious of hitherto unsuspected weaknesses. Tommy, fresh from this ordeal, for all he had, in the end, carried himself manfully, knew enough now to be convinced that the proverbial man 'who does not know what fear is' has no existence save in the popular fancy, and that if such a one did or could exist he would of necessity be a singularly stupid person, devoid alike of mind, soul, and the very rudiments of an imagination. Tommy knew what fear was, he told himself—none better! He had felt it in all its raw crudeness on that fatal morning when the sudden outburst of rifle-fire had clanged from the underwood, bringing him with a jerk out of his careless light-heartedness into a raging turmoil of strenuous emotions. For a minute or two—for how long exactly he did not know—he had been the most abject coward alive, and when at last he had rushed forward and taken a grip of the men, he had been driven by the goad of a private pain that made him reckless, not by such courage as heroes use. He felt no pride in the little that he had done, because he knew that the deed, such as it was, belonged by rights, not to him, but to Walter Fairleigh. After all, he had been as 'badly funked' as Fairleigh—for a time—and the only difference between man and man, he thought, lay in the fact that fear, which was universal, affected various people in sundry fashions. Some it quickened and stimulated; some it paralysed, as it had paralysed him and Fairleigh, though for longer or shorter periods in individual cases. And, seemingly, it acted with strange caprice, for Walter in the past had given unmistakable proofs of courage, and Tommy still clung to the belief that his friend was at bottom a far braver man than he. Yet this sudden, this dismal failure—how account for it? Dimly Tommy felt that it must be due to

brute's injuries time to stiffen, and
repelled its savage onslaught. Tomm
time of the trouble down at Prang
had faced an insolent and more tha
weeks together, unsupported by an
nerve, and had bluffed the hector
mission by the sheer weight of
natives told many stories of the way
his enemies, jesting, as it were, in t
his gay unconcern had inspired his
this calm young white man must
back of which they were unaware.
Walter, standing almost alone, ha
between the eyes, day after day, ni
so much as shown a sign of flinchi
he possessed high courage, courage
a man to command—the courage w
does not grow cold with the sus
nothing to momentary excitemer
thusiasm nor romance to quicken a
of these things recurred to Tomm
always felt, that in similar circums
play the man half so triumphantly
past record, it was almost ludicrous
a poltroon; but how then accou
week ago? The picture of Walter
tree, every line of his figure el

thoroughly under control, to be completely on his guard. And, given this grace of preparation, Walter had acquitted himself splendidly. But the ambush had been unexpected, sudden; the danger had burst upon the little force without an instant's warning, like a thunderbolt hurled from a cloudless sky; not a second had been allowed in which to steel the heart, control the nerves, and the result had been what it had been.

Yes, Fairleigh had been guilty of cowardice, gross, shameless, unsubdued, but it had been the cowardice of a moment, born of a shock which had thrown him off his balance, had held him in temporary thrall, body and soul; and to Tommy, grown suddenly introspective, it seemed that his own failure differed from that of his friend, not in kind or in degree, but simply in the fortuitous circumstance of its duration. Salmon's stinging words, added to the appalling spectacle of Walter utterly unmanned, had put a period to Tommy's surrender to fear; but the fear had been there, paralysing and besetting, and he had given way to it as completely until a force outside himself had taken hold of him and driven him forward. Tommy could not feel that there was anything to choose between his own conduct and that of his friend; and was the latter's momentary seizure to weigh against years of tried and patient courage, to obliterate in an instant all the record of Walter's heroic struggle to conquer an innate weakness, against all the tremendous self-repression which must have been needed to make his past acts of daring a possibility?

Lying on his mat in the little mess-hut which he shared with Fairleigh, Tommy Burton revolved these things in his mind, making pretence to read the while as an excuse for the silence which had fallen as a curtain between him and his friend. As he had now taught himself to understand the matter, Walter's lapse amounted to little more than a prolonged *start*, such as robs the strongest momentarily of control over mind and limb. He could not doubt that Walter—given the one essential of time—would have 'come again,' would have acted once more with all his old coolness and dash. But time, alas! had been denied, the golden opportunity had been let slip, and that minute or two of weakness, if the secret leaked out, would suffice to brand Fairleigh for all the days of his life. Tommy was convinced that he now judged the matter rightly, that he had fathomed the whole problem, that he, at least, completely understood; but how could he hope to make others see as he saw, and would that clearness of

judge their fellows on the bald facts, wi
psychological complications behind them
as mere brute courage, despise nothing
Tommy longed to speak to Fairleigh of
one living being, at any rate, understoo
him, since *tout comprendre c'est tout*
that what had befallen stood unconfess
the shy awkwardness of the young Engli
friend, his hatred of a scene, and his
betrayed into anything resembling senti
hold him dumb; wherefore, as the lagg
was spoken, the breach between the y
their forced companionship became hou

III.

A little convoy straggled into camp,
ing down their loads with grunts of
native soldiers standing around in the
leaning on their rifles, and exchanging
with the crowd of sepoys and camp
them. A soiled canvas mail-bag was
and as soon as directions had been gi
stores brought in by the convoy, and
arrivals, Burton and Fairleigh fell to
There were a few parcels of newspaper
two, some precious bundles of home-

home-letters to the very end, and therefore he began by examining the less interesting piles whose envelopes bore local post-marks. One, two, three, four of these he opened, glanced at, read a line or two, and tossed aside, but the fifth riveted his attention. It was in the well-known scrawl of John Thurston, the man who held the post of District Officer in the little up-country station whither the wounded Salmon had been sent. It was dated a day or two earlier, and ran as follows:

My dear Tommy,—I am sending this up by the convoy which starts at daybreak. We are hustling things all we can down here, and ought to have four decent columns in the field to co-operate with your fellows by the end of the month. Until then, I fancy, you will have to sit tight; but old Stiggings who is here, and very much the busy worker—you know his winning way—is sending you detailed instructions, he tells me, by this mail. When the time comes for scrapping I very much fear that I shall be out of it, stuck down here doing nothing but base-work, which is a sell; but I am trying my damnedest to get put on to one of the columns as political officer. You, anyway, will be in the thick of the fun—you always were one of the lucky ones; so if I am not there, rub it into the worthy *dakaits* with my love, and make the little beggars sit up and snort. You owe them one in the eye on your own account for ambushing you the other day.

That reminds me. Salmon got in here all right, and Seaton is as pleased with his wounded thigh as a child with a new toy. He says the bullet-hole is 'quite beautiful.' Salmon had pretty high fever on him when he came in, and he talked the most awful rot to Seaton and the hospital dressers both then and later when he came to after the chloroform. He did the same when old Stiggings went to see him. I was present, and longed to give the bounder the kicking he deserved, in spite of his game leg. After that Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Grant undertook to nurse him, and he talked to them too; so now, as you may imagine, the yarn is all over the place. He is full of a cock-and-bull story about Fairleigh, of all men—utter bosh, of course. He swears that Fairleigh funked badly when the *dakaits* went for you; that he got behind a tree himself, tried to call the men off, and played the fool generally. Of course, anyone who knows Fairleigh (and Salmon) doesn't need to be told that this is about as bad a lie as they make; but that cad Salmon has been gassing to every soul he has seen since he was brought in, and now the thing has contrived to make its way even into old Stiggings's understanding, and nothing can prise the notion that there 'must be something in it' out of that thick skull of his. I would have written to Fairleigh myself, but it seemed like an insult, so I pass it on to you instead; and do, for God's sake, do something to put a stop once for all to this woman's tattle. You know how a story of this sort *clings*—how it sticks to a man for all his service, unless it is squashed right on the nail. Now that that bounder Salmon—the chap always was an outsider of the most outrageous breed—has gone and made all this mess, and old Stiggings is sticking his nose into it, it just has to be wiped up and the sooner the better; so wade in like a good fellow, and put matters square again. Keep your tail up. With heaps of luck, Yours always,

JOHN THURSTON.

Tommy read this letter through twice with a heavy heart, and then passed on to the perusal of the rest of his corre-

spondence; but Thurston's news rose up again and a
an obscuring mist, between his understanding and the
pages, and even home-letters were powerless to lure
away from the one absorbing subject that engrossed
faculty. So Salmon had been talking—talking like the
Jew-boy that he was! He had not contented himself wi
in' an official report (in the circumstances some men m
thought themselves bound in duty to do that, no ma
odious the task might be), but must needs yarn
about Fairleigh, well pleased, doubtless, as small natures
to be, to discover flaws in those who are their moral
So at least thought Tommy Burton, musing in bitter
'the mess that must be wiped up.' And what a mess it
official report might or might not have been treated
but it had got beyond that, for with Salmon gossiping
women, 'gassing' to the native dressers, and making a
beast of himself in every conceivable way, the story mu
have become a thing of public notoriety no longer to b
or blinked. Tommy had half-expected something of the
the immensity of the disaster, now that it had actually
overwhelmed him, and the sting of it all lay in the
curse him though he might, Salmon had in the mai
only the ugly, naked truth as he understood it!

It was not until after the lights had been put out,
two men were settling down to sleep, each on his mat at
sides of the little mess-hut, that Tommy at last broa
subject of the letter to his friend.

'Fairleigh,' he said, and even to his own ears his voi
darkness sounded strange and harsh. 'I got a let
Thurston to-day.'

'Did you?' said Fairleigh. Tommy fancied that
too, was constrained and unnatural.

'Salmon has been talking—talking all over the shop.

'What about?'

'About the fight.'

'Oh!'

Tommy tried again.

'Upon my soul, that chap is a bounder!' he exclaim

'He is all that,' Fairleigh assented.

'He has sent in an official report, of course. I fel
would do that.'

'Yes.'

'But he has been talking at large too, to the doctor, to the dressers, to Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Grant.'

'Has he? What has he been saying?' Tommy could hear Walter breathing hard and tugging at his extinguished pipe with all his might.

'For God's sake, man, don't make it harder than it is already,' cried Tommy, jerking himself into a sitting posture on his mat, and speaking with a passionate ring in his voice. 'You must know what he has been saying.'

'I am not sure that I do. You had better tell me,' said Fairleigh chillingly.

'He says that you funked, then, if you want to know; that you got behind a tree, and tried to call the men off; that you wouldn't lead them; that you showed the white feather.'

There was a silence, and then Fairleigh spoke suddenly. 'Did you see me?' he asked, and his voice choked in the darkness.

Then Tommy Burton told one of the few deliberate lies of his life. 'No,' he said huskily, 'I didn't see you.'

Again silence fell upon the hut, a silence broken only by the hard breathing of the two men and by the ticking of the jungle-insects in the forest without the camp.

'You are a good little beggar, Tommy, as staunch and as loyal as they make 'em,' said Walter presently. 'But—but you are a poor liar. So you saw too, did you?'

Once more the silence fell heavily, and Tommy could hear his friend refilling his pipe. Presently the flare of a match lit up his drawn, fixed face, the light cast from below painting it with tints ghastly as those of a corpse. Some men would smoke tobacco, from sheer force of habit, even on the rack; Walter Fairleigh was one of them.

'We've been good pals, you and I, Tommy,' he said at last, 'and we've seen times together, good and bad. That is all ended now, like everything else. Don't interrupt, old man; talking won't mend it. I don't suppose that there ever were two men, thrown together in a God-forgotten cranny of the world as we have been, with only their two selves for company, and with nothing to break the blank monotony of it all, who hit it off much better than we have done.'

'They could not have got on *better*,' said Tommy, with conviction.

worst, I hope and believe—is out no
that I am a funkstick! Don't inte
yourself unnecessarily; let us call
for once. Do you think that I don'
I haven't known it all along?'

'But Walter,' Tommy protested
been proverbial. You have given
You have never shown a trace of the
until—until——'

'I know!' interrupted Fairleigh
rot it all is! I tell you that I have
coward any time these ten years past
wanting to convince others of that
the occasion has come.'

Again the silence fell.

'You remember the Vardons?'
'But of course you do; we have spol
And you remember Elsie Vardon?'

'Yes,' said Tommy, 'I remember

'We have not spoken of her so m

'No,' echoed Tommy huskily, '
so much.'

'Well, I am letting you into all n
as well tell you this one too. Elsi
one another some day. That is all e

then, as I had a good chance of getting my step with barely six years' service, and so should have been pretty safe to command the Regiment, if I did nothing better.' Already, unconsciously, he spoke in the past tense.

'But you weren't engaged to her when we were home together on leave?'

'No; not regularly. But you remember how I ran 'down to Craddock to say Good-bye to the Vardons a day or two before we sailed? Well, I spoke to her then.'

'I see,' said Tommy, more huskily than ever.

'Oh, Tommy boy, you don't know what a saint, what a little brick that girl is!' cried Walter, his voice in the darkness vibrating with the intensity of his enthusiasm. 'She always was worlds too good for me, or for any man; but you can't think how many tight places the thought of her has pulled me through! I should have been shown up scores of times, . . . but for her, but for what the memory of her made of me! Down at Prang Damit I—the real *I*—was in a shuddering funk every hour of the day and night; but Elsie, in spirit, was at my elbow all the while, and I was playing to the gallery, the gallery of which she was the sole occupant; and so I brought the thing off—in spite of myself! I got *kudos* for that, but it wasn't mine by rights. It was hers, every bit of it, and I knew it, if nobody else did. It was the same with big-game shooting. I had always plenty of time—time in which to remember Elsie and what she would have had me do, time in which to feel her close beside me, making a man of me, bless her! And fellows thought that I was a good-plucked 'un, thanks to her—even you thought so who knew me better than most; but I never had any illusions on the subject. And then in that beastly little scrap the other morning I hadn't a second in which to think of anything except my own infernal skin, and for once the real *I* came uppermost and made an indecent exhibition of itself.'

'It wasn't your real self,' said Tommy loyally, though the words cost him much. 'Your real self was the man who faced his fears squarely, and beat them every time till . . . The brush with the *dakaits* doesn't count. It was a chance, an accident. You hadn't time to come out—not the real self in you. You hadn't time!'

'Thank you, Tommy,' said Walter gratefully, but his tone had in it no conviction, no throb of relief. The movement of the

glow cast from his pipe-bowl upon the darkness showed that he was shaking his head in lugubrious despair.

'What do you mean to do?' asked Tommy, after a long pause.

'Do? What is there left for me to do? I shan't send in my papers, though I mayn't be fit to hold the King's commission. I shall ask for a Court of Inquiry, and shall make as good a fight of it as I can, as every man must do when he is fighting for his life. Then, in the fulness of time, I shall be "broken" decently and according to Cocker and the King's Regulations, as many a better and a worse man than I has been broken before me.'

'Yes,' said Tommy meditatively, 'I suppose you must apply for an inquiry—that there is no other way out of it. It is the soundest thing you can do.'

'Quite. And if one has to go under, one may as well do it in order and with due ceremony. Salmon will have got thoroughly into practice for telling that pretty story of his by that time,' said Fairleigh, with a spiritless attempt to treat his tragedy lightly.

'Damn him!' cried Tommy, with hearty emphasis.

'Damn him by all manner of means, but his evidence will serve to damn me first. He will cook my hash right enough, and that, I suppose, is all that the beggar wants.'

'I'm not so sure of that. Courts of this kind are very chary of bringing in a verdict of "Guilty." Besides, Salmon will have prejudiced his case badly by blabbling about it to Tom, Dick, and Harry. If he had behaved like anyone else, and had just sent in an official report, he would have been far more dangerous. He is your junior to begin with; they know that he made a row about having to serve under you; and now he has played the cad for all the world to see. His part of the business will look uncommon ugly in the eyes of any board they may appoint.'

'Yes—perhaps,' admitted Fairleigh dubiously. 'But any stick is good enough to flog a coward with. Besides, he won't be the only witness.'

'They won't call native evidence,' said Tommy quickly. 'They never do in cases where a white man is concerned. It is bad for discipline. I bet you anything you like that not a single one of the men is examined. Even if they were called they wouldn't give you away.'

'I wonder. But, Tommy, you'll have to give evidence.'

'Yes.'

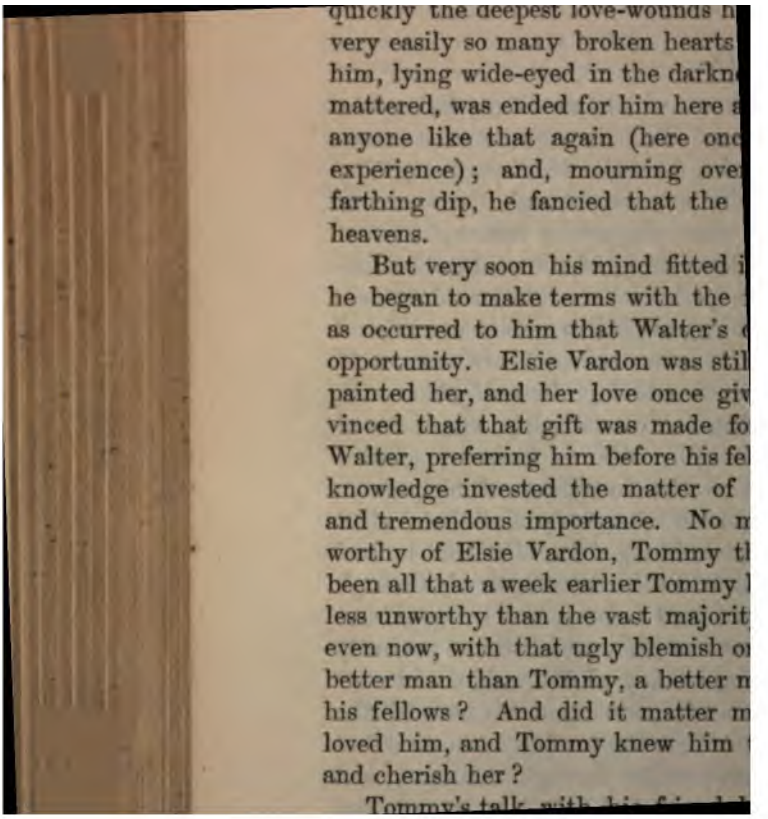
'And you'll have to tell the truth too, mind,' said Fairleigh excitedly, almost savagely. 'You'll be on oath. You won't be able to lie then, as you lied just now to me. God bless you for it, though it wasn't any sort of use.'

'Yes,' answered Tommy, with a catch in his voice. 'Yes, God help me, I shall have to tell the truth—as I know it!'

And after that the silence of the night fell and remained unbroken till the dawning of the day.

IV.

The conversation in the darkness which, mercifully hiding the faces of the speakers, had rendered Walter's confessions and confidences unwontedly easy to make, drew the two friends together closer than ever before. On the morrow, though the sense of catastrophe still weighed upon them, depressing their spirits and robbing life of its spring, its joyousness, the unendurable constraint which had made of the past week a veritable nightmare had vanished. Each went about his work with a certain mechanical energy, but neither tried now to spin out the hours that could thus be occupied because he dreaded to find himself alone with his friend. Instead the old familiar comradeship was renewed with more than its ancient strength, with an intimacy greater than of yore, for Walter, now that the flood-gates of his reserve had been once flung wide, was able to talk openly of all that he had hoped, of all that he had dreamed and longed for, of all that he had so nearly won, of all that he deemed he had lost hopelessly through one moment of fear and weakness. And Tommy, who believed himself to be tasting all the bitterness of the world, listened patiently and with understanding, although many of Walter's confidences hurt him badly. He had lain awake, tossing on his mat, till the daybreak thrust long grey fingers into the tumble-down mess-hut and the bugle blew a discordant reveille through the camp, and during all those lonely, silent hours he had been torn by pain and doubt. The thought of Elsie Vardon had been with him first; for little by little, imperceptibly, almost unknown to him, the dream of her had crept into his heart till her girlish figure had become the centre round which all things revolved, the beginning and the end of the life which for him had been made cleaner and more honest by the memory of her purity. The extent to which the thought and hope of her had come to fill his horizon had never



quickly the deepest love-wounds h
very easily so many broken hearts
him, lying wide-eyed in the darkn
mattered, was ended for him here a
anyone like that again (here onc
experience); and, mourning ove
farthing dip, he fancied that the
heavens.

But very soon his mind fitted i
he began to make terms with the
as occurred to him that Walter's
opportunity. Elsie Vardon was stil
painted her, and her love once giv
vinced that that gift was made fo
Walter, preferring him before his fe
knowledge invested the matter of
and tremendous importance. No n
worthy of Elsie Vardon, Tommy th
been all that a week earlier Tommy
less unworthy than the vast majorit
even now, with that ugly blemish o
better man than Tommy, a better n
his fellows? And did it matter m
loved him, and Tommy knew him
and cherish her?

Tommy's talk with

had never spoken a word to her of love, though he had dreamed that that word would one day be spoken. She would never know how he had loved her, Fairleigh too would never guess; yet was it not in his power to save her and him from heavy sorrow? He, to all intents and purposes, since Salmon had prejudiced his case, was the only witness against his friend, against Elsie's lover, which the Court would call. It was over this knowledge that Tommy fought out his bitterest struggle.

'Yes, God help me, I must tell the truth—as I know it! he had said, and now 'What is truth?' he asked, as hopelessly, as little mirthfully as 'jesting Pilate' himself, like him addressing his question to the living God.

> For truth is this to thee, and that to me,
> And truth, or clothed or naked, let it be!

he thought. It seemed to him that, in the light of the full understanding of his friend's blended strength and weakness which he alone possessed, something very near to the abstract truth had been revealed; yet how make that truth, as he saw it, plain to others? For this, the essential truth, was none the less truth clothed and draped, while truth, mother-naked, as those would judge it who did not really *know*, was still the truth, damning and terrible, although, he miserably felt, it was by no means the whole truth. The impossibility of putting Fairleigh's case before his judges in such a fashion that they should see it, as Tommy was convinced he saw it, aright, was patent, and during the long watches of the night Tommy tossed restlessly upon his mat, wondering what he could do. Then, just before the dawn, an idea came to him, and as he turned it over in his mind, his cheek was flushed by the glow that comes with the magnanimity of a splendid self-immolation. It was for Elsie's sake, and for her sake nothing was too hard; moreover, he would be fulfilling his duty and telling the truth—as he knew it!

And so, with the breaking day, peace came to Tommy Burton.

V.

Another week crawled away, and then once more a convoy straggled into camp. In command of it came an officer to relieve Fairleigh, so as to set him at liberty to attend the sittings of the Court of Inquiry for which he had applied. Mr. Burton, the orders stated, could not be spared from his post, as in time of

trouble a political officer possessed of local knowledge cann easily be replaced. Mr. Burton, therefore, must send in written statement for the information of the Court. Tommy h foreseen this, but he was glad that his anticipations had be fulfilled. His written statement, unknown to Fairleigh, w ready, and Fate was making smooth the path which he h determined to tread.

Walter left the camp next morning, and Tommy bore h company a mile or two upon his way. Then they parted wit firm hand-grip and a few words, each looking into the other's e with a new-born gravity, and some foreknowledge, perhaps, t they would never meet again.

'Remember, you have promised to breathe no word of all t trouble in your letters to Miss Vardon until the Court has brou in its finding,' were almost the last words that Tommy spo 'Remember that, and keep your pecker up. You'll come out the top all right.'

'Not I!' said Walter stolidly. This parting with his fri —the one man who understood and to some extent forgav seemed to him like the weighing of the last anchor that still h him to the old life. Ahead lay a sea of darkness, upon which the remainder of his days he would drift and toss a hun derelict.

'Keep a stiff upper lip, old man, and don't give yourself aw said Tommy, his slang covering more deep feeling than he kn what to do with. 'Good-bye, and good luck go with you!'

'Good-bye, Tommy,' said Walter huskily. 'You've bee brick. Whatever happens you've helped me tremendously these days. But remember, you've made a promise too—to the truth.'

'Yes,' said Tommy, as he turned to go. 'To tell the tru And so they separated.

And in the mail-bags with Fairleigh's escort went Tomm official statement, and this is how it read:

Banat Camp, April 15, 19–

Sir,—In accordance with instructions received, I have the honour to make following statement for the information of the Court of Inquiry applied for Lieutenant Fairleigh, concerning the action which took place on the 1st inst

2. We left Lepas at 6.30 A.M. on that day, with fifty men of the —th Na Infantry, the party being under the command of Lieutenant Fairleigh, w Lieutenant Salmon as second in command. I accompanied the force as polit officer.

3. At about 7.30 A.M. a succession of volleys was fired into us by the enemy posted in thick thorn-scrub on a hill some twenty yards to our right flank. I saw Lieutenant Salmon fall at the first volley. He seemed to think that I had struck him with my stick, and he shouted in a very excited manner. None of us had ever been under fire before, the attack was very sudden, and we were taken completely by surprise. Speaking for myself, I am obliged to admit that the shock of the attack bewildered and unnerved me. I remember standing quite still, looking about me, hardly understanding what had happened, and I confess that I was afraid. I caught sight of Lieutenant Fairleigh at this moment, but after what I have had to admit concerning my own sensations, I think the Court will understand that I was not in a condition to form any opinion as to the behaviour of others. After that, I believe, I ran forward to where the men were firing, and we all made our way through the thorn jungle to the top of the hill, which the *dakaits* made no attempt to hold. During this advance I did not see Lieutenant Fairleigh. The underwood was very dense, and it is quite possible that he may have taken part in the charge without my seeing him.

4. I have known Lieutenant Fairleigh for the last three or four years, and I have always had good reason to believe him to be a man of high courage.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BARRINGTON BURTON,
Political Officer attached to A Column.

Tommy had read this statement through more than once before he signed it, and as he read he had winced as though the words hurt him. At the last, however, he had scrawled his name at its foot with a firm pen, and had watched the convoy which bore the mail-bag containing it pass out of camp almost without a pang, and with barely so much as a strangled wish to recall it. After all, he thought, it was the truth; he *had* been frightened, badly frightened, and who was he to judge of the conduct of others? Besides, it was the only way in which the Court could be brought to the one conclusion which (or so Tommy persuaded himself) was the true finding concerning Walter Fairleigh. And what did it matter if it entailed the sacrifice of himself, and his reputation for *the* virtue which all men prize above aught else? Nothing mattered very much now, Tommy thought, except the happiness of a girl far away across the seas—happiness which was bound up in that of his friend, and in which Tommy himself could never have a share.

The Court of Inquiry held its sittings in private, acquitted Walter Fairleigh, and furnished a confidential report recommending that Salmon should be severely reprimanded. His allegations, the Court declared, had broken down hopelessly, the only unprejudiced witness having himself admitted that he was too much under the influence of fear to be able to judge of the conduct

statements concerning Tommy's d
by Salmon and Fairleigh alike, bu
youngster's own version, partly bec
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is a matter of slight importance, a
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Walter Fairleigh had protested
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Tommy Burton, exposing himself w
foremost firing-line (where, as polit
business to be), rolled over suddenl
dakait's bullet through his skull,
his anxious query 'What is truth ?
seat.

THE

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1903.

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DAY OF REJOICING.

Truth though it crush me.

THE door of the room stood open, and the sound of a step in the passage made Désirée glance up, as she hastily put together the papers found on the battlefield of Borodino.

Louis d'Arragon was coming into the room, and for an instant, before his expression changed, she saw all the fatigue that he must have gone through during the night; all that he must have risked. His face was usually still and quiet; a combination of that contemplative calm which characterises seafaring faces, and the clean-cut immobility of a racial type developed by hereditary duties of self-restraint and command.

He knew that there had been a battle and, seeing the papers on the table, his eyes asked her the inevitable question which his lips were slow to put into words.

In reply Désirée shook her head. She looked at the papers in quick thought. Then she withdrew from them the letter written to her by Charles—and put the others together.

'You told me to send for you,' she said in a quiet, tired voice, 'if I wanted you. You have saved me the trouble.'

His eyes were hard with anxiety as he looked at her. She held the letters towards him.

[1] Copyright, 1903, by Henry Seton Merriman, in the United States of America.

'By coming,' she added, with a glance at him which took in the dust, and the stains of salt-water on his clothes, the fatigue he sought to conceal by a rigid stillness, and the tension that was left by the dangers he had passed through—daring all—to come.

Seeing that he looked doubtfully at the papers, she spoke again.

'One,' she said, 'that one on the stained paper, is addressed to me. You can read it—since I ask you.'

The letter told him, at all events, that Charles was not killed and, seeing his face clear as he read, she gave an odd curt laugh.

'Read the others,' she said. 'Oh! you need not hesitate. You need not be so particular. Read one, the top one. One is enough.'

The windows stood open, and the morning breeze fluttering the curtains brought in the gay sound of bells, the high clear bells of Hanseatic days, rejoicing at Napoleon's new success—by order of Napoleon. A bee sailed harmoniously into the room, made the circuit of it, and sought the open again with a hum that faded drowsily into silence.

D'Arragon read the letter slowly from beginning to the unsigned end, while Désirée, sitting at the table, upon which she leant one elbow, resting her small square chin in the palm of her hand, watched him.

'Ah!' she exclaimed at length, with a ring of contempt in her voice, as if at the thought of something unclean. 'A spy! It is so easy for you to keep still, and to hide all you feel.'

D'Arragon folded the letter slowly. It was the fatal letter written in the upper room in the shoemaker's house in Königsberg in the Neuer Markt, where the linden trees grow close to the window. In it Charles spoke lightly of the sacrifice he had made in leaving Désirée on his wedding-day, to do the Emperor's bidding. It was indeed the greatest sacrifice that man can make; for he had thrown away his honour.

'It may not be so easy as you think,' returned d'Arragon, looking towards the door.

He had no time to say more; for Mathilde and her father were talking together on the stairs as they came down. D'Arragon thrust the letters into his pocket, the only indication he had time to give to Désirée of the policy they must pursue. He stood

facing the door, alert and quiet, with only a moment in which to shape the course of more than one life.

'There is good news, Monsieur,' he said to Sebastian. 'Though I did not come to bring it.'

Sebastian pointed interrogatively to the open window, where the sound of the bells seemed to emphasise the sunlight and the freshness of the morning.

'No—not that,' returned d'Arragon. 'It is a great victory, they tell me; but it is hard to say whether such news would be good or bad. It was of Charles that I spoke. He is safe—Madame has heard.'

He spoke rather slowly, and turned towards Désirée with a measured gesture, not unlike Sebastian's habitual manner, and a quick glance to satisfy himself that she had understood and was ready.

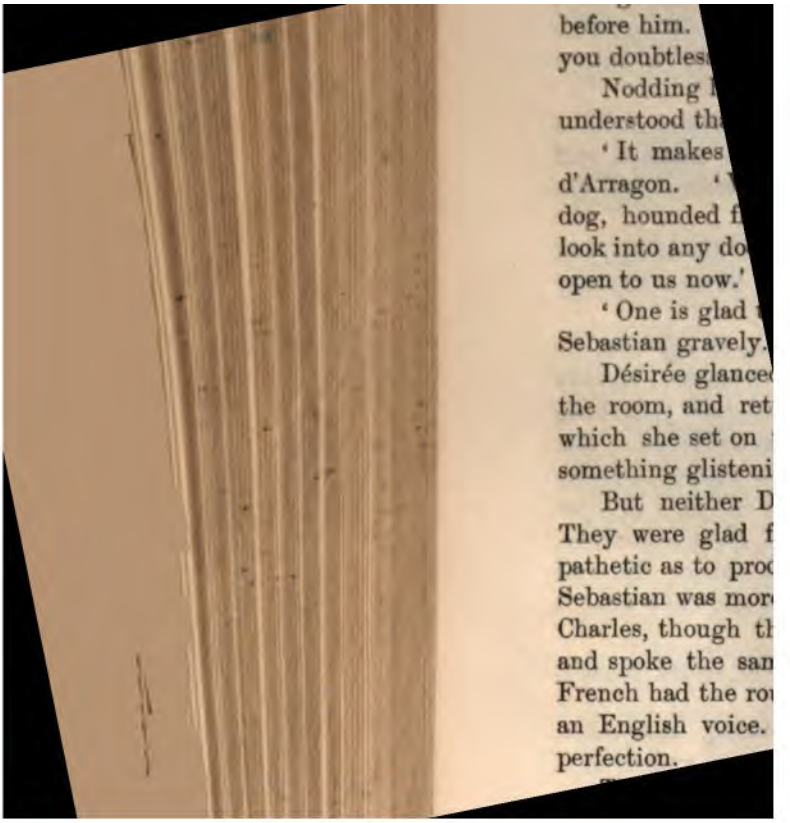
'Yes,' said Désirée, 'he was safe and well after the battle, but he gives no details; for the letter was actually written the day before.'

'With a mere word, added in postscriptum, to say that he was unhurt at the end of the day,' suggested Sebastian, already drawing forward a chair with a gesture full of hospitality, inviting d'Arragon to be seated at the simple breakfast-table. But d'Arragon was looking at Mathilde, who had gone rather hurriedly to the window, as if to breathe the air. He had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed. It was hard and set, quite colourless, with bright sleepless eyes. D'Arragon was a sailor. He had seen that look in rougher faces and sterner eyes, and knew what it meant.

'No details?' asked Mathilde in a muffled voice, without looking round.

'No,' answered Désirée, who had noticed nothing. How much more clearly we should understand what is going on around us if we had no secrets of our own to defend! We might even turn aside to help a neighbour, if we had not already more than we can carry.

In obedience to Sebastian's gesture, d'Arragon took a chair, and even as he did so Mathilde came to the table, calm and mistress of herself again, to pour out the coffee, and do the honours of the simple meal. D'Arragon, besides having acquired the seaman's habit of adapting himself unconsciously and unobtrusively to his surroundings, was of a direct mind, lacking



past two months, d'Arragon said nothing of himself, of his patient dogged work carried on by day and by night in all weathers. Content to have escaped with his life, he neither referred to, nor thought of, his part in the negotiations which had resulted in the treaty just signed. For he had been the link between Russia and England; the never-failing messenger passing from one to the other with question and answer which were destined to bear fruit at last in an understanding brought to perfection in Paris, culminating at Elba.

Both were guarded in what they said of passing events, and both seemed to doubt the truth of the reports now flying through the streets of Dantzig. Even in the quiet Frauengasse all the citizens were out on their terraces calling questions to those that passed by beneath the trees. The itinerant tradesman, the milkman going his round, the vendors of fruit from Langfuhr and the distant villages of the plain, lingered at the doors to tell the servants the latest gossip of the market-place. Even in this frontier city, full of spies, strangers spoke together in the streets, and the sound of their voices, raised above the clang of carillons, came in at the open window.

'At first a victory is always a great one,' said d'Arragon, looking towards the window.

'It is so easy to ring a bell,' added Sebastian, with his rare smile.

He was quite himself this morning, and only once did the dull look arrest his features into the stony stillness which his daughters knew.

'You are the only one of your name in Dantzig,' said d'Arragon, in the course of question and answer as to the safe delivery of letters in time of war.

'So far as I know there is no other Sebastian,' replied he; and Désirée, who had guessed the motive of the question, which must have been in d'Arragon's mind from the beginning, was startled by the fulness of the answer. It seemed to make reply to more than d'Arragon had asked. It shattered the last faint hope that there might have been another Sebastian of whom Charles had written.

'For myself,' said d'Arragon, changing the subject quickly, 'I can now make sure of receiving letters addressed to me in the care of the English Consul at Riga, or the Consul at Stockholm, should you wish to communicate with me, or should Madame find leisure to give me news of her husband.'

'Désirée will no doubt take pleasure in keeping you advised of Charles's progress. As for myself, I fear I am a bad correspondent. Perhaps not a desirable one in these days,' said Sebastian, his face slowly clearing. He waved the point aside with a gesture that looked out of place on a hand lean and spare, emerging from a shabby brown sleeve without cuff or ruffle.

'For I feel assured,' he went on, 'that we shall continue to hear good news of your cousin; not only that he is safe and well, but that he makes progress in his profession. He will go far, I am sure.'

D'Arragon bowed his acknowledgment of this kind thought and rose rather hastily.

'My best chance of quitting the city unseen,' he said, 'is to pass through the gates with the market people returning to the villages. To do that I must not delay.'

'The streets are so full,' replied Sebastian, glancing out of the window, 'that you will pass through them unnoticed. I see beneath the trees a neighbour, Koch the locksmith, who is perhaps waiting to give me news. While you are saying farewell, I will go out and speak to him. What he has to tell may interest you and your comrades at sea—may help your escape from the city this morning.'

He took his hat as he spoke and went to the door. Mathilde, thirsting for the news that seemed to hum in the streets like the sound of bees, rose and followed him. Désirée and d'Arragon were left alone. She had gone to the window, and turning there she looked back at him over her shoulder, where he stood by the door watching her.

'So, you see,' she said, 'there is no other Sebastian.'

D'Arragon made no reply. She came nearer to him, her blue eyes sombre with contempt for the man she had married. Suddenly she pointed to the chair which d'Arragon had just vacated.

'That is where he sat. He has eaten my father's salt a hundred times,' she said, with a short laugh. For whithersoever civilisation may take us, we must still go back to certain primæval laws of justice between man and man.

'You judge too hastily,' said d'Arragon; but she interrupted him with a gesture of warning.

'I have not judged hastily,' she said. 'You do not understand. You think I judge from that letter. That is only a

confirmation of something that has been in my mind for a long time—ever since my wedding-day. I knew when you came into the room upstairs on that day that you did not trust Charles.'

'I——?' he asked.

'Yes,' she answered, standing squarely in front of him and looking him in the eyes. 'You did not trust him. You were not glad that I had married him. I could see it in your face. I have never forgotten.'

D'Arragon turned away towards the window. Sebastian and Mathilde were in the street below, in the shade of the trees, talking with the eager neighbours.

'You would have stopped it if you could,' said Désirée; and he did not deny it.

'It was some instinct,' he said at length. 'Some passing misgiving.'

'For Charles?' she asked sharply.

And d'Arragon, looking out of the window, would not answer. She gave a sudden laugh.

'One cannot compliment you on your politeness,' she said. 'Was it for Charles that you had misgivings?'

At last d'Arragon turned on his heel.

'Does it matter?' he asked. 'Since I came too late.'

'That is true,' she said, after a pause. 'You came too late; so it doesn't matter. And the thing is done now, and I . . . , well, I suppose I must do what others have done before me—I must make the best of it.'

'I will help you,' said d'Arragon slowly, almost carefully, 'if I can.'

He was still avoiding her eyes, still looking out of the window. Sebastian was coming up the steps.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSCOW.

Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success.

WHILE the Dantzigers with grave faces discussed the news of Borodino beneath the trees in the Frauengasse, Charles Darragon, white with dust, rose in his stirrups to catch the first sight of the domes and cupolas of Moscow.

It was a sunny morning, and the gold on the churches gleamed and glittered in the shimmering heat like fairyland. Charles had ridden to the summit of a hill and sat for a moment, as others had done, in silent contemplation. Moscow at last! All around him men were shouting: 'Moscow! Moscow!' Grave, white-haired generals waved their shakos in the air. Those at the summit of the hill called the others to come. Far down in the valley, where the dust raised by thousands of feet hung in the air like a mist, a faint sound like the roar of falling water could be heard. It was the word 'Moscow!' sweeping back to the rearmost ranks of these starving men who had marched for two months beneath the glaring sun, parched with dust, through a country that seemed to them a Sahara. Every house they approached, they had found deserted. Every barn was empty. The very crops ripening to harvest had been gathered in and burnt. Near to the miserable farmhouses, a pile of ashes hardly cold marked where the poor furniture had been tossed upon the fire kindled with the year's harvest.

Everywhere it was the same. There are, as God created it, few countries of a sadder aspect than that which spreads between the Moskwa and the Vistula. But it has been decreed by the dim laws of Race that the ugly countries shall be blessed with the greater love of their children, while men born in a beautiful land seem readiest to emigrate from it and make the best settlers in a new home. There is only one country in the world with a ring-fence round it. If a Russian is driven from his home he will go to another part of Russia: there is always room.

Before the advance of the spoilers, chartered by their leader to unlimited and open rapine—indeed, he had led them hither with that understanding—the Russians, peasant and noble alike, fled to the East. A hundred times the advance guard, fully alive to the advantages of their position, had raced to the gates of a château only to find, on breaking open the doors, that it was empty—the furniture destroyed, the stores burnt, the wine poured out.

So also in the peasants' huts. Some, more careful than the rest, had pulled the thatch from the roof to burn it. There was no corn in this the Egypt of their greedy hopes. And, lest they should bring the corn with them, the spoilers found the mills everywhere wrecked.

It was something new to them. It was new to Napoleon,

who had so frequently been met half-way, who knew that men for greed will part smilingly with half in order to save the residue. He knew that many, rather than help a neighbour who is in danger by a robber, will join the robber and share the spoil, crying out that *force majeure* was used to them.

But, as every man must judge according to his lights, so must even the greatest find himself in the dark at last. No man of the Latin race will ever understand the Slav. And because the beginning is easy—because in certain superficial tricks of speech and thought Paris and Petersburg are not unlike—so much the more is the breach widened when necessity digs deeper than the surface. For, to make the acquaintance of a stranger who seems to be a counterpart of oneself in thought and taste, is like the first hearing of a kindred language such as Dutch to the English ear. At first it sounds like one's own tongue with a hundred identical words, but on closer listening it will be found that the words mean something else, and that the whole is incomprehensible and the more difficult to acquire by the very reason of its resemblance.

Napoleon thought that the Russians would act as his enemies of the Latin race had acted. He thought that like his own people they would be over-confident, urging each other on to great deeds by loud words and a hundred boasts. But the Russians lack self-confidence, are timid rather than over-bold, dreamy rather than fiery. Only their women are glib of speech. He thought that they would begin very brilliantly and end with a compromise, heart-breaking at first and soon lived down.

'They are savages out here in the plains,' he said. 'It is a barbaric and stupid instinct that makes them destroy their own property for the sake of hampering us. As we approach Moscow we shall find that the more civilised inhabitants of the villages, enervated by an easy life, rendered selfish by possession of wealth, will not abandon their property, but will barter and sell to us and find themselves the victims of our might.'

And the army believed him. For they always believed him. Faith can, indeed, move mountains. It carried four hundred thousand men, without provisions, through a barren land.

And now, in sight of the golden city, the army was still hungry. Nay! it was ragged already. In three columns it converged on the doomed capital, driving before it like a swarm of flies the Cossacks who harassed the advance.

Here again, on the hill looking down into the smiling valley of the Moskwa, the unexpected awaited the invaders. The city, shimmering in the sunlight like the realisation of some Arab's dream, was silent. The Cossacks had disappeared. Except those around the Kremlin, towering above the river, the city had no walls.

The army halted while aides-de-camp flew hither and thither on their weary horses. Charles Darragon, sunburnt, dusty, hoarse with cheering, was among the first. He looked right and left for de Casimir, but could not see him. He had not seen his chief since Borodino, for he was temporarily attached to the staff of Prince Eugene, who had lost heavily at the Kalugha river.

It was usual for the army to halt before a beleaguered city and await the advent in all humility of the vanquished. Usually it was the mayor of a town who came, followed by his councillors in their robes, to explain that the army had abandoned the city, which now begged to throw itself upon the mercy of the conqueror.

For this the army waited on that sunny September morning.

'He is putting on his robes,' they said gaily. 'He is new to this work.'

But the mayor of Moscow disappointed them. At last the troops moved on and camped for the night in a village under the Kremlin walls. It was here that Charles received a note from de Casimir.

'I am slightly wounded,' wrote that officer, 'but am following the army. At Borodino my horse was killed under me, and I was thrown. While I was insensible I was robbed and lost what money I had, as well as my despatch-case. In the latter was the letter you wrote to your wife. It is lost, my friend; you must write another.'

Charles was tired. He would put off till to-morrow, he thought, and write to Désirée from Moscow. As he lay, all dressed, on the hard ground, he fell to thinking of what he should write to Désirée to-morrow from Moscow. The mere date and address of such a letter would make her love him the more, he thought; for, like his leaders, he was dazed by a surfeit of glory.

As he fell asleep smiling at these happy reflections, Désirée, far away in Dantzig, was locking in her bureau the letter which had been lost and found again; while, on the deck of his ship,

lifting gently to the tideway where the Vistula sweeps out into the Dantziger Bucht, Louis d'Arragon stood fingering reflectively in his jacket pocket the unread papers which had fallen from the same despatch-case. For it is a very small world in which to do wrong, though if a man do a little good in his lifetime it is—heaven knows—soon mislaid and trodden under the feet of the newcomers.

The next day it was definitely ascertained that the citizens of Moscow had no communication to make to the conquering leaders. Soon after daylight the army moved towards the city. The suburbs were deserted. The houses stood with closed shutters and locked doors. Not so much as a dog awaited the triumphant entry through the city gates.

Long streets without a living being from end to end met the eyes of those daring organisers of triumphal entries who had been sent forward to clear a path and range the respectful citizens on either hand. But there were no citizens. There was not a single witness to this triumph of the greatest army the world had seen, led across Europe by the first captain in all history to conquer a virgin capital.

The various corps marched to their quarters in silence, with nervous glances at the shuttered windows. Some, breaking rank, ventured into the churches which stood open. The candles were lighted on the altars, they reported to their comrades in a hushed voice when they returned, but there was no one there.

Certain palaces were selected as headquarters for the general officers and the chiefs of various departments. As often as not a summons would be answered and the door opened by an obsequious porter, who handed the keys to the first-comer. But he spoke no French, and only cringed in silence when addressed. Other doors were broken in.

It was like a play acted in dumb show on an immense stage. It was disquieting and incomprehensible even to the oldest campaigner, while the young fire-eaters, fresh from St. Cyr, were strangely depressed by it. There was a smell of sour smoke in the air, a suggestion of inevitable tragedy.

On the Krasnaya Plôschad—the great Red Square, which is the central point of the old town—the soldiers were already buying and selling the spoil wrested from the burning Exchange. It seemed that the citizens before leaving had collected their merchandise in this building to burn it. To the rank-and-file

this meant nothing but an incomprehensible stupidity. To the educated and the thoughtful it was another evidence of that dumb and sullen capacity for infinite self-sacrifice which makes Russians different from any other race, and which has yet to be reckoned with in the history of the world. For it will tend to the greatest good of the greatest number, and is a power for national aggrandisement quite unattainable by any Latin people.

Charles, with the other officers of Prince Eugene's staff, was quartered in a palace on the Petrovka—that wide street running from the Kremlin northward to the boulevards and the parks. Going towards it he passed through the bazaars and the merchants' quarters, where, like an army of rag-pickers, the eager looters were silently hurrying from heap to heap. Every warehouse had, it seemed, been ransacked and its contents thrown out into the streets. The first-comers had hurried on, seeking something more valuable, more portable, leaving the later arrivals to turn over their garbage like dogs upon a dust-heap.

The Petrovka is a long street of great houses, and was now deserted. The pillagers were nervous and ill at ease, as men must always be in the presence of something they do not understand. The most experienced of them—and there were some famous robbers in Murat's vanguard—had never seen an empty city abandoned all standing, as the Russians had abandoned Moscow. They felt apprehensive of the unknown. Even the least imaginative of them looked askance at the tall houses, at the open doors of the empty churches, and they kept together for company's sake.

Charles's rooms were in the Momonoff Palace, where even the youngest lieutenant had vast apartments assigned to him. It was in one of these—a lady's boudoir, where his dust-covered baggage had been thrown down carelessly by his orderly on a blue satin sofa—that he sat down to write to Désirée.

His emotions had been stirred by all that he had passed through—by the first sight of Moscow, by the passage beneath the Gate of the Redeemer, where every man must uncover and only Napoleon dared to wear a hat; by the bewildering sense of triumph and the knowledge that he was taking part in one of the epochs of man's history on this earth. The emotions lie very near together, so that laughter being aroused must also touch on tears, and hatred being kindled warms the heart to love.

And here, in this unknown woman's room, with the very pen that she had thrown aside, Charles, who wrote and spoke his love with such facility, wrote to Désirée a love-letter such as he had never written before.

When it was sealed and addressed he called his orderly to take it to the officer to whose duty it fell to make up the courier for Germany. But he received no reply. The man had joined his comrades in the busier quarters of the city. Charles went to the head of the stairs and called again, with no better success. The house was comparatively modern, built on the familiar lines of a Parisian *hôtel*, with a wide stair descending to an entrance archway where carriages passed through into a courtyard.

Descending the stairs, Charles found that even the sentry had absented himself from his duty. His musket, leant against the post of the stone doorway, indicated that he was not far. Listening in the silence of that great house, Charles heard someone at work with hammer and chisel in the courtyard. He went there, and found the sentry kneeling at a low door, endeavouring to break it open. The man had not been idle; from a piece of rope slung across his back half a dozen clocks were suspended. They rattled together like the wares of a travelling tinsmith at every movement of his arms.

'What are you doing there, my friend?' asked Charles.

The man held up one finger over his shoulder without looking round, and shook it from side to side, as not desiring to be interrupted.

'The cellar,' he answered, 'always the cellar. It is human nature. We get it from the animals.'

He glanced round as he worked, and, perceiving that he had been addressing an officer, he scrambled to his feet with a grumbled curse. He was an old man, baked by the sun. The wrinkles in his face were filled with dust. Since quitting the banks of the Vistula no opportunity for ablution seemed to have presented itself to him. He stood at attention, his lips working over sunken gums.

'I want you to take this letter,' said Charles, 'to the officer on service at headquarters, and ask him to include it in his courier. It is, as you see, a private letter—to my wife at Dantzig.'

The man looked at it, and grumbled something inaudible. He took it in his hand and turned it over with the slow manner of the illiterate.

He returned to his room on the
to make sure that he would be ob
himself when, after a fumbling kn
and followed him into the room, stil

'Mon capitaine,' he said with a
from an old soldier to a young on
letter,' he turned it in his hand
Charles beneath scowling brows a
you pick it up?'

'No—I wrote it.'

'Good. I . . .' he paused, an
so that there could be no mistak
behind him suggestive of ironware
with other things than clocks, and
if a soldier sets value upon any o
person. 'I, Barlasch of the G
Egypt—picked up after Borodino
very quickly—indeed——Bah! th
paper—but that letter I picked up

'Was it addressed like that to

'So a comrade told me. It is

'Yes,' answered Charles, 'since

'Ah!' replied Barlasch darkly
settled themselves into a patient w

'Well,' asked Charles, 'what a

'Thank you, mon capitaine.'

Barlasch, with shaking fingers, unknotted the rope around his shoulders. As he was doing so one of the clocks on his back began to strike. He paused, and stood looking gravely at his superior officer. Another clock took up the tale and a third, while Barlasch sternly stood at attention.

'Four o'clock,' he said to himself, 'and I, who have not yet breakfasted——'

With a grunt and a salute he turned towards the door which stood open. Someone was coming up the stairs rather slowly, his spurs clinking, his scabbard clashing against the gilded banisters. Papa Barlasch stood aside at attention, and Colonel de Casimir came into the room with a gay word of greeting. Barlasch went out but he did not close the door. It is to be presumed that he stood without, where he might have overheard all that they said to each other for quite a long time, until it was almost the half-hour when the clocks would strike again. But de Casimir, perceiving that the door was open closed it quietly from within, and Barlasch, shut out on the wide landing, made a grimace at the massive woodwork before turning to descend the stairs.

It was the middle of September and the days were shortening. The dusk of evening had already closed over the city when de Casimir and Charles at length came down stairs. No one had troubled to open the shutters of such rooms as were not required; and these were many. For Moscow was even at that day a great city, though less spacious and more fantastic than it is to-day. There was plenty of room for the whole army in the houses left empty by their owners, so that many lodged as they had never lodged before and would never lodge again.

The stairs were almost dark when Charles and his companion descended them. The rusted musket poised against the door-post indicated the supposed presence of a sentry.

'Listen,' said Charles, 'I found him burrowing like a rat at a cellar-door in the courtyard. Perhaps he has got in.'

They listened, but could hear nothing. Charles led the way towards the courtyard. A glimmer of light guided him to the door he sought. It stood open. Barlasch had succeeded in effecting an entry to the cellar, where his experience taught him to seek the best that an abandoned house contains.

Charles and de Casimir peered down the narrow stairs. By the light of a candle Barlasch was working vigorously amid a

his candle. There followed a dead
rodent is disturbed at his work.
stairs were conscious of the gaze of

De Casimir turned and followe

'Come up,' he said, 'and go to

There was no movement in res

'Name of a dog,' cried de Casi
Come up, I tell you, and obey my

He emphasised his command w
a slight disturbance in the darkn
unwilling approach of Barlasch, w
step like a schoolboy coming to pu

'It is I who found the door, n
firewood. It is I who opened it.
he said, sullenly. But the only r
to seize him by the arm and jerk l

'To your post,' he said, 'tal
street, in front of the house. Tha

But while he was still speak
sudden disturbance in the cellar, a
up the stairs and ran past them
caution of bolting the huge front
give passage to a carriage. The r
of dust mingled with the disquie
smoke, rushed at the huge doo

presented the bayonet to them, and stood with his back to the door facing the three men in a breathless silence. He was a large man, dishevelled, with long hair tumbled about his head, and light-coloured eyes, glaring like the eyes of a beast at bay.

In the background de Casimir, quick and calm, had already covered him with the pistol produced as a persuasive to Barlasch. For a second there was silence, during which they all could hear the call to arms in the street outside. The patrol was hurrying down the Petrovka, calling the assembly.

The report of the pistol rang through the house, shaking the doors and windows. The man threw up his arms and stood for a moment looking at de Casimir with an expression of blank amazement. Then his legs seemed to slip away from beneath him and he collapsed to the floor. He turned over with movements singularly suggestive of a child seeking a comfortable position in bed, and lay quite still, his cheek on the pavement and his staring eyes turned towards the cellar-door from which he had emerged.

'He has his affair—that parishioner,' muttered Barlasch, looking at him with a smile that twisted his mouth to one side. And as he spoke the man's throat rattled. De Casimir was reloading his pistol. So persistent was the gaze of the dead man's eyes that de Casimir turned on his heel to look in the same direction.

'Quick!' he exclaimed, pointing to the doorway, from which a lazy white smoke emerged in thin puffs. 'Quick, he has set fire to the house!'

'Quick—with what, mon colonel?' asked Barlasch.

'Why, go and fetch some men with a fire-engine.'

'There are no fire-engines left in Moscow, mon colonel!'

'Then find buckets and tell me where the well is.'

'There are no buckets left in Moscow, mon colonel. We found that out last night, when we wanted to water the horses. The citizens have removed them. And there is not a well of which the rope has not been cut. They are droll companions, these Russians, I can tell you.'

'Do as I tell you,' repeated de Casimir, angrily, 'or I shall put you under arrest. Go and fetch men to help me to extinguish this fire.'

By way of reply, Barlasch held up one finger in a childlike gesture of attention to some distant sound.

'No, thank you,' he said, coolly, 'not for me. Discipline, mon

colonel, discipline. Listen, you can hear the "assembly" as as I. It is the Emperor that one obeys. One thinks of military career.'

With knotted and shaking fingers he drew back the bolts opened the door. On the threshold he saluted.

'It is the call to arms, mes officiers,' he said. Then, shou ing his rifle he turned away, and all his clocks struck six. bells of the city churches seemed to greet him as he stepped the street, for in Moscow each hour is proclaimed with deafe iteration from a thousand towers.

He looked down the Petrovka; from half the houses w bordered the wide roadway—a street of palaces—the smoke pouring forth in puffs. He went uphill towards the Red Sq and the Kremlin, where the Emperor had his headquarters. was to this centre that the patrols had converged. Looking Barlasch saw, not one house on fire, but a hundred. The sm arose from every quarter of the city at once. He hurried on, was stopped by a crowd of soldiers, all laden with booty, ges lating, shouting, abusing one another. It was Babel over a The riff-raff of sixteen nations had followed Napoleon to Mosc to rob. Half a dozen different tongues were spoken in one corps. There remained no national pride to act as a deter No man cared what he did. The blame would be laid France.

The crowd was collected in front of a high, many-wind building in flames.

'What is it?' Barlasch asked first one and then another. no one spoke his tongue. At last he found a Frenchman.

'It is the hospital.'

'And what is that smell? What is burning there?'

'Twelve thousand wounded,' answered the man, with a sic ing laugh. And even as he spoke one or two of the wou dragged themselves, half burnt, down the wide steps. No dared to approach them, for the walls of the building were alr bulging outwards. One man was half covered with a sheet w was black, and his bare limbs were black with smoke. All hair was burnt from his head and face. He stood for a mo in the doorway—a sight never to be forgotten—and then fell h long down the steps, where he lay motionless. Someone in crowd laughed—a high cackle which was heard above the ro the fire and the deafening chorus of burning timbers.

Barlasch passed on, following some officers who were leading their horses towards the Kremlin. The streets were full of soldiers carrying burdens, and staggering beneath the weight of their spoil. Many were wearing priceless fur cloaks, and others walked in women's wraps of sable and ermine. Some wore jewellery, such as necklaces, on their rough uniforms, and bracelets round their sunburnt wrists. No one laughed at them, but only glanced enviously at the pillage. All were in deadly earnest, and none graver than those who had found drink and now regretted that they had given way to the temptation; for their sober comrades had outwitted them.

One man gravely wore a gilt coronet crammed over the crown of his shako. He joined Barlasch, staggering along beside him.

'I come from the Cathedral,' he explained, confidentially. 'St. Michael they call it. They said there was great treasure there hidden in the cellars, but I only found a company of old kings in their coffins. We stirred them up. They were quiet enough when we found them, under their counterpanes of red velvet. We stirred them up with the bayonet, and the dust got into our throats and choked us. Name of God, I am thirsty. You have nothing in your bottle, comrade? No.'

Barlasch trudged on, all his possessions swinging and clanking together. The confidential man turned towards him and lifted his water-bottle, weighed it, and found it wanting.

'Name of a name, of a name, of a name,' he muttered, walking on. 'Yes, there was nothing there. Even the silver plates on the coffins with the names of those gentlemen were no thicker than a sword. But I found a crown in the church itself. I borrowed it from St. Michael. He had a sword in his hand, but he did not strike. No. And there was only tinsel on the hilt—no jewels.'

He walked on in silence for a few minutes, coughing out the smoke and dust from his lungs. It was almost dark, but the whole city was blazing now, and the sky glowed with a red light that mingled with the remnants of a lurid sunset. A strong wind blew the smoke and the flying sparks across the roofs.

'Then I went into the sacristy,' continued the man, stumbling over the dead body of a young girl and turning to curse her. Barlasch looked at him sideways and cursed him for doing it, with a sudden fierce eloquence. For Papa Barlasch was a man of unclean lips.

'There was an old man in there, a sacristan. I asked him where he kept the dishes, and he said he could not speak French. I jerked my bayonet into him—name of a name! he soon spoke French.'

Barlasch broke off these delicate confidences by a quick word of command, and himself stood rigid in the roadway before the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin, presenting arms. A man passed close by them on his way towards a waiting carriage. He was stout and heavy-shouldered, peculiarly square, with a thick neck and head set low in the shoulders. On the step of the carriage he turned and surveyed the lurid sky and the burning city to the east with an indifferent air. Into his deep bloodshot eyes there flashed a sudden gleam of life and power, as he glanced along the row of watching faces to read what was written there.

It was Napoleon, at the summit of his dream, hurriedly quitting the Kremlin, the boasted goal of his ambition, after having passed but one night under that proud roof.

(To be continued.)

DEAN FARRAR AS HEADMASTER.

BY HIS OLD PUPIL, J. D. R.

In trying to recall my recollections of Dean Farrar as headmaster of Marlborough College, I still see him as I saw him through a schoolboy's coloured glasses: and much of what I shall write will doubtless tell the reader more of my defects of vision than of the characteristics of my subject. Even now I can make no pretence to a critical estimate, for his image appears to me through the haze of far-off memories—

> And the same sound is in my ears
> Which in those days I heard.

And although I know that schoolboys see but little straight and nothing whole, and that they do not detect the difference between what is important and what is trivial, yet I am unable to write of him otherwise than as an impressionist whose impressions were formed at an immature age. For the rest I will try to observe Othello's precepts,

> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate
> Nor set down aught in malice.

The first characteristic of Farrar—old habit makes me drop the Dean—which struck the average schoolboy was his grandeur of manner. I have been told that those who first met F. D. Maurice face to face were similarly struck. My credulous school friend, Ernest Greenhorn, when he passed from the fifth to the sixth form in the Marlborough of thirty years ago, thought at first blush that he had passed from a region where masters were mortals to a region over which some demi-god presided. After a few lessons even he found out his mistake, suffered a reaction, and became incredulous and iconoclastic. Months elapsed before he could again appreciate the advantages as well as the disadvantages which the grand manner entails, when it is applied to every-day school life: how it enhances exalted ideals, how it lends itself to humour, and how unjustly it stereotypes and exaggerates—like some phonograph and megaphone combined—every foible and folly of its owner. Spell, disenchantment, and a curious blend of both succeeded one another in regular order.

But perhaps I ought to state more clearly what I n
his grandeur of manner. Aristotle's description of the
marks of the grand man suited Farrar exactly. 'His gait
his voice deep, and he speaks (like heroic verse) in m
cadence.' And this grand manner clung to him inalienabl
from or passed into his very soul, I hardly know which.
events it revealed the man's inmost literary bent. What w
genuine in his literary tastes impelled him towards gr
Bias towards the big was an instinct with him. Nothi
more inevitable than that he should prefer Milton before a
poets and Milton before all other prose-writers. Probabl
the only nineteenth century man of letters of whom it c
said that his character was steeped and saturated in
Admiration for Milton in the sense in which Farrar
Milton exists no longer if it ever existed. Some attrac
affinity drove him towards whatever looked large and s
away from what looked little and sordid. That was why
ferred the desolate unearthly glory of Milton to the
humanity of Shakespeare. Indeed, I think that he liked
the more, because Milton is remote from humanity, shrin
contact with its coarser manifestations, and lets us too easil
the facts of actual life. Probably, after Milton, Aeschyl
next in his heart of hearts: and his sympathy was inten
that conception of the awfulness of fate which pervades th
epic and dramatic writings of every age. His sympat
intense and it was also discerning; and he used to illus
with unerring felicity by such and such an adjective in the
scene of the *Odyssey*, such and such a turn in the plot of *M*
such and such sentences in Sophocles, or even by a well
passage from Shelley, and a little known passage from
When the Erinnyes darkened the air, Farrar was in his e
Now Farrar was essentially a worshipper of poets and th
and I thought then, and still think, that these literary
formed the inmost fibre of the man, and therefore of the
master. Even his books cannot wholly disguise his devo
real grandeur of style and matter. And this semblance of gr
cast on everything which he said and did sometimes some
of itself, sometimes some shadow of its opposite, but more
an intermixture of serious and farcical which used to strik
so whimsical that we could not laugh at it, we could only q

But his books bred scoffers; one of whom will do

already arise in his wrath and ask, when and where was he grand? or humorous? or even something betwixt and between?

Let us forget his books awhile! They were meant for others and have had their reward. We shall have enough to do in fixing our attention on that part of his life which he dedicated to us. So to resume.

I can certainly remember one occasion on which he conveyed to me a sense of pure unadulterated grandeur. It was one Sunday evening when he read in chapel the chapter in Job about the horse, with a classic repose and a rich resonance of voice the like of which I have never heard since. His voice was not suited to declamation, or emotion, or variety of intonation; but if only the speaker could keep quite calm and speak or read something which really suited it, it was matchless. And Job and Isaiah suited it. His reading of Job and Isaiah has produced on me the effect of some great but severe piece of music which bears being played monotonously—say some fugue of Bach—performed on a perfect instrument. Yet it is odd to associate music with Farrar. For no one except Dean Stanley knew less of music than Farrar, as this thirty-year-old story will testify. Dr. F.: 'I am told that when I preach to-morrow I shall have to preach on the note of the building and that the note of the building is E flat. What is E flat?' *Studiosus Musicæ*: "The organist will play a short interlude ending on E flat.' Dr. F.: 'Yes, I know that: but how am I to transfer the note E flat from the organ to my voice?' and the *Studiosus Musicæ* was puzzled. Moreover Farrar's description in a foolish poem written very long ago of an awful boy named Ronald singing on a lake

With exquisite falsetto now and then

does not show a keen sense of music. Yet, unlike Dean Stanley, he admired music. And, as I have said, under certain conditions and for certain purposes, his voice could produce unrivalled legato effects with the ease and certainty of some old Italian violoncello. Now his voice was always with him; and is it to be supposed that this was the only occasion on which it did justice to itself? that Milton, Aeschylus, and those passages from Shakespeare, Sophocles, and the *Odyssey* which appealed most to him did not also elicit the same nobility of tone? Over and over again while teaching us he spoke and read big things well and without effort; and whenever he did so, he did so unaffectedly and majestically. The

best, perhaps the only, philosophic scrap which I picked up from his table was a lucid exposition of Coleridge's distinction between the imagination and fancy. But I am much more grateful to him for the way in which he made me feel in my marrow and my bones some far-off inkling of the imaginative power which possessed Milton and Aeschylus, and inspired one side of Homer's, Sophocles', and Shakespeare's genius.

And now for the humour. Farrar's industry was positively tireless, and the more so because he did nothing by deputy. He was like perpetual motion or radium. The man who was form-master, and transacted all the business of headmaster of a great public school, preached hundreds of sermons, and crammed his 'Life of Christ' with references to scholars, pedants, poets and saints during those five brief years, 1871 to 1876, lived a crowded life. And he seemed to have thought or hoped that his pupils would prove equally energetic. So one afternoon he took some friends on a surprise visit to some sixth form studies in 'A' house, thinking or hoping to find its occupants—like Charity Pecksniff—at work. *O sancta Simplicitas!* The industrious apprentices were caught red-handed in the very act of enjoying 'a brew.' Or ought I not to write brown-handed? For in those days a brew consisted of cocoa and roast potatoes. At the next lesson Farrar began to narrate the story of his disillusion in low, mourning voice thus:

> I confidently expected to be able to point with pride to my sixth form boys absorbed and immersed in study of some Attic masterpiece,
>
> 'Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine.'

Then, gradually raising his voice, he continued:

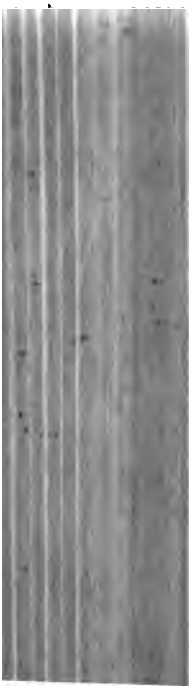
> But what was my indignation, vexation, and shame when I discovered them greedily engaged in ravenously devouring the semese fragments of a barbaric repast,

and those last six words, uttered fortissimo with intense vigour, launched him on a speech whose sesquipedalian grandiloquence Dr. Middleton might have envied. Indeed, for full five minutes he was like 'a bitten dictionary,' and at the end of it his good-humour was quite restored. Our first impression was, how odd it was that he should have felt disappointed! Our second, Could he really expect to crush cocoa and roast potatoes with those furious blows of his Nasmyth hammer? Our third, What Gargantuan humour! What fresh, fluent, and spontaneous rhetoric!

How purposeless it seemed when levelled against our cocoa and roast potatoes! How effective it has proved against his dumps! True, it was at first unconscious, then semi-conscious, and only at last (if then) wholly conscious; but this only made the humour more humorous. Such outbursts as these made our school-life lively.

I now pass to the commoner form of story which his pupils used to tell of him. And here I must confess that pupils have the bad habit of telling stories about their headmasters, and that where headmasters possess a striking or puzzling individuality these stories gather round them like clouds around a mountain top. All the characteristic stories about Farrar revealed a lofty strain of enthusiasm just tinged by the ridiculous. The problem set before the narrator was how to excite laughter without extinguishing admiration. If the narrator created admiration only, he or his audience lacked humour. If laughter was the only response, he or his audience was a very cheap and hopeless kind of Philistine indeed. Typical stories about Farrar as a schoolmaster were good tests for sifting witless sentimentalists and people whose narrowness is past redemption. And perhaps the reason of this is that his virtues, like those of Don Quixote, were so unusual and above the ordinary; and his faults, like those of Don Quixote, were so unusually obvious. An instance or two will make my meaning plain.

I have referred to his all-devouring industry. That in itself was stimulating and inspiring. Moreover, he had a fine memory and a sense of the picturesque which fed largely on literary histories, and which invested our studies of Guizot, Duruy, Sismondi, and Michelet with an unique charm and fascination. Yet how incredible the advice sounded which he used to impart to all and sundry, students and athletes, dull and clever, when he said good-bye to them for the holidays: 'My dear boy, if you will take down from your shelves and read during the holidays some good book like Gibbon's "Rome," Milman's "Latin Christianity," Grote's "Greece," or Mommsen's "Rome," it will be so much clear gain.' I can still remember the innocent assurance with which he hurled forty-one volumes at our devoted heads, and his curious emphasis on the last four monosyllables still rings in my ears. Again his legend beneath our exercises, 'Lege! lege! aliquid hærebit,' was a little too like the old proverb, 'Throw enough mud and some will stick.' Of course, the Philistine, who is always a sensible person, will at once observe, 'How insane to



fire in it,' and we went away and
headmaster sent toddlers on the
but not all the sensible, prom
world will ever persuade me th
with knowledge. And, assured
infectious, proselytising zealot.

Perhaps Farrar's influence—
increased by the sense we alway
literary world to which he was
not derive that sense from the
referred to Ruskin, Stanley, Br
others as his 'eminent friends
require Dickens's pen to do j
ventures: but partly from the f
his friends, and partly from th
simplest he was himself a dist
have said, at home with big tl
way in which he would now an
with one of that glorious compan
thus he would tell us how Brow
from Ghent to Aix had set ped
it really took place in the nine
Mediterranean; and I rememb
in 1875: Dr. F.: 'I have just
read me his new poem. It

What may be called Farrar's enthusiasm of humanity only began to push itself into prominence during the end of his 'lustre' at Marlborough. He was then preparing for his crusade in favour of teetotalism, and what he called 'Ephphatha, or the Amelioration of the world,' and the following scene took place at a dinner at Jowett's soon after he went to St Margaret's, Westminster. Towards dessert Farrar took up his parable against Dives; in fact, ran amok, morally speaking; or peradventure he was rehearsing. His voice rose higher and higher until (like Protagoras) he spread silence around him, and he was heard thundering out: 'What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do; (!) I have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems; and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their proud tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction.' When he finished, the silence grew sultry. All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. One said to himself: what shall I throw on the bonfire of vanities? my sherry? Another thought: saving souls with a diamond? that sounds crude, if not burglarious. Then Jowett, who had been looking as though he meant mischief—διαβλέψας ὡς εἴωθε—squeaked out: 'What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so.' There arose among the audience a sound which was almost like a titter, almost like the sound of cold water squirted on to hot iron. Then Jowett, correcting his apparent rudeness, quickly added, 'I mean that I have to represent the charity for which I am preaching as more important than any other charity; and I do it very badly because I never succeed.' It was thus that Jowett paraphrased Farrar and dispelled the thunder-cloud. But I am wandering. Many of Farrar's pupils have engaged in philanthropic work, yet I doubt whether this side of Farrar's character affected them. He was not at ease in Zion; a Miltonic discontent seethed within him; his aspirations were unselfish; but philanthropy in order to be effectual needs far more than this: it needs, among other things, close attention and the courage to lead a dull life. Therefore, his influence in stimulating philanthropy was at this period indirect or non-existent: but his influence in clothing the great names and phantoms of literature with life, in driving us to wonder and explore far and wide, and in instilling into us, we hardly knew when or how, an idea of the unity and greatness of the great literature of the world, was definite, persistent and ineffaceable.

Farrar was the antithesis of all
thing more, but he was also someth
True! as a mere teacher of scholarsh
up to the highest school standard.
city but were never hollow like his
high-flown, they attained real ex
translation of Plato,

> Gazing at stars, my star? Oh! wo
> Starry with infinite eyes, gazing

As a critic of style he was free f
are popularly supposed to infect h
undue stress, not on flowers, bu
encouraged 'extensive' rather th
habitually looked at objects, even at
held to his intellectual eye. And h
faults. As a disciplinarian he was u
He did not take a drill-sergeant's vi
us great liberty, rode with a very l
moral force instead of to his own
claimed all his own weak points
rooted belief that he knew boys wh
into many blunders, for which, howe
ing easily atoned; and the too gr
offence, and then forgave, looked li
partly due to the unsuspecting sim

conventional critic beyond recovery, and will at the same time illustrate how this system, or absence of system, worked.

My first anecdote is mere frivolity, and proves nothing except perhaps the danger of making a slip if you are too solemn. When Farrar intentionally repeated something that he had told us before he was apt to let his mind wander elsewhere, and to trust his tongue implicitly. I have once or twice heard that unruly member play its absent master a dirty trick while telling a certain pretty story from Xenophon. It was thus that the tongue told it: 'You remember how when the Greek soldiers came in sight of Thalatta they called out with one accord Trapezous! Trapezous!' Now Trapezous means Trebizond, and Thalatta means the sea; and what the traitor within his mouth had done was to transpose these words with a ludicrous effect, which Farrar's solemnity heightened, and his sensitiveness forbad us to laugh at to his face. We all make tongue-slips, and, after all, this tongue-slip had the accidental advantage of nailing in our memories a story that told us a great deal about Greeks and about masses of men, and nothing about Farrar or ourselves. Such tongue-slips occurred very seldom.

This is my second anecdote. I do not know whether it was from overwork or why it was, but every now and then Farrar had an unfortunate habit of mechanically repeating himself. During one term, when this habit was at its worst, we used to have weekly lessons in the Septuagint, in every other verse of which the Greek words for 'word' and 'work' are interchanged. Regularly every Monday morning he used to explain this confusion in these words: 'The reason why "ergon" is used here instead of "logos" is that it is a translation of the Hebrew word Dabar which means Both Word And Thing.' Those four last monosyllables used to boom forth like Big Ben striking four or like the sound of two great Amens. One Monday morning Thersites, who sat next me, whispered in my ear: 'We have not had Dabar yet. Shall I get it?' I replied, 'Do if you dare.' And he unblushingly asked why 'ergon' was used instead of 'logos' in the passage which had just been translated. 'Ah!' said our revered master, 'you could not be expected to know that; but the reason, &c.' It came out verbatim. He walked with stately tread straight into the open trap. Thersites remained 'looking wistfully with wide blue eyes as in a picture.' The rest of us nearly choked with laughter. Yet we would not have let him see us laugh for worlds. All boys

are brutes; but no boy was cruel enough to wilfully hurt that sensitive stricken soul. So when the lesson was over, Ulysses persuaded Thersites, but without Homeric means, not to repeat that jest; and it was never repeated. The provocation also ceased, but I do not know why.

My third anecdote will stagger even those who have followed me thus far; but no one else could have been the subject of it but Farrar. So it shall be told. At a certain history lesson, after the whole form had failed to answer some trifling question, Farrar fairly flung the reins down and broke into the following oration: 'My dear boys! I am profoundly discouraged! For fifteen years of my life I have been letting down a bucket into an empty well and drawing it up again! For fifteen years of my life I have been pouring out water upon the arid sand!' Then he gathered up his books and fled. I revive this memory in no unkind spirit towards Farrar—perhaps, poor man, he felt ill—but to show how it affected us. Well! we all saw the mad folly of it; yet we all regretted the unmistakable anguish which we had innocently caused. A few laughed outright. A few cried Shame! Shame! on those who laughed. One boy, and only one boy, did the right thing; and if this should meet his eye I hereby, after much delay, tender him my thanks. He went to Farrar and showed him that he (Farrar) had acted unreasonably. Afterwards Farrar admitted to us that he had been hasty, and had made a mountain out of a molehill. Thus the incident closed. It, too, was not repeated.

These occasions show Farrar at his worst as a schoolmaster: and on the last occasion he was almost as bad as his schoolbooks. Yet on each occasion all ended well, and surely all is well that ends well. Farrar's stateliness invariably brought his blunders into unfair relief; his unfailing earnestness, candour, and kindness invariably corrected the effects which his blunders might have otherwise produced. We regarded his great qualities with admiration and his failings with tenderness.

I remember the shock which the contrast between Bradley and Farrar produced on veteran pupils of Bradley. One of them, indeed, who was neither a scoffer nor a Philistine, wrote to his late headmaster on a postcard in the days when postcards were the last new thing:

Dear Dr. Bradley,
We miss you sadly;
And wish Dr. Farra'
Would go back to Harra'.

Other veterans carped worse even than this bad boy cackled; and predicted a plentiful crop of milksops, pedants, prigs, and sciolists on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of untamed rebels marching under the banner of *inculta rusticitas*. But I have no patience with those who expect any class of people to conform to a given type. One good custom can corrupt the world: and an able man who means well and is true to himself can break the best rules. Besides, facts are on the side of Farrar's efficiency as a headmaster. It was just after the great fever. Parents wrote by every post withdrawing their sons' names from the doomed school. The bursar's books were all but a blank. The school was threatened with extinction. Then Farrar came, and the tide turned. He raised the school out of the slough of despond. During the five years that followed the fortunes of the school were restored, and boys who were immediately under him won as high and as many honours as those won in Bradley's five best years, though the credit for that feat was doubtless partly due to other masters, or possibly even to the boys themselves. Indeed, it is impossible to see who could have done better for Marlborough than Farrar. He was the very man for that post at that time. The moment required a headmaster with a reputation and a personality, with unsparing energy and unflagging enthusiasm: and Farrar fulfilled these requirements.

But after all even his books succeeded; so I will return once more from the man's successes to the man. He was as unlike in nature to the typical schoolboy as it was possible to be. None could have ever called him 'jolly' or 'old fellow.' He was not adamantine and Rhadamanthine like Temple. He was not sunny, sensible, and wide-awake like Bradley. He was *sui generis*. At first sight he seemed all stateliness and austerity; cold, splendid, one-sided, unattainable: resembling what he used to call 'that burnt-out old cinder, the moon.' The last sight of him revealed only an excess of sincerity, sensitiveness, candour, and kindliness. Would that Aristotle or someone else had invented some word for this particular excess! He was transparency itself. The first quality set off and ennobled the very rare and high enthusiasm which was his most valuable teaching asset; it also accounted for some of his faults and accentuated all his faults as a schoolmaster. The last quality—the glasshouse in which he lived—accounted for his other faults and saved him from the effects of all his faults as a schoolmaster. So singular a character was likely to be

misunderstood by geese and carps who are guided by superficial impressions; nor was it likely to show much knowledge of the characters of others; but it appealed irresistibly either to the imagination or to sympathy, and that did almost if not quite as well. I have known some half-dozen other headmasters, and have often discussed all of them with their pupils—for I fear that I was ever a gossip—but I adhere to my belief that Farrar was the most interesting of the lot.

So at least this fine man's virtues and frailties appeared to me a generation ago, when I was a dreamy, shortsighted, half-baked schoolboy, with but little knowledge of character and but little sense of proportion; and, as I now diffidently raise the curtain on some few almost forgotten scenes of private experiences in a public school, I only hope that in doing so I have offended no one, either by my incapacity or my mistakes, either by my stinted praise or mild criticism, because, as Dante said of his old schoolmaster:

> Chè in la mente m' è fitta ed or m' accuora
> La cara e buona imagine paterna
> Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
> M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna.

'REJECTED ADDRESSES'

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

One of the obscurer traces left by Puritanism on our national character is a habit of making speeches on every festive occasion. Festive I say advisedly, because the temptation does not haunt us in our hours of woe: the Funeral Oration of the Continent, for instance, is scarcely known within these Isles. Why this should be so can be easily explained. The aim of foreign eloquence is to kindle emotions or convey ideas; the aim of British is exclusively to point a moral. But the graver the subject, the more it can be trusted to teach its own lesson for itself; for which reason our orators leave Death respectfully alone, and indulge their rhetoric only on livelier occasions, when the moral runs more risk of being forgotten. In the eighteenth century, when speeches could be made in verse as well as prose, such occasions were even commoner than now; and one of the most distinctively national of them was the prologue of a play. 'There is scarcely any species of poetical composition,' says the *Quarterly Review* of 1812, 'which is so peculiarly our own as prologues, epilogues, and other theatrical addresses.' The prologue—we learn from the same authority—is expected to be 'either critical or didactic' in tone; that is to say, the eminent literary man who wrote it discoursed on some favourite topic of his own, without much reference to the piece about to be put on the boards. For proof of this, one has only to look at the two most famous of these compositions. Pope's prologue to Addison's 'Cato' is mainly an indictment of the audience for preferring 'French translations and Italian song' to native dramatic art; Dr. Johnson's introduction to Goldsmith's 'Good-natured Man' dwells on the absurdity of leaving serious issues—such as the fate of a Ministry, or the fate of a new play—to be decided by the mob.

> The offended burgess hoards his angry tale
> For that blest year when all that vote may rail.
> 'This night our wit,' the pert apprentice cries,
> 'Lies at my feet: I hiss him, and he dies.'

But nearly all these lay-sermons are intolerably tiresome; posterity cannot be too thankful to 'Rejected Addresses' for

having brought the nuisance to an end. Their ridicule killed the prologue as dead as Pascal's 'Provincial Letters' killed the casuists, or *Lillibullero* the despotism of James the Second.

The history of this famous *jeu d'esprit* has been told at length by Mrs. Parsons in last November's *Temple Bar*. In 1808 old Drury Lane Theatre was burnt down. By 1812 New Drury had been built, thanks chiefly to Mr. Samuel Whitbread, a well-known brewer and Whig politician. Custom, of course, demanded a prologue for the opening night, and a prologue Mr. Whitbread's committee undertook to secure. Being business men, they set about the matter in a business spirit. The market was thrown open to all the poets of England; tenders of addresses to be sealed and delivered, &c., &c., in the form usual with Government contracts. A hundred and twelve poets responded to the call. Dumbfoundered at this rain of verse, the Committee hurriedly rejected them all, and put the matter into the hands of Lord Byron. His address is remarkable for containing one of the most unfortunate comparisons in the language—that of burning Drury Lane to the fiery pillar of Israel in the Desert. As the *Quarterly Review* observed, 'Any other fire that ever blazed would have afforded a more appropriate allusion.'

But before Byron could deliver himself, one of the rejected hundred and twelve had turned the whole proceeding into ridicule. This was a young London stockbroker of the name of Horace Smith. He was struck with the idea of writing a series of bogus Addresses, burlesquing the chief writers of the day, in the style brought into fashion by the 'Anti-Jacobin' some fifteen years before. In concert with his brother James—solicitor to a Government office—he drew up a list of poets to be parodied; they range from Coleridge and Wordsworth, through Scott, Moore, Southey, Theodore Hook, down to the minstrels of the music hall. To these were added three parodies in prose, of Doctor Johnson, Cobbett, and the truculently True Blue *Morning Post*. Lastly, Horace put in his own genuine rejected Address—to the great confusion of his critics, who could not make out how 'a very decent mellifluous prologue,' which 'presented no very prominent trait of absurdity,' had found its way into such a collection. Within a very few weeks the book was launched, under the obvious title of 'Rejected Addresses.' Its success was both instantaneous and lasting. Edition after edition was sold; and for many years it set the standard by which all later parodists

were judged. Indeed, it is hardly too much to adapt to its authors Byron's famous compliment to Goethe; they certainly created the literature of their own subject, and illustrated that of England.

The originality of the brothers is not always fully recognised. Parodies of a kind there had been in plenty before; for parody is only mimicry applied to thought, and mimicry—as any Evolutionist will tell us—is older than the human race. But even the eighteenth century had very vague ideas as to what a parody ought to be. So late as 1806 Sydney Smith defined Dr. Johnson's grim version of Juvenal as a 'parody;' while to such imitations as made fun of their originals he gave the name of 'burlesques.' And what Sydney's generation meant by burlesques may be seen from some of the performances of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' where the temper of Calverley is less in evidence than the *sæva indignatio* of Dean Swift. Not till 'Rejected Addresses' appeared did the world realise that humour is the first condition of parody, and that the second is good taste; the travesty must be so void of malice that even the victim can enjoy it, and say—as Sir Walter Scott actually said to one of the Smiths: 'I must have written that myself.' Two imitations of Southey—one written before, one after 'Rejected Addresses,' came out—gauge the change of taste. Canning's parody of his 'Ode to Chepstow Castle' was one of the hardest blows the much-tried Robert had to bear; but Southey himself might have forgiven Lewis Carroll for the 'You are old, Father William,' of 'Alice in Wonderland.'

It is in thus civilising the parody that the chief distinction of the brothers lies: judged by strictly æsthetic standards, their work falls below that of Calverley or J. K. Stephen—not to mention other and living writers. For this, however, they were not to blame: in parody, as in all imitative arts, the good master is inevitably distanced by the better disciple. Besides, they were tied down to one subject, as no later parodists have been. Even Sir Frederick Pollock, who restricts himself to Leading Cases done into Verse, has, at any rate, free range of the Law Reports; but the Smiths could only ring the changes on the burning of one Drury and the construction of the other. Especially hard did this restriction press when they came to deal with poets wholly uninterested in the drama; since parody depends for much of its effect on the clever maintenance of an illusion—the original

Lane.

A second and more familiar lic
brothers. Publishers—as they kn
having declined their manuscript-
by the probable opinion of the m
in the street will only give his shi
obvious kind. Hence they worl
their elbow, in the shape of a p
them be amusing at any price, an
the more cheaply ludicrous effec
confesses in the preface to the cla
he and his brother were 'someti
through being much less anxiou
about the raising of 'at any rat
makes *amende honorable* to 'N
sentiment, profound wisdom, and c
writings we left unnoticed; while
ballads, and exerted ourselves
puerility and silliness.' Certainly
sentence 'Lyrical Ballads' after
of the *Edinburgh*—an *Edinbu*
Excursion two years later with
As it was, Jeffrey rubbed his ha
fair and indeed flattering' imita
affections and nursery stammeri
might make him feel ashamed c
lenient judges allow that the *E*

are surely a very mild revenge for

> Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
> Come home again, nor stop at all,
> Come home again, whate'er befall,
> My Johnny do, I pray you do.

or other of the more amazing utterances of Betty Foy, the 'idiot mother of her Idiot Boy.'

Wordsworth, again, has been known to

> bleat articulate monotony,
> And indicate that two and one are three,

a habit which Mr. Arthur Symons derives from the fact that he began life without any of the received opinions which save most men from so much of the trouble of thinking: hence what we should think a commonplace often seemed to him profoundly original, and is duly welcomed in his verses as a new and valuable discovery. Whatever the cause, its results are excellently satirised by James Smith in the famous

> My father's walls are made of brick,
> But not so tall, and not so thick
> As these; and, goodness me!
> My father's beams are made of wood,
> But never, never half so good
> As these that now I see.

Still, one cannot quite release the *Baby's Début* from the curse the Jesuits called down on Pascal, as 'a fly that sucked at great men's sores.' Certainly it cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the masterpieces of Calverley. Clever as they might be, the Smiths were only caricaturists, who followed the usual practice of their kind: first they felt about for their victim's weakest place, and then brought their stage-policeman's truncheon down with an unerring whack. But Calverley scorned the truncheon as a waste of energy, even as he scorned the policy of pin-pricks pursued by some of his latter-day successors. He was not satisfied with simply making his originals ridiculous—with simply drawing out a *reductio ad absurdum* of their defects: his work is a literary criticism in action, in that it reproduces alike their good points and their bad, with just such delicate underscoring of these last as shall make the reader pleasantly, but irresistibly, aware of their existence. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e*

passa is the rule of this humorous Virgil among t whether he deals with the faults of Tennyson or Mart

Contrast with this the rough and ready methods of Except in the case of Wordsworth (and, to some extent they did not pretend to sit in judgment at all, unless the very general sense in which every parodist is a cr way was to pick out one leading characteristic—it wa sarily a weakness—from each author, and make it th their imitation. Sometimes this characteristic wa chosen; more often it was unavoidable. Thus, nobody on Byron without alluding largely to the pageant of heart; accordingly Horace makes him declaim:

> Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
> To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
> Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
> Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
> What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
> Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
> Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
> Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wav
> Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Southey fell an easy prey to James. Here nothing but a little Eastern imagery, parcelled out into the metrical numbers, which the good man fondly thought to 'tremendous Thalaba, Arabia's monstrous, wild, an son.'

> Is it not written in the Himakoot book
> That mighty Baly from Kehama took:
> 'Who blows on pounce
> Must the Swerga renounce?'
> It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
> Like as an eagle clasps an asp
> Vesshno has caught him in his mighty grasp,
> And hurled him, in spite of his squeaks and squall
> Whizzing aloft, like the Temple fountain,
> Three times as high as Meru Mountain,
> Which is
> Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.

Scott's copious use of proper names invited one of forms of parody:

> So London's sons in night-cap woke,
> In bed-gown woke her dames;
> For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
> And twice ten hundred voices spoke:
> 'The play-house is in flames.'

And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright, ensanguined drain.
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket-porter's House of Call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

Scott is by Horace. More searching is James's parody of Crabbe, which most critics think the best of all the imitations. Crabbe was almost as tempting a subject as Wordsworth, for he also was an innovator, bent on bringing back poetry to the domain of common life. But the two poets worked on different lines, and (as Wordsworth himself complacently observed) with very different degrees of imaginative depth. Crabbe was an uncompromising realist, 'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best:' in all but carnality his muse would bear comparison with the 'Rougon Macquart' series itself. Like Fénelon in 'Télémaque,' he was determined to 'say everything,' careless whether all he wished to say was, or was not, fit subject for rhyme. Verses like

Something has happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
So, to amend it, I was told to go
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

testify to this desire with almost painful vehemence. They are duly replied to in 'Rejected Addresses:'

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter (a safe employ).

Still, the brothers do not show the touch of malice that distinguishes the *Baby's Début*. Even their victim soon forgave them, and allowed that 'in versification they have done me

admirably.' One would not, however, guess from their exor that Crabbe was Cardinal Newman's favourite poet.

'Tis sweet to view from half-past five to six
Our long wax candles with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and bid the lighter start.
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder 'ere they sit.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling, 'Pit full!' gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

But it is a mistake to look on 'Rejected Addresses' simp a collection of imitations; many of them are best enjoyed if forgotten that they were meant as parodies at all. Thus '] house Musings, by S. T. C.,' is professedly an imitati Coleridge's 'Lines to a Young Ass;' really it has little mo do with Coleridge than it has to do with the ass, though it well be read for its own sake as an excellent piece of Re Society Verse—Pope in the high stock and brass-buttoned swa tail of our great-grandfathers.

Oh, Mr. Whitbread! fie upon you, sir!
I think you should have built a colonnade,
Where tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet tighter round her throat.
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries: 'There you go! This comes of play-houses!'
To build no portico is penny-wise;
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound-foolish!

Some of the other Addresses also fail as parodies, thoug a different reason, because the imitation is quite as good a original. Only a specialist in the 'Irish Melodies,' for inst could pronounce whether the following verses are, or are no Tom Moore:

Bloom, Theatre, bloom in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile;
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous, are sober—tho' peaceful, are brave.

Then there was the quack philosopher, Dr. Busby, an eccentric backwash of the French Encyclopædists, who tried to persuade the British upper-middle classes to give up the Bible for Lucretius. But *Architectural Atoms* was much more successful than the Doctor's own translation in popularising the doctrines of the great Apologist of Chance:

I sing how casual bricks in airy climb
Encountered casual cow-hair, casual lime;
How rafters, borne through wandering clouds elate,
Kissed in their slope blue elemental slate,
Clasped solid beams in chance-directed fury,
And gave to birth our renovated Drury.

Perhaps their anxiety to be amusing led the Smiths to hunt down rather small game. Such poetasters as Busby or 'Monk' Lewis might have been left to stew in their own juice. But even these minor imitations have an interest of their own, quite apart from the evidence they offer of the amazing versatility of their authors. The *New Halfpenny Ballad*, by a Pic-nic Poet, shows that the British comic song was as 'tremendous a mixture of vulgarity, impudence, nonsense, and miserable puns' in the days when Jeffrey ruled the *Edinburgh Review* as it is in the days of the Gaiety Theatre. Others help to trace the early evolution of a practice, which has lately reached its apotheosis in *Ben-Hur*.

It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage: Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig,

sings the mock Coleridge; while the mock Byron is even more emphatic:

Hence, pedant Nature, with thy Grecian rules!
Centaurs, not fabulous, those rules efface.
Back, sister Muses, to your native schools:
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place.
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace.
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
Man yields the drama to the Houynym race,
His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
The stage a stable yard, a jockey club the pit.

Last, but not least, the imitation of the journalistic patriot-

poet, Fitzgerald, has added at least one immortal quotation to the language:

> Who burnt—confound his soul!—the houses twain
> Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
> Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
> (God bless the Regent and the Duke of York)
> With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
> And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
> Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
> *Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?*

Nowadays, this last question might be very variously answered. People would suggest the Jesuits, or an American combine, or perhaps the financiers of the Rand. In A.D. 1812 the riddle admitted of only one solution: it was 'the beastly Corsican fiend.'

So at least thought Lord Eldon's organ, the *Morning Post*, whose dithyrambics are imitated in prose under the title of the *Theatrical Alarm Bell*. Not that there was here any great opportunity for the scoffer; the *Morning Post* journalists parodied themselves better than the Smiths could ever have done. Even Mr. H. W. Lucy could hardly match the bull contained in one of their leading articles: 'We flatter ourselves that we have torn off Cobbett's mask, and revealed his cloven hoof. It is high time that the hydra-head of faction should be rapped over the knuckles.'

But the parody of Cobbett himself is a masterpiece, and fully worthy of its original—the demagogue who invented so many of the stage-thunder effects afterwards made use of by Thomas Carlyle:

> 'A *propos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats—*à propos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of—Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plastered on their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butcher's meat and flannel from year's end to year's end. I am informed that all such extravagance is to be done away with here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob-cap* (as the Court parasites call it; it will be well for them, one of these days, if they don't wear a mob-cap—I mean a *white* cap, with a mob to look at them); and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of black calamanco breeches.'

On a somewhat lower level stands the imitation of Johnson, which tails off woefully towards the end. Yet it is an important landmark in the history of parody, in that it sets the example of leaving its victim's sentiments alone, and simply of trying to catch his *gaufrier*—the 'hang,' the mechanism of his style. This method

was pre-eminently the right one in dealing with a writer like Johnson, the regular beat of whose rhythmical pendulum may be heard in every line of 'Rasselas' or the 'Rambler'—at any rate, no one will fail to detect it whose ear has been trained by 'Rejected Addresses.'

> That which was organised by the moral ability of one has been executed by the physical efforts of many, and Drury Lane Theatre is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or to vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the Committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed to the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favour; and risking the disgrace of detection without participating in the advantage of success.

One concluding word of praise is due to James and Horace for the parodies they were wise enough to leave unwritten. Samuel Rogers and Campbell were then at the height of their reputation; and it is sometimes thought that their names were not included in the list of victims because the brothers supposed them to be above the reach of criticism. This is unjust. They were really left out because the parodists knew their business, and were not going to waste time on faultless mediocrity when other, greater, writers were ready to their hand, whose 'style and habit of thought, being more marked and peculiar, was more capable of exaggeration and distortion.' Besides, the Preface most unhesitatingly gives the first place among the poets of the day to 'the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of Sir Walter Scott.'

Mrs. Parsons's charming article dispenses me from re-telling the later career of the brothers—how Horace was emboldened by his success to write a whole series of books, including a novel, 'Brambletye House,' which had considerable vogue in its day. James did not tempt the providence of literary reputations again. Nor did he tempt the God of Love. As he once wrote in his niece's album:

> Should I seek Hymen's tie,
> As a poet I die—
> Ye Benedicks, mourn my distresses!
> For what little fame
> Is annexed to my name
> Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*.

For a man of reasonable ambitions, the fame was quite enough.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

IX. THE CITY.

'THE defendant in a judgment summons at Lambeth County Court yesterday described himself as "in the City." Judge Emden asked the man, who was fashionably dressed and wore gold pince-nez, whether he was on the Stock Exchange. *Defendant*: No. *Judge Emden*: "In the City" is a wide term. You must tell me exactly what you are. *Defendant*: Well, I am a tailor, now out of employment. (*Laughter.*) As plaintiff could give no evidence as to means no order was made.' This extract from a recent number of the 'Daily Chronicle' brings out clearly two leading facts about the City, the first being that you may be in the City and yet be almost anything, even an unemployed tailor, and the second that, whatever you are in the City, if you carry with you an air of prosperity and wear evidences of wealth, or credit, such as fashionable clothes and gold pince-nez, the general public, including even County Court Judges, will assume that you are on the Stock Exchange.

But though you may be almost anything in the City, if you are to prosper in that strange world, you must have caught something of its spirit and act with some of the jerky rapidity that seems to put springs in the heels of its inhabitants. There are doctors in the City who receive patients, examine them, prescribe for them, and get rid of them all in about two minutes. Needless to say they have no 'bedside manner,' and they cultivate a brutal directness of method which they have to be very careful to shake off when they leave their offices and return to their suburban practices. There are clergymen who give luncheon-time addresses to congregations of clerks; and it is said that the celerity with which they 'get to business' would astonish a West-end congregation, and perhaps even prove a stone of stumbling. In the City everybody has to be quick: even lawyers and Government servants, who work within half a mile of the Bank, do not take more than about twice as long over things as any reasonable human being.

The chief reason for this celerity, which is the most marked

characteristic of City work, is the fact that the City is now only a place of business, uninhabited at night except by caretakers. Men of business come in from the suburbs, or from Park Lane, and they know that at a certain hour they must be quit of their work and out again. In the old days, when bankers and bill brokers lived in Lombard Street and slept above their offices with safes full of gilt-edged securities and acceptances under their beds, there was no particular reason why business ever should end; just as to this day in many of the provincial towns, where the distinction between the commercial and residential quarters is less strongly marked, it is boasted by the inhabitants that you 'can deal up to midnight.' Happily for Londoners they are so widely dispersed when they go to their homes, and the telephone service is so inefficient, that business has to be done by five o'clock or not at all. Consequently they have to work hard and fast while they are at it, and can then leave it, knowing that no more is to be done, and that they may make the best of their leisure for a few hours. It is said that this great advantage of City work is to be lost to it owing to promised improvements in the means of communication; but this change will involve a social revolution, and therefore will take long in the making. In the meantime City work has to be done between ten and five o'clock, and so has to be done quickly; and anyone who meditates going east of Ludgate Circus for his livelihood should take counsel with himself and determine whether he is able to think, speak, and act quickly; and if not whether he can learn to do so. For if not, he will find it hard to make his way, unless he has on his side either adventitious advantages or rare and sterling qualities of sufficient weight to make up for the absence of the promptitude which is almost essential.

This essential quality, however, is one which can be learnt much more easily than would be believed by easy-going folk who cannot conceive the notion of doing anything in a hurry; and the other qualities which make up a good man of business are simply those which are required for the due performance of most of the ordinary acts of life—honesty, punctuality, and common sense. A business man has to know what he is doing, and do it to the best of his ability; which sounds very simple, but if everybody in all ranks of life did just this, the world would spin round on its axis with astonishing velocity. The problems that the City man has to face are often complicated enough, but he is not

expected to see very far beyond the tip of his own nose; and if he does he is as likely as not to be misled by his own far-sightedness. For he is, as a general rule, a mere broker in the widest sense of the term; that is to say, he is a go-between who buys or borrows from one and sells or lends to another, taking his commission, or whatever his fee may be called, *en passant*. An inventive genius would be useless in the City. For the City produces nothing and creates nothing. It is the great go-between of the world, and it traffics chiefly in that airy figment which is generally called money, but is more properly described as credit.

There are, of course, industries in plenty which have London for their home, but they are not in the City. They have been elbowed out by the money-dealers and forced to find cheaper sites for their factories in the East End or the suburbs. The characteristic work of the City consists in the trade in money, and its business is done by bankers, who receive money on deposit and lend it out at interest, and by stockbrokers, who put money into securities or turn securities into money, according to the orders of their clients. The business done in Lloyd's, where underwriters protect shipping and other enterprises from the risks to which their occupation exposes them, is really only an appanage of the money-lending trade; for if there were no body of specialists engaged in the underwriting business the risks run by capital would render its present cheapness and easy availability quite impossible. There are also other collateral businesses such, for example, as that of auditing and accounting, which, from whatever causes they may have originated, are now worked as a side show in the money-lending and investing organisation. Finally, there are the metal markets and the produce markets, dealers in which handle the grain and cotton and tea and other commodities that are poured into London, thanks to her position as the capital of the great free-trading and money-lending nation. In all these occupations, however, the City man remains but a go-between. He is a middle man in the biggest market in the world.

As such he has no use for extraordinary talents. The middle man is probably one of the most useful workers that the development of modern industry has produced, but he requires none of those mysterious elusive qualities which are associated with creative genius. The distributor must be 'all alive'; he must know what A is producing and what B wants, and for how little margin of profit C is prepared to buy the product and resell it to

the ultimate consumer. But he has no need for the almost uncanny insight into the movement of trade conditions which is required by the organisers of the great producing industries, still less for the inventive ingenuity which, by improvements in machinery and processes, causes great forward strides in production, and sometimes revolutionises social conditions.

If the work done by the City is work that does not call for the exercise of high intellectual gifts, the use and wont of English society certainly does not waste much of its talent by sending it into the City. If a member of a family among the educated classes shows signs of possessing more than his fair share of brains it is exceedingly improbable that he will be encouraged to exercise his ingenuity in any form of trade. On the contrary, all the influences of his home and school life will be directed to turning him towards a University career, followed by one of the so-called learned professions. It certainly seems a pity in these days, when so much is said about the necessity for the scientific organisation of business, that so many of our best heads should waste their lives in chopping sophistical logic in the Law Courts. But so the thing is for the present, and it is an important consideration for anyone who contemplates the City as a profession to remember, namely, the fact that in the City he will not have to face the competition of the flower of his contemporaries, who will be scrambling for briefs, teaching unruly forms in public schools, or rusting in the deadening atmosphere of Government offices.

From this comfortable fact he may draw consolation if he does not carry much tophamper in the way of intellect. He may make a shift to do without that, but there are, nevertheless, certain things which we must have, if he is to prosper in the City, according to the City's notion of prosperity; that is to say, to put the matter at a modest valuation, if his income is to express itself in four figures. In order to reach this level a man of merely ordinary ability must start with the advantage either of plenty of capital, wherewith he may buy himself a ready-made position, or of good credit, which will serve the same purpose; or of some family or other connexion, which will help him in his upward struggle. A man who has none of these advantages is pretty sure to find himself at the end of a life of toil and drudgery in the City still in the position of a hewer of wood and drawer of water, and will perhaps, if he serves a good firm or company, be drawing

a salary of 300*l.* a year. This is supposing that he begins with no capital, no connexion, and a quite ordinary headpiece. If he has brains and good fortune he may come through the ruck in time; but now that it is rather fashionable for men of good social position to condescend to visit the City for a few hours every day, and turn their aristocratic connexions into pelf by serving as ornamental members of Stock Exchange firms, and sometimes even adorning stools in commonplace commercial concerns, the upward path of the penniless adventurer in the City, how great soever his aptitude and ability, has become very much more arduous.

For it cannot be too emphatically impressed upon anyone who contemplates the City as a possible career that those who work there are divided roughly into two classes—the men who manage the businesses and the men who keep the books. The former earn thousands and the latter earn hundreds. For the latter require no more ability and education than is possessed by the average boy when he leaves school. A few months' or at the outside a year or two's practice will do the rest to make a good bookkeeper and general clerk. It is therefore out of the question for those who do this class of work to expect high salaries; for cheap, nay gratuitous, education turns out an unlimited supply of the article. As long as a man remains a bookkeeper he can only expect to rise to 5*l.* or 6*l.* a week, however steady and punctual he may be, and however long and faithfully he may serve; and it is very difficult for him to rise from that position into the ranks of the managing class unless he has a friend at court. In the first place the qualities required for two sections of the City's social organisation are very different; and it is quite possible, in fact likely, for a potential Napoleon of finance to be a very indifferent clerk, and consequently to be condemned to remain a clerk all his life because his real abilities never get a chance of showing themselves; and in the second place there is the competition from the West End which has already been indicated. For since the smart circles of English society have submitted to having their standard of ostentation and their scale of extravagance imposed upon them by American millionaires and South African helots, it has become necessary to alter many notions as to what may be done in order to keep shot enough in the locker for modern quick-firing achievements; and so instead of leaving their business to be done for them by a curious race of mortals who work in the City, the ornaments of these circles have been

known in recent years to venture into the City themselves and join the chaffering throng, taking, of course, a position such as befits their station in the offices that they patronise, and so leaving less and less elbowroom for those who have to struggle up by main force.

When Rodney Stone was shown the sights of London by that elegant exquisite, his uncle, he relates how 'we passed down the Strand, where the crowd was thicker than ever, and even penetrated beyond Temple Bar and into the City, though my uncle begged me not to mention it, for he would not wish it to be generally known.' Nowadays Sir Charles Tregellis would have found several people in the City whom he would be quite prepared to recognise; but then he would probably have been on the boards of half a dozen companies himself, and perhaps come in on a motor occasionally, and attended a directors' meeting. This invasion of the City by the West End is a very important matter. Its social consequences do not concern us here, but it has certainly exercised a distinct influence on the tone of the City, especially on the Stock Exchange, where, as we shall see when we deal with particular forms of business, the commercial yoke is less galling than elsewhere. Some old-fashioned members will tell you that it has gone far to lower the tone of the 'House,' because the invaders know and care little about its traditions and code of honour, and regard the City simply as a place where money may be picked up without trouble. It is also urged that certain forms of snobbery and flunkeyism, generally so dear to the middle-class Englishman in his leisure moments, have now obtruded themselves into business hours; and one of the financial papers not long ago printed an article in which it quite seriously gave categorical instances of the manner in which certain firms of stockjobbers had attracted brokers with social ambitions into the net of their connexion by ornamenting it with desirable introductions and invitations. Let us finally add, before leaving this rather delicate side of our subject, that some of the ornamental invaders of the City have taken the trouble to learn their business thoroughly, and have set an example of punctuality, accuracy, and diligence to those with whom they work.

Having endeavoured thus to give a general view of the work of the City and of the qualities and advantages required for its successful prosecution, and of the kind of competition that those who enter will have to face, let us now deal with the various kinds of

openings that offer themselves. It must be rem
ever, that it is quite impossible to give exact figure
man precisely that if he devotes himself to this
business he may expect to earn such and such
a certain number of years of work. We have alre
maximum to which the patient clerk may expect t
that figure must be taken with certain obvious reserv
still more evident that the most patient of clerks ca
of attaining to it. Still more difficult is it to hazar
of the income which members of the managing cl
For be it understood that when we speak of the ma
we do not restrict the term to general or departme
of joint-stock companies; it is applied, for our pres
all who manage any sort of business, whether for oth
or for themselves with all, or a share of, the profits
ment. As for the profits of members of the Stock
Lloyd's, it is perhaps safe to guess that in average ye
from 1,000*l.* to 20,000*l.*; among the private firms c
also, they are probably within these figures. The p
is almost extinct nowadays; but to judge by the
joint-stock banks his trade must have been a very
Partners in the leading firms of auditors, again, mu
which in one year would capitalise a man of moder
enable him to retire. But all, or nearly all, these
subject to considerable fluctuations in their profit-ea
Let us now consider them separately.

Perhaps we had better follow Judge Emden's
begin with the Stock Exchange. The Stock Excha
bulks bigger in the public eye than any other Ci
except, perhaps, the Lord Mayor's Show and civic
Perhaps it is because members of the House are
their rules to advertise in the ordinary methods
forced to cut a conspicuous figure, both collectively
ally, whenever an occasion offers itself in order to
attention. Certain it is that whenever loyalty is to
or a political demonstration—of course on the Conse
has to be got up, or mafficking is to be done, or a fore
has to be shown the sights of the City, the Stock
certain to 'take a very front seat,' as it would
the proceedings. Be it also added—and this is ce
question of advertising—that when a subscription ha

for any form of charity, the generosity of the House is always as ready as its loyalty or its rowdiness, however bad the times may happen to be.

Another reason why the Stock Exchange should be treated first is the fact that it and its members differ in many respects from the rest of the City. This is partly the effect of its doing its business in one huge hall, where all its members meet to deal, instead of working in separate offices, like bankers, bill brokers, and the like. There are, of course, other institutions which work more or less in the same way, such as Lloyd's and the Baltic, but their numbers are not so great as those of the Stock Exchange, and they certainly have not the same reputation for mutual persiflage and ragging among the members. The point is very relevant to our purpose, because anyone who goes on the Stock Exchange must be prepared to face chaff and, perhaps, horseplay good-humouredly; and it is not a career that can be recommended to anyone who is of a shy, diffident, or sensitive disposition. Be it understood, however, that popular prejudice rather exaggerates the amount of horseplay that goes on in the House. Members do not really spend any considerable proportion of their time in knocking off one another's hats, blowing penny trumpets, and setting a light to a newspaper that any absent-minded person happens to hold behind his back. Nevertheless, when business is slack, this vast assembly of men with nothing else to do, is apt to display ebullient spirits, and being an extremely good-natured and good-humoured crowd it resents anything like ill temper on the part of anyone who may happen to be its temporary victim. As a rule, however, the form that its attentions take is quite harmless and inoffensive, and anyone who has come through school life without finding the high spirits of his fellows intolerable to his sensibilities may face the music of the Stock Exchange with equanimity.

Besides this capacity for taking chaff, members of the House must, like everybody else in the City, be prompt: they must accustom themselves to decide quickly and to act quickly, and they must cultivate a knowledge of human nature as revealed in the course of their daily business. Thus far we can go speaking generally of the 'House'; but now we must distinguish, for the qualities and capacities required for brokers and jobbers differ materially.

Most people know that the Stock Exchange is divided into brokers and jobbers, but few members of the outside public have

a clear notion of the distinction implied. The general conviction seems to be that the broker buys and sells stock for clients and takes a commission, but the jobber buys and sells on his own account; that is to say, simply backs his fancy as to the future course of prices, and is a mere speculator. This is a complete delusion: the jobber deals for the public just as much as the broker, though he does not, or should not, enter into direct relations with the public, being brought into communication with it only by the broker's intervention; and he does not *qua* jobber speculate at all, but makes his book even after every bargain.

It is necessary to make this very uninteresting matter clear because according to the popular notion the jobber's business is terribly risky, while the broker can always sleep soundly, however uncertain the outlook may be. This is so far from being the case that anyone who is thinking of entering the Stock Exchange, and has the choice before him of an opening either in a broker's or a jobber's office, would for many reasons be well advised to become a jobber rather than a broker. In order to convince him of this we must be allowed to explain the functions of the two.

The London stock-jobber is a unique specimen, and has no counterpart in the provincial Exchanges, or in Wall Street, or on any of the Bourses. His origin is veiled in some mystery, but we find him in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary defined as 'a low wretch who gets money by buying and selling shares in the funds.' Nowadays, if asked to justify his existence and to explain why he is necessary in London when other financial centres do without him, he will probably reply, if he happens to have considered the matter, that he is required because the business done in London is so diverse, and the number of securities there dealt in so enormous, that the division of labour involved by his existence is absolutely inevitable if the business is to be done at all. All this may be true enough, and probably is to some extent an answer to the supposed question; but it must be admitted that the jobber has shown signs lately of usurping brokers' functions as well as his own, while he, on the other hand, has been memorialising the Committee of the Stock Exchange because of various alleged malpractices on the part of the brokers; in fact, both the camps into which the usage of the 'House' has divided its members are rather sworn to mutual abolition just now, and a very pretty quarrel is raging, which is not, happily, very relevant to our present purpose.

It is, however, relevant up to this point: the jobber objects to brokers transacting their business with anybody but himself, and he contends, not without reason, that if brokers buy and sell for their clients with outside firms instead of with jobbers the market in the House becomes less 'free,' and the public is not able to have its business done so well. For this is the jobber's function; he constitutes the market. He confines himself to one set of securities, whether it be Home Rails, or Kaffirs, or the Jungle, to which he may turn his attention, and he always stands in one place, and is to be found there ready to make a price and buy from, or sell to, any broker who comes along to do business in his market.

Perhaps the matter will be clearer if we relate briefly the history of a Stock Exchange bargain. We will suppose that Smith, a broker, receives an order from a client to buy a hundred Lipton shares; he goes to the Miscellaneous market, as it is called, wherein commercial and industrial shares are dealt in, and is seized by Jones, a jobber in this market, who asks him what he wants to know. 'What are Liptons?' says Smith. Jones, who knows that they are changing hands in the market—that is, among the jobbers—at $1\frac{1}{4}$, replies: 'Three five, I'll make you.' By this answer he means to signify that he will buy at $1\frac{3}{16}$ or sell at $1\frac{5}{16}$. 'O skittles!' says Smith, and is about to move on to another jobber. 'Either side of a quarter, then,' says Jones, meaning that he will deal at a margin of $\frac{1}{32}$ above or below $1\frac{1}{4}$. 'Not good enough,' says the inexorable Smith, and finally Jones says '24*s.* 9*d.* to 25*s.* 3*d.*' 'Thanks,' says Smith; 'I buy.' So Smith, instead of paying $1\frac{5}{16}$, that is, 26*s.* 3*d.*, per share, as he would have done if he had not 'squeezed' his jobber, gets his shares at 25*s.* 3*d.*; and Jones undoes his bargain at 25*s.*, that is, buys back the shares from another jobber, who has just bought from a broker at 24*s.* 9*d.* The business is done quickly and without friction, and everybody is pleased, except probably the clients—and they never would be satisfied, even if stocks and shares were given to them gratis and bought from them at ten times their market value. They would always think that somebody was making too much out of them, and that their business might have been done better.

This concrete example of a jobber's occupation shows that while he sticks to his legitimate business he is not gambling at all. He knows his market, and that is all that is expected from him; he knows exactly the price at which he will be able to cover him-

self by a repurchase or sale, and therefore he is safe in buying from a broker a shade below that level, or selling to him at a slightly higher price. His natural endeavour is to make his margin as large as possible, that is, to quote his two prices as widely apart as possible, and we saw that the broker, by refusing to deal at the quotations that he received at first, forced the jobber to make closer and closer prices, until he was at last satisfied that he had done the best he could for his client. So far from being a speculation, the jobber is a dealer in commodities which, as a rule, can be handled with a *minimum* of risk. In times of panic or great excitement it may sometimes happen that it is physically impossible for him to make his book even, or undo his bargains as he goes; but in the normal course of business such difficulties do not arise, and all that a jobber requires is a keen knowledge of his own market, and the acquaintance of plenty of brokers who will do business with him when they have to deal in his market. And it is this knowledge of brokers which constitutes the jobber's connection; without it he can do no legitimate business at all; and it is in order to attract brokers into their net that jobbers are reported nowadays to make use of so many devices, some of them rather questionable. It is here that influential connections count for much. If you are thinking of starting as a jobber in Home Rails, for example, and you have an uncle who is on the board of a bank or an insurance company, he can easily manage to bring it about that the brokers who are employed by the said bank or insurance company to do their Stock Exchange business shall give you at any rate a share of their patronage whenever they have to deal in the Home Railway market; for the rest you will have to trust to your capacity for making friends, and to your reputation as a man who is 'always business'—that is to say, one who does not lose his head because the market gets jumpy and hysterical, but is prepared to stand by and deal whatever may be going to happen. With these qualities and advantages in his favour a jobber on the Stock Exchange is probably more happy in his circumstances than anyone else who seeks fortune in the City. He deals only between members of the 'House'—that is, if he sticks to his legitimate business as a jobber—and so only has people of more or less approved security on his books; and, as compared with the broker, he requires little office accommodation and a small clerical staff: he begins work about eleven, and, in most markets, can go home at four o'clock, though the habit of

dealing in 'the street' after official hours is modifying this pleasant aspect of the jobber's life.

The stockbroker, on the other hand, deals directly with the public, and deals with it in a commodity on which it is probably more ignorant than any other. From this it results that he has to be at work earlier than the jobber, for before he comes down to the House at eleven he must have mastered the contents of dozens of letters from his clients, many of which are probably composed of about nine tenths of irrelevant matter to one tenth business, and some of which are so carelessly or clumsily expressed that they take half an hour to unravel. It also follows that the broker must keep a staff of clerks to deal with his correspondence, and must have an office into which clients can be admitted with no danger of their drawing uncharitable inferences from the state of the upholstery. Finally members of the House have to meet their obligations on Settling Day or else declare themselves defaulters; whereas the public, for whom the broker deals, pays its way if it happens to remember or if it has the money handy; consequently the broker has to have a much larger capital than the jobber, for he has always to face the risk of his clients being behindhand in paying either the purchase price of their investments or the 'differences' that they owe on speculations; and if they are behindhand he has to find the money. Thus his risks in ordinary circumstances are greater than those of the jobber, his hours are longer, his working expenses are higher, and the conditions under which he works are more irritating. He has to suffer the querulous complaints of clients who do not understand the course of business, and suspect that they are being overcharged or otherwise wronged. It is really curious how people who would never think of asking a cabman to drive them into the City for nothing expect their investments to be carried out gratis by all parties to the transactions. A 'member of the public' wrote not long ago to one of the financial papers pointing out triumphantly that he had discovered why it was that Stock Exchange prices were expressed in double quotations: he had found out that it was in order that the public might have to sell at the lower price and buy at the higher. He seemed to think that the whole system was a conspiracy to rob the public, and that he had rendered a national service by investigating its insidious mechanism. It might have occurred to him that the margin left was the reward of a useful member of the monetary

machine without whose efforts investment and speculation would be in other respects a much more costly business.

This sort of criticism, however, is only a minor annoyance of the broker's life: he has also to submit to having hours of his day wasted by garrulous clients who discuss potentialities of every security under the sun and then give an order for 100*l.* stock. And it is becoming fashionable now for ladies to visit the City and discuss the probabilities of a little flutter; so that all the ruthlessness with which the whole contents of a shop is ransacked before the fair customer decides to 'call another day' is repeated further East, and the stockbroker has to cultivate the physical attractions and grand air of a shopwalker as well as the unwearied patience of the milliner's assistant. And to widen his connection he is not allowed to advertise in a legitimate manner, and so has to spend much time, energy, and money in indirect but efficacious methods of bringing himself and his business capabilities before the eyes of an unappreciative public. Thrice blessed is he who has a comfortable family connection which secures him a steady stream of sound investment business from a bank or solicitor.

But we have already lingered much too long over the Stock Exchange and its mysteries, with the result that we have little space left for the rest of the City. But after all the rest of the City is comparatively plain and commonplace when once we have grasped the meaning of Capel Court. For one thing, the Stock Exchange guards its privacy jealously and proceeds at once to assault and batter an unwary stranger that ventures within its gates, whereas anybody can go into a bank, and see the cashiers shovelling the sovereigns across the counters as if they were mixed biscuits. Some of us too have known what it is to go into a bank manager's parlour to try to arrange about an overdraft merely as a matter of temporary convenience, when we have observed that one very suave and benevolent-looking gentleman engages us in genial but quite irrelevant conversation while another in a quite unconcerned manner vanishes into a *sanctum* and examines a private record in which all sorts of libellous notes have been entered concerning our value from a strictly material point of view. Anyone can tell what a bank manager must be—polite, patient, inexorable, with a certain code of banking rules engraved in his memory and a knowledge of human nature. After all a banker's chief business is taking money from one set of people

and paying them interest on it, and lending it to another set of people and charging them a higher rate of interest. He has to be careful of course not to lend it to the wrong people or the wrong security, and to avoid these pitfalls he requires a good memory and a knowledge both of men and of securities. And though it is so long since there has been a banking crisis in London that the memory of them is almost faded out of men's minds, it must not be forgotten that times may come when a bank's credit may be saved by the presence of mind and imperturbability of its manager. Banking competition is keen and banks are always opening new branches—too many, some keen observers think—and though the remuneration of branch managers is not princely, men get a chance thus of showing what stuff they are made of. A little interest is a useful thing to have in the banking world also, and it is whispered that relatives and connections of the directors are sometimes advanced with meteoric rapidity; but the competition is too keen to allow nepotism too free a hand; and it may perhaps be said that a really smart lad, who has to start without influential backing or connections, has a better chance of working his way up to the top in banking than in any other branch of City life.

Insurance is another opening for talent, but it is talent of a very special kind; the very highest mathematical gifts are required by the actuaries who work out the risks of life insurance and enable the companies to calculate to a hair's breadth the extent to which they may venture to outbid their rivals by the apparent generosity of the terms offered to policy holders; but apart from this special department the work of life insurance is almost entirely mechanical, and though the companies pay their clerks well they have not many prizes to offer. The business of fire and accident companies is less mechanical, and offers more scope to young men who have to work their way up, since the gifts required for their management are less purely mathematical. It is impossible to tabulate fire and accident risks with the precision that has been reached in the matter of life insurance, so that a good business head and general common sense get more chance in these branches of the industry.

The same may be said of marine insurance, which is divided between various joint-stock companies and the private firms which compose the membership of Lloyd's. Of the latter, and also of the Baltic and Produce Exchanges, it may be said that the difficulties which stand in the way of advancement on the part of the

penniless and unconnected adventurer are quite as great as in the case of the Stock Exchange; luck and ability may bring him through, but the struggle will in any case be hard and tedious.

Auditors, again, are folk who earn very fine fees when they are at the top of the tree; but the cream of the business is divided among a few well-known firms, who are regarded as possessing a prescriptive right to it, and nothing but the skim-milk is left to the rank and file of the profession. In fact, in contemplating the City as a place of occupation, we discover everywhere the existence of barriers set up by caste and prescription: these barriers do not make the struggle for existence by any means hopeless for those who have to scale them, but they make it most emphatically necessary to warn those who think that the City is an easy place to make a fortune in, if only a fellow will take the trouble, that they are labouring under a delusion that may cost them dear. The City has its prizes, but those who run for them do not all start from scratch.

Let us finally recapitulate the qualities that make for success in the City. It is perhaps most of all important that a man should be a good fellow and able to get on well with his fellow creatures. Probably the importance of this quality in all ranks of life is not sufficiently recognised. Good nature and geniality will generally take a man much further than brains. Then he must be quick and 'always business,' and he must be straight. For the City's standard of honesty and honour is high. Few City men, for instance, would condescend, like leading K.C.'s, to take large fees and then leave the work to an incapable junior; and it will be a great help if he has a sense of humour and can tell a good story.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF PRIVATE PAGETT.

BY MAJOR W. P. DRURY, ROYAL MARINES.

In the weather-bitten, lichen-covered church, that looked older even than the cromlech on the tor above, Evensong was drawing to a close, and, to the strains of 'The day is past and over,' the churchwarden fingered the almsbag from the ledge before him, and tiptoed into the aisle. As he approached my corner, an enormous red paw spread across the lumbar area of his broadcloth and a general air about him of aggressive respectability, I hastily substituted a shilling for the threepenny-bit I had designed as an offertory. For it was a matter of notoriety that no one could gauge the value of the unseen coin with more disconcerting accuracy than my friend Mr. Pagett, vicar's warden, landlord of the 'Coach and Horses,' and sometime a private in the Royal Marines.

'I will wait for you in the porch,' I whispered, as I ostentatiously dropped my shilling into the bag.

But so much in request was he, first by the vicar in the vestry, and afterwards by half a dozen parishioners in the darkened church, that by the time he joined me at the door I had half repented of my resolve to walk home with him.

'What a thing it is,' I snapped, 'to be the most popular man in the parish!'

'To say nothin' of the neighbourin' 'alf dozen,' he added modestly, as he buttoned himself into his great-coat. 'But talkin' o' popularity 'minds me o' just such another night as this, with a three-quarters moon blotted out every now an' then by 'eavy showers.'

'There's one beginning now,' I interrupted. We were walking down the churchyard path after locking the tower door behind us.

'Then we'd best mark time under the lych-gate till it's over,' he observed philosophically; 'unless, that is to say, you'd rather pick up the double and race it.'

Seeing that we were a hundred feet above the hamlet, and that the road thither was little more than a cattle track, I favoured his first suggestion, and we halted beneath the picturesque lych-roof.

Closing the gate, which was on the inner or churchyard side of our shelter, Mr. Pagett seated himself on the coffin-stone, produced a well-coloured meerschaum, and began an ostentatious search of his numerous pockets.

'If that there gate,' he explained carefully, 'was on the outside instead o' the inside o' the lych, we should be standin' (or sittin', as the case may be) on consecrated ground, an' therefore onable to smoke. Bein' where it is—— 'Ang me if I 'aven't left my prayer-book an' baccy-pouch on the table in the vestry!'

'To a pipe-smoker a cigarette, I fear, is but a sorry makeshift. Nevertheless ——'

Apparently he was not of my opinion, for on handing him my case he absent-mindedly extracted three of its five remaining Melachrinos. But instead of smoking them in the orthodox manner he ripped open the paper cover of each with his penknife, and, without losing a single shred, deftly packed the contents into the capacious bowl of his pipe.

'I never could pick up the parlour trick of keepin' a cigarette dry between the teeth,' he explained, as he stopped the tobacco with the tip of his (comparatively) little finger. 'After the first pull at it the end frays out in my mouth, and after the second I gen'rally bite the blessed fal-lal in two. My matches must be with my prayer-book an' pouch on the vestry table.'

Again I played my usual *rôle* of honorary tobacconist to Mr. Pagett.

'You—er—mentioned a similar night to this,' I presently hazarded, assured that the great man's pipe was drawing satisfactorily.

'Latitood forty-three twenty north,' he mused, pocketing my matchbox, 'an' longitood twenty-one seventeen west. I did mention it. We were two days out from the Azores, 'omeward bound from the West Indies to Plymith to pay off, and the night was as like this one as be damned!'

'Really,' I murmured, 'from a churchwarden ——'

'I know, I know,' he interrupted testily; 'but you may take my word for it that a archbishop in aprin and mitre 'at would be croolly 'andicapped by his tongue if he'd spent more than 'alf his life on lower decks and in barrick rooms, same as what I 'ave! But to return to our rations o' mutton, as those 'alf-baked Frenchmen say. From bein' the idol o' that there ship's company I became in one bloomin' minute the most onpopular man in a

complement of seven 'undred an' fifty souls. It was this way—look.'

Mr. Pagett paused to turn up the collar of his coat, for it was draughty under the arch. I lit a cigarette and seated myself beside him on the coffin-stone.

'The junk was the *Bodmin*, first-class battleship, fourteen guns, fourteen thousand one 'undred an' fifty tons, somewhere about ten thousand indicated 'orse power, an' commanded by Capt'in Sir 'Enry Pagett, Baronite, Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, and a distant ancestor o' mine—though of course he pretended not to know it. She'd been in commission a matter o' three years an' five months, mostly within the tropics; and you may take it from me that, wherever else you may find 'em, you will be disappointed if you expect in a man-o'-war at the end of a long foreign commission the "peace on earth, goodwill towards men" the parson was preachin' about to-night.

'Under the conditions, and 'uman nature bein' what it is, the two things are impossible. The last few months of waitin' for one's relief are dead against 'em. In the *Bodmin*, moreover, we'd been still further 'andicapped by painter's colic and prickly 'eat. One 'alf o' the wardroom orf'cers didn't appear to know the other 'alf, even by sight. The first-lootenant discovered that the commander was a liar, the commander was convinced that the first-lootenant drank, and both were agreed (especially after Sir 'Enry 'ad shown them his confidential report o' them to the Adm'ralty) that the skipper was made up in equal parts of knave and fool. The young gentlemen o' the gunroom divided their watch below between spells o' sulky gloom and gen'ral mellees, which landed 'em all on the quarter-deck before the commander. In the warrant orf'cers' mess for'ard the gunner 'ad told the bo'sun he was no gentleman, and neither of them was on speakin' terms with the carpenter, who 'ad drunk both their tots o' grog while the gunner was bein' 'ammered. On the mess-deck the bluejackets began to wonder (loud enough for us to 'ear) what the 'ell marines were sent aboard for; and when the stokers, who are always our chums, told 'em, the skipper 'ad to clear lower deck an' read the Articles o' War. Then, at the Azores we picked up the latest noos of Fashoda.'

Mr. Pagett removed the meerschaum from his mouth and laid two well-browned sausages (slightly resembling fingers) on my knee.

'You will onderstand how late it was,' he observed impressively, 'when I tell you that the signal ran—"War between Great Britain an' France declared!" As the message was spelled out by the signalmen o' the watch upon the bridge, it ran from fo'c'sle to wardroom and back again by way o' the flats like wireless telegraphy, bein' felt, in a manner o' speakin', without any aperient means o' communication. For, almost before the yeoman with his slate had reached the skipper's cabin the cheerin' 'ad begun, which lasted a full ten minutes.

'It was soon after daylight when we took in the signal, the ship bein' still some miles off the land; and, knowin' how welcome our 'omecomin' would be to the Adm'ralty at such a crisis, the skipper decided not to touch at the islands but to crack on for Plymith at top speed. As we might fall in with the enemy at any moment, we were kep' paintin' an' gildin' the ship's pretty-work from breakfast to supper time, with the exception of one hour when we were exercised at repellin' boarders with pikes. At nightfall the look-outs were doubled, and the capt'in's valley took his master's bedding up to the chart'ouse on the fore bridge.

'It is wonderful how many int'resting things a really intelligent man sees an' hears on board a man-o'-war in the course o' the day's work. Before the sun was over the foreyard that mornin' I'd observed through the wardroom skylight the fleet-surjin and chief engineer, who hadn't been on speakin' terms for months, drinkin' each other's 'ealth in a couple o' gin an' angostura cocktails. While doin' the last dog sentry-go on the capt'in's cabin door I accidentally heard 'im through the key'ole tell the commander and the first-lootenant how pleased he was with the paint-work at such a grave crisis, and how he should in consequence recommend them both to the Adm'ralty for promotion. You will therefore onderstand that I was 'ardly surprised to hear them say, on passin' my post afterwards, what a blessin' it was to serve with a skipper who was as smart as paint and as straight as a bloomin' die. On the lower deck the bluejackets 'ad suddenly grown so polite to the Marines that the stokers were quite jealous, and the gunroom mess seemed as 'appy as a young ladies' school breakin' up for the 'olidays. But on no one fore and aft the ship was the effect o' the signal more marked than on the warrant orf cers. For, goin' for'ard in the dinner hour, I saw the gunner, bo'sun an' carpenter standin' arm-in-arm in a cloud o' baccy smoke, an' with the sparks from the blacksmith's forge fallin' all round 'em.

The First Lesson to-night, about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the burnin' fiery furnace, 'minded me of them.'

For some moments Mr. Pagett had been irritably tapping his pipe-bowl against the edge of the coffin-stone. I handed him the last of the cigarettes.

'Smoke it as it is,' I urged; 'your pipe is evidently choked.'

He placed it with a sigh of resignation between his teeth, lit it, took a couple of puffs, bit off the already frayed end, and eyed me as aggrievedly as though *I* had been the inventor of that foolish fal-lal, the cigarette.

'But I really am not,' I murmured involuntarily.

'"*Searchlight on the port bow!*"' he shouted, with an irrelevance that made me jump.

'It was on our second night out from the Azores. Three bells in the first watch—'alf-past nine we call it ashore—'ad just been struck by the sentry, and the 'ands were in the act of bein' piped down, when the look-out electrified the ship with them five simple words. In an instant all thought of obeyin' the pipe was gone; the bo'sun's mates themselves stopped dead with the whistles between their lips; ev'ryone for a second or two stood as rigid as though the bugle 'ad just sounded the "Still!" Then the pin-drop silence was cut in 'alf, as the sayin' is, by the sharp cry of the look-out on the other side of the fo'c'sle.

'"*Searchlight on the starboard bow, sir!*"'

'And out o' the darkness from the bridge over'ead came the calm acknowledgment of the orf'cer o' the watch:

'"Very good."

'I've always thought that it's not so much his education as the generations be'ind him that make a gentleman act different from the lower deck at times of strong excitement. Although the 'alf-dozen orf'cers on deck knew p'r'aps better than what we did the meanin' o' they two searchlights, not one o' them raised his voice above its ordin'ry pitch. As for us on the fo'c'sle, 'avin' nothing in the way o' pedigree to 'andicap our natural instincts, we first cheered ourselves 'oarse, and then sang the National Anthem as far as "Send her victorious." Before we reached "'Appy an' glorious" the bugles sounded off "Action!"

'Never in the 'ole course of that long commission had we gone to gen'ral quarters with such a good 'eart as upon that showery, shadowy night three 'undred and fifty miles north-east o' the Azores. 'Itherto we'd cast loose the guns for drill only—or for

target practice at best—an' always with one eye on the commander's paint-work. But this time we were goin' to lick the French, an' no one cared a tinker's curse for the paint excep' the commander hisself, whose promotion depended on it.

'Now, although it has taken me some time to put all this into words, less than five minutes 'ad elapsed between the second look-out's hail and the commander's report to the capt'in that the ship was cleared for action. Every light throughout her—except the electric sparks o' the night sights, which lay like a pair o' glow-worms on the chase of each gun—had been switched off or masked. Even the searchlights in the offing 'ad disappeared, and the three-quarters moon was blotted out by a heavy rain-squall which 'ad over'auled us out o' the sou'-west. My station bein' at one o' the spar-deck Hotchkiss Q.F.'s, I'd good reason to remember that shower, for it drenched me to the bloomin' skin.

'But in spite o' the rain and the darkness the *Bodmin* carried seven 'undred an' fifty of the lightest 'earts in the British Empire. For there was no shadow o' doubt as to the nationality of the electricians who 'ad worked them searchlights. Neither our Channel nor Reserve Squadron would be wastin' its sweetness on the mid-Atlantic at such a time; they were showin' their pretty-work (especially the gilded scrolls above their rams) elsewhere. On the other 'and, our 'omecomin' was well known to, and for certain good reasons eagerly awaited by, the enemy. I myself 'ad had several little affairs with wineshop keepers in Martinique, which caused me to be a marked man to the French Gover'ment.'

Mr. Pagett sighed heavily, though whether with remorse for the harassed Quai d'Orsay or because he had at length bitten his cigarette in two I was unable to determine. I inclined to the former theory.

'"*L'infanterie d'Angleterre,*"' I quoted, '"*est la meilleure du monde. Heureusement il n'y en a beaucoup.*"'

The ex-private eyed me suspiciously. 'Well,' he retorted, 'I won't deny but what there *was* a petticoat or two mixed up in them affairs, though 'ow you came to guess it—— Anyway, that's neither 'ere nor there. "Cap'n Pringle," sings out the skipper from the top o' the chart'ouse to the commander below, "we sha'n't be within range o' they cruisers for another twenty minutes at least. Let the orf'cers fall out and the men lie down alongside o' their guns. And, Pringle," he says, "as the pore fellers are wet through, and even a British seaman is 'andicapped for fightin'

when his teeth are chatterin' in his 'ead, I'll splice the mainbrace. Make the necess'ry arrangements with the fleet-paymaster," he says, "to 'ave the rum served out to them at their quarters."

'If the strictest silence 'adn't been enjoined from the moment we first sighted the enemy no popular dockyard member would 'ave been more roundly cheered than my distant ancestor when he made that graceful little alloosion to the condition o' the mainbrace. As it was, we on deck drank our tots with nods an' grins, while the orf'cers 'obnobbed over gin an' sardines (accordin' to tradition) in the wardroom below. At one end o' the table—so my towny the wine stooard told me afterwards—the commander was sayin' that he wished all first-lootenants were teetotallers like the *Bodmin's*, while at the other end Number One kep' whisperin' that there was no man whose simple word he would take more readily than the commander's. In place o' the wicked passions which reigned fore and aft the ship but two days previous there was now nothin' but unity, peace an' concord.

'When the word was presently passed for us all to fall in again round the guns ev'ry eye above the water-line was nat'rally turned towards the north-eastern 'orizon. The great loom of the sweepin' rain-squall still blurred the sky in that quarter, but stretchin' upwards and inwards from either side, till lost in the cloud itself, were the two searchlights of the invisible French fleet. And you may lay to it that mine was not the only gallant 'eart that thumped at sight of 'em.

'But a stillness not entirely doo to *discipline* bimebye fell on that shipful of eager 'eroes. As the cloud vanished the search-rays shot 'igher and 'igher, till one of the spare numbers at the gun (a recruity 'e was) gripped me by the elbow and pointed through the port:

'"S'elp me!" he whispered, "I never onderstood till now why they call the blamed thing the arc light. Blimy if it ain't for all the world like the beginnin's of a great arch across the sky! Jumpin' Je'oshaphat, chum"—he was 'oarse with excitement—"the bloomin' rays are *bendin'*!"

'Bein' Number Two I 'ad the lever o' the breechblock in my 'and, and I closed the breech with a clang that made the upper deck quarters skip like one man.

'"The French fleet!" I cries, 'oldin' my sides, while the tears ran down my face. "To think," I says, "that we've cleared for action an' spliced the mainbrace all for a bloomin'——"

'"Put that pot-bellied, pap-brained, 'owling dervish under the sentry's charge!" roared the Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, after he'd danced a *pas de sool* on the chart'ouse roof.

'And several of the 'ands who'd jumped 'ighest when I slammed 'ome the breechblock so far forgot theirselves as to cry "'Ear, 'ear!"

'For, such are the changes an' chances of this mortal life, in one fleetin' minute that there discov'ry o' mine 'ad changed a justly popular idol into the best 'ated man in the ship!'

Mr. Pagett rose from the coffin-stone, and I followed his example. For the shower had passed and the moon once more shone from a clear sky overhead.

'The nex' mornin', while the 'ands were bein' turned out,' he continued, as we prepared to descend the hill, 'a bluejacket looked over the edge o' my 'ammick and allooded to Marines in a way that might 'ave 'urt an ordin'ry soldier's feelin's. But I always made allowances for the pore, ignorant, flat-footed fellers; besides, even Solomon in an 'ammick would 'ave been 'andicapped in argument with a man on his feet. And this man was the 'eavy weight champion o' the squadron, so I looked at him in dignified silence, an' presently he went away.

'But before prayers that forenoon I discovered that he was not the only man affected by the crool disappointment of the previous night. After a breakfast that was like a Dorcas meetin' for back-bitin' and slanderin', one 'alf o' the wardroom orf'cers again cut the other 'alf dead upon the quarter-deck. The gunroom was less like the young ladies' school of yesterday than a cageful o' bear cubs with sore 'eads and the power o' profane swearin', while the gunner, bo'sun an' carpenter 'ad arranged by dinner-time for a triangular dooel near the bandstand on Plymith 'Oe. From the unity, peace an' concord of the past two days the entire ship 'ad reverted to the angry passions of the previous five months.

'At seven bells, as we were cleanin' guns, the fleet-paymaster climbed the bridge ladder and touched his 'at to the skipper:

'"I've come to ask you, sir," he says, "whether I'm to charge them seven 'undred an' twenty tots o' rum last night to the public, and, if so, what reason you wish me to assign for such an abnormally large issue. The gen'ral action we—er—anticipated didn't come off after all, so——"

'"Seven 'undred an' twenty tots!" shouts the skipper, when

he'd recovered his breath. "Then, in the name o' Beelzebub," he says, "what's become o' the temp'rance brigade the chapling 'as been feedin' with tea an' buns all the commission?"

'"There was no temp'rance brigade last night, any'ow," says the pusser with a grin; "seven 'undred an' twen——"

'"Well, I don't want to 'ear no more about it," interrup's my distant ancestor, post-capt'inlike, "and what's more I won't. If there was seven 'undred an' fifty blind fools aboard this ship last night," he says, "Capt'in Sir 'Enry Pagett, Baronite and Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, was the blindest. Charge it to me," he says, "and log it as issued under the mistaken impression that the date was the First Lord's birthday."'

For the next few moments we continued our walk to Mr. Pagett's accompaniment of 'The day is past and over,' whistled in march time and in five successive keys.

'That searchlight?' I presently hinted, when I could stand no more; 'what was it, after all?'

He stopped in the middle of a bar and of the roadway at the same instant:

'Don't accuse *me* o' the *coincidence*,' he growled, staring aggrievedly before him, 'but—well, that there searchlight off the Azores was twin-brother to the nat'ral phenomenon over yonder. Look!'

I looked. The valley before us was spanned by a lunar rainbow.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG

Tuesday, May 12th, will be the centenary of the birth of Justus von Liebig, one of the great scientific and educational forces of the last century.

LIEBIG is known to most of us only as the inventor of a method of preparing 'extract of meat.' He has infinitely stronger claims on our remembrance as one of the fathers of modern chemistry, and as a man who took a leading part in laying the foundations on which his fellow countrymen have constructed their splendid system of higher education in chemistry and physics, and built up the great industrial system which we all admire, and which not a few of us regard with some degree of anxiety. It is rather saddening to reflect that had we in England attended more closely to his teachings half a century or more ago it is probable that we should not in this the year of his centenary still be only partly provided with a satisfactory system of advanced scientific education in this country.

Much of Liebig's most important work was begun whilst he was still a very young man. Like Davy he found his chance quickly. But we learn that to the average pedagogic eye he did not exhibit very early promise. Like a good many able lads he had not a good ear-memory, and so he could not learn his lessons in the gymnasium at Darmstadt, where his father lived, so well as many who were really his inferiors. He was, in fact, so unsuccessful a pupil, that the rector of that institution denounced him before all his fellows as 'the plague of his teachers and the sorrow of his parents.' Nor did he at first give greater satisfaction in a more practical line of life, for being apprenticed at about fifteen to an apothecary, he was sent back to his parents within a year. The cause of this second misfortune was not, however, altogether discouraging. There is always room for hope about the boy who has initiative, and the apothecary wanted to be rid of Liebig on account of the numerous and sometimes serious explosions which resulted from the private and particular researches of the latter into the qualities of his master's stock of chemicals. His subsequent career was certainly well calculated to give comfort to the fathers of troublesome sons. Only five or six years after his dismissal by the apothecary (1824) he was

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made professor of chemistry at Giessen, on the recommendation of Humboldt, and when he died in 1873 it needed the combined powers of no less than three distinguished masters in three different faculties of science to do justice to his work in the memorial addresses delivered in his honour; whilst Hofmann in his eloquent Faraday lecture declared that Liebig's name was the one which alone at that time, 1875, 'was fitted to stand beside Faraday's in the representation of the nineteenth century to future generations of mankind;' that he was the one man, then, who, with Faraday, would receive from posterity reverence such as is given to giant figures like those of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and Lavoisier. To-day, now the sands of the nineteenth century have fully run, there can be no doubt that Hofmann's successors would place other names beside those of Faraday and Liebig. But still the fact remains that during the earlier part of that century Liebig was one of the very great figures among that class of men in whose work we must seek, as the present Prime Minister said some years ago, for the causes which more than any others conduce to the movements of great civilised communities in these later times.

Liebig was essentially a great pioneer; he played a leading part in no less than four important new departures. The first of these was the opening of the Giessen Laboratory. This event heralded a revolution in our ideas on the function of science in general and technical education. The second was his early work in helping to create the new organic chemistry. This included, besides the discovery of multitudes of facts, the invention, after six years' labour, of the first satisfactory method for finding the composition of the so-called organic substances—*i.e.* of the compounds of carbon which we derive from plants or animals or prepare artificially in our laboratories; his share in working out, with Wöhler, the theory of compound radicles; and his discovery, in conjunction with Gay-Lussac, that cyanic acid and fulminic acid, though very different in their properties, are made of the same components united in exactly the same proportions:—a discovery which helped to convince chemists that the properties of chemical compounds do not depend solely on the nature of the elements of which they are composed, nor on the proportions of those elements present in them, nor even on these two circumstances combined, as had previously been supposed, but also upon the manner in

their view a new world of phenomena, almost as full of wonders, as rich in promise, and indeed I might say almost as rich also in the novelty of its gifts as the 'New World' discovered by Columbus and Cabot in the fifteenth century.

Later in his life Liebig did splendid things in the application of chemistry to agriculture and physiology. A memorable work was his 'Animal Chemistry or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology and Pathology;' whilst his famous book 'The Natural Laws of Husbandry' has been described as constituting 'the first perfect construction of the philosophy of Agriculture,' and as sufficient in itself to have secured for him imperishable fame. By his experiments and writings on these subjects he not only overthrew many of the false or vague hypotheses then current, such as the humus theory, but replaced them by sounder conceptions giving us at last clear and correct ideas on such important matters as the origin of animal heat, the relations of plants and animals to one another and to the air they dwell in, and also taught us the importance of the saline materials of the earth to the plants, and the importance of returning these to the soil if we would maintain its fertility unimpaired. It is true that in these, till then, comparatively unexplored fields Liebig's conclusions on details, and even on important details, were not always right. But these have been corrected as fuller data have become available, and after all is said it remains that by his work in this department he cast ray after ray of clear light where before had been darkness or at best a glimmering twilight.

Finally, I must add that by the publication of his famous 'Familiar Letters,' first in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and afterwards in book form, he did more, perhaps, than any one else to popularise science in the best sense of that term throughout the civilised world, and to create in his own country that peculiar attitude of mind among its people which is held by many to afford the real foundation on which both the immense progress of pure science in Germany and the recent great development of the scientific industries in that country are based.

In 1819, when Liebig had to beat a retreat from the apothecary's shop in Heppenheim, it was, as he has said, 'a wretched time for chemistry in Germany.' In England, Davy, Dalton, and others were doing, or lately had been doing, great things. In Sweden there was Berzelius, one of the very greatest of modern chemists;

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whilst France, at that time, was rendered glorious by the presence of a whole galaxy of brilliant discoverers. But in Germany science languished. It was in fact in such a bad way that, astonishing as it may seem to us now, Liebig soon found himself compelled to seek light away from the Fatherland, for in those days not a ray was to be found at home. Even elsewhere the sources of illumination were few. There was not in all Europe one public laboratory in which a student could get instruction in practical work. In England I believe that John Dalton took a few pupils. In Sweden Berzelius gave a few fortunate followers, like Wöhler, the discoverer of aluminium, a place at the kitchen fire which he shared with Anna, his cook. In Paris, if properly introduced, one might gain admittance, as Liebig did, to one of the garrets or cellars which then served as laboratories for the great French workers, but no other opportunities for practical work existed, even in these favoured centres.

Liebig changed all this. Being introduced by Humboldt to Gay-Lussac, and thereby gaining the advantage of working with this brilliant man, he conceived in his company the idea of founding, when he should get back to Germany, a public laboratory where he should be to his younger fellow countrymen all that Gay-Lussac was to himself. His chance soon came. He was appointed Professor at Giessen, and the dream of his Paris days became reality. He opened his laboratory and soon was at the head of a band of eager young workers, all picked intellects, gathered from every civilised country. The effect throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, of the opening of the door of the Giessen laboratory was like that of the kiss in the sleeping palace. Soon other teachers of chemistry and physics began to realise the importance of what Liebig was doing. Other professors opened laboratories for students, then others, and then yet more, till now, as we know, not only every university and every capital, but every third-rate town, indeed every well-equipped secondary school, has a laboratory such as did not exist anywhere in Europe for the purposes of instruction eighty years ago; whilst Liebig's sense of the importance of practical work so spread itself that a corresponding advance soon began in connection with other branches of science.

But we are not only in Liebig's debt for the wonderful results of this fruitful idea. He not only opened the first public laboratory for students, but also originated the best system of advanced *scientific training* yet known to us. In his laboratory, except for

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laboratory devoted to work in pure science. Can men, he asks, who do not understand the nature of an investigation, and who cannot interpret the language of phenomena, be expected to derive any assistance from discoveries in science, and can they be deemed capable of making the most insignificant applications of such discoveries to practical purposes?

Hence Liebig's answer to the question so many of us are still asking, 'What is technical education?' was that whilst farming must be learnt on the farm, bread-making in the bakery, dyeing by work at the dye-vat, those who would take advantage of the resources science puts at their disposal, 'in these cruel times,' must study the sciences on which their trades depend as far as possible in the same way as students of pure science. That is they must learn the 'go' of them as completely as possible and not be satisfied with a peep here and a peep there. Above all, they must train their powers of observation, of putting questions to nature, of translating the answers, and of distinguishing the true answers from the false to the highest pitch of perfection they can attain. The truth of all he says on this subject has been recognised and acted on in Germany and in America far more than in England. The value in a factory of a good 'college man' caught young is recognised far more fully in those countries than among ourselves. And this undoubtedly is one of the causes of the rapid development of their industrial resources which we all have witnessed in recent times.

Great as Liebig's educational work was, it by no means exhausted his astonishing productiveness. If he had not originated and worked out his wonderful system of teaching by research he would still have been remembered for his splendid contributions to pure science and in other directions. It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the amount, variety, or quality of the purely scientific work Liebig accomplished. A mere list of the titles of his memoirs would occupy as much space as the whole of this article, and so widely do they range over the scientific field that Hofmann declared in his Faraday lecture that the many-sided genius of Liebig baffled his sense of order and selection; whilst in addition to these memoirs—there are more than three hundred of them—he produced a prodigious amount of scientific literature of high quality.

Of course much that Liebig did in the previously almost untilled fields of agricultural and physiological chemistry has

as I have already said, been superseded. Though he showed the right way, he was not always right, and this has sometimes led his successors to forget that the truth of much that now seems self-evident to us was established first by him; to forget that we start with the advantage of a platform built by him, and that whatever advances we have made have been largely the result of following his methods. But in spite of the rejection in these later days of some of his conclusions our debt to Liebig is sufficiently great, and we must not forget that if his successors have gone further and seen more than he did, this does not reduce our debt to him any more than the discoveries of more recent travellers diminish our indebtedness to the courage, determination, and genius of a Sebastian Cabot or a Christopher Columbus. On the contrary it adds weight to our obligations to both alike.

By way of illustrating his work in these fields at its best I may give a single example. It was Liebig who first gave us a really clear idea of the true relations of plants and animals to one another, and to the ocean of air which they jointly inhabit. When he began to study agricultural chemistry, the humus theory was still in the ascendant. And therefore a reasonable science of agriculture was impossible, for a true science of this subject could not be founded upon false ideas as to the means of nutrition of vegetables. According to the humus theory the source of the fertility of the soil was supposed to be the vegetable mould or humus which it contains. The plants were understood to absorb this humus in solution by means of their roots, and by many it was believed to form their chief nutriment. Our fellow countryman, Priestley, had, it is true, laid the foundations of another and truer hypothesis. But in Germany the humus theory was very widely held in Liebig's days, and though it was by no means definitely accepted in England at that time, yet, on the other hand, after a careful study of the writings of such authorities as Davy, Daubeny, Thomas Thomson, and Brande, one rises far from convinced that the alternative hypothesis suggested by Priestley's work was really accepted by the English chemists. They seem to have had no clear perception of the source of the carbon of plants, and some of them doubted if the plants could really remove carbon dioxide from the air, and still considered that the carbon of manure must be an important source of supply.

Liebig went straight to the heart of this matter. Humus under the conditions in which it exists in the soil is insoluble in

water; even in the presence of alkalis such as the soil contains it is not sufficiently soluble to account for the vegetables produced. It follows that the humus of the earth cannot be absorbed by the roots of plants, and therefore that it cannot be the chief source of nourishment to the plants. Moreover, he showed that plants add to the amount of carbon in the soil and do not diminish it; and pointed out that as humus is produced by the decay of vegetable matter the first plants can have had no humus to feed upon. On the other hand, he reminds us that one of the most striking facts about the air is the circumstance that in spite of the vast amount of oxygen consumed by animals, and in other ways, the proportion of this gas in the air does not seem to decrease. Air taken from Pompeii, for example, from buried vessels, contains the same proportion of oxygen as a sample of country air to-day. And, again, although countless generations of animals have poured carbon dioxide into the air in the past, and though vast quantities of this gas have been produced by decay, and in other ways daily for ages, the amount now present is quite astonishingly small.[1]

How is the supply of oxygen thus maintained constant, and how is the amount of carbon dioxide kept so low under these circumstances?

Using data supplied by his predecessors, Priestley, Sennebier, and De Saussure, Liebig showed that this remarkable constancy in the composition of the air is brought about by the plants. The life processes of plants not only supply animals with food, the means of nutrition, they also purify and regenerate the air for the use of the latter. By absorbing the carbon dioxide they keep down the amount of this unwholesome (unwholesome to animals, that is) constituent of the air; and by retaining its carbon and returning its oxygen to the air they afford the animals an inexhaustible and unfailing supply of the latter absolutely essential element. On the other hand, the animals, by producing supplies of carbon dioxide, which the plants need, make it possible for vegetables to maintain their existence, and thus it becomes possible for successive generations of each to support life almost indefinitely in spite of the fact that the materials available for their nourishment occur in quantities which can by no means be regarded as inexhaustible.

One would wish to give some further illustrations of what

[1] About 3 parts in 10,000 only.

Liebig did in these difficult branches of applied chemistry—to describe, for example, the researches into the origin of animal heat by which he brushed away the empty theories of his predecessors, and showed that the whole of the heat produced in the animal body can be accounted for by the oxidation of its food within the organism; or to discuss the mineral theory of agriculture, which if not equally successful was at least equally stimulating in giving rise to valuable discussions and experiments. But considerations of space forbid my dwelling further upon these matters, or upon the details of Liebig's more purely scientific work, or giving any account of the share he took in the great scientific discussions of the nineteenth century, in the course of which some of his opponents are said to have been treated at times in a manner 'quite dreadful to think of' in spite of the real benevolence of his character, which always seems to have prevented any permanent misunderstandings arising from the rough treatment his adversaries received when he was engaged in the task of rending and destroying what seemed to him an error.

Liebig was skilful in correcting popular delusions on scientific subjects. A notable example of this may be found in the overthrow of the once much-discussed theory of 'spontaneous combustion,' a comparatively modern error, dating it seems only from the year 1725, but which persisted long after Lavoisier had explained the real nature of fire; which was from time to time put forward with success in the defence of persons on trial for murder, and received its last support from Charles Dickens. His success in this direction throws a pleasant light on the progress of civilisation. One wonders what would have been the fate of Liebig had he opposed himself to such an error in the sixteenth century, when Kepler could only save his mother from going to the stake for witchcraft by satisfying her judges that she possessed none of the signs essential to a witch. In those days Kepler did not dare to say that there were no such things as witches.

Liebig was highly appreciated in England. He paid several visits to this country, and was always deeply gratified by his reception here. On one of these visits he made the acquaintance of Faraday and his wife, for both of whom he soon acquired a profound sense of love and admiration. Writing to the former after a visit in 1844 he made the following noteworthy remarks

on the mental characteristics of the Englishman as compared with those of Germans at that time.

'What struck me most in England,' said he, in this letter, 'was the perception that only those works which have a practical tendency awake attention and command respect, while the purely scientific works, which possess far greater merit, are almost unknown. And yet the latter are the proper and true source from which the others flow. Practice alone can never lead to the discovery of a truth or a principle. In Germany it is quite the contrary. Here, in the eyes of scientific men, no value, or, at least, but a trifling one, is placed on the practical results. The enrichment of Science is alone considered worthy of attention. I do not mean to say that this is better; for both nations the golden medium would certainly be real good fortune.'

In 1865 he was specially invited to England, at the cost of the nation, to advise on the disposal of the stores of plant-food which, under the name of sewage, we daily cast away. But his advice was not followed, and, though he received a vote of thanks from the Corporation of London, he was greatly disappointed with the immediate result, or rather with the want of result, of his efforts. Had his proposals been adopted it seems probable that his centenary would not have been distinguished by the regrettable incidents at Winchester which led to the recent Oyster Scare.

Liebig died in Munich, whither he had been called from Giessen, in 1873.

It is a singular fact, in view of his position and influence, that up to 1895, and I believe to this present moment, no comprehensive and popular account of Liebig and his life work has been produced in his native country. Several volumes of his letters have been published and several memorial addresses. But these are chiefly interesting to the man of science. In England, however, we are better provided, for we have the Faraday Lecture of Hofmann on his scientific work, and also a more popular life in the 'Century Science Series.'

W. A. Shenstone.

FROM A CONVENT GARDEN.

In the cool green fragrance of a convent garden, against a background of tall white convent walls, there lies an atmosphere of shaded stillness and pearly light, a remote reposeful sense, on which the murmur of the outer world, both actual and figurative, comes as the far-off whisper of a very distant sea.

We are at Neuilly, at the Dames Anglaises, and for the nonce yield ourselves up, sinking contentedly to the very lips in a clear and flowing tide of ancient story, wherein past and present at moments so closely mingle that we almost lose our sense of actuality; and, surely, nowhere can tradition, fascinating twin sister of the written word, dwell so untroubled and secure as in the precincts of a cloister.

The nun, in the austere folds of her long white habit, broken and harmonised by a minutely pleated muslin cotta reaching to the knee, the note of austerity finding itself again in the broad leathern belt and the black veil above the stiff coif of linen—the nun in her moments of leisure moving silently under the green alleys, or sitting with folded hands and a kindly face which show like soft-tinted ivory against the white, sits and moves 'in her very habit' as she has done for many hundred years, and raises in us an awkward sense of our own incongruity. For one wild moment a passionate regret seizes us for the picturesque beauty of the Vandyke dress in which Henrietta Maria and her lords and ladies in their exile visited these Dames Anglaises in theirs, or for the brocades, the powder and patches, the red heels and the long canes of a later time, when the mundane costume brought to these precincts the piquancy of contrast, whereas we of to-day raise but a jar of discord with the stately beauty of these austere robes. The idle wish is soon absorbed in the delighted interest with which we listen to our friend, the oldest nun in the community, whose years are eighty-two, and who has celebrated her diamond jubilee within these walls. Almost her first words lift us straight back into a far distant time of turmoil and unrest, and, spoken by her in a pleasant slightly humorous voice, intensify the feeling that here the past and present are commingled:

'When my grandfather built his new house at Great Crosby in

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Lancashire, he made the priest's hiding-hole in the kitchen chimney. Once, a bishop, a great friend of his, was staying with him, and the pursuivants got wind of it, so they came and lighted a fire in the kitchen, but they did not know,'—and here a smile twinkled over the old face, on which time alone, unaided by the passions, cares, and ambitions of the world, had laid a fine network of wrinkles, 'they did not know that there was a way out from the hiding-hole to the roof, so the bishop got away.' From her own recollections—and she has passed through two Revolutions—and from the archives of her convent and its traditions, extending back to 1616, she tells us what follows:

We are Canonesses Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, our Rule dating from the second Council of Lateran in 1139, and our traditions nearly four hundred years further back. Early in the thirteenth century a small community of ladies of our Rule had a *hospice* at Déchy, a village in Flanders. They devoted themselves to the care of the sick, and received pilgrims and poor travellers. The constant passage of troops and the many vexations they had to suffer forced the nuns in 1227 to leave Déchy and move nearer to Douay; so they built themselves a convent at the village of Sin-le-Noble and called it Notre-Dame de Beaulieu. There they lived for nearly four centuries in peace and quiet, but the times becoming greatly troubled again, the same causes which had compelled them to leave Déchy drove them in 1616 to solicit from the council of Douay the favour of establishing themselves in that town. Their new Abbey of Beaulieu took six years to build, and soon rose to a high degree of splendour. Twenty-two abbesses succeeded one another, of whom several belonged to the greatest families of Flanders. The last of them, Marie-Anne de Mortagne de Landas, died in 1794, at the moment of the suppression of her abbey. Four years later the whole place was sold by the State.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, with hardly an exception, all the convents in England had been suppressed, and young ladies with a vocation to a religious life had to expatriate themselves and seek admission to some foreign abbey. To Douay, where the famous English College had been established more than half a century, it was natural that English ladies should come, and to one of them, Letice-Mary Tredway, a Canoness of Beaulieu, and to Thomas Carre, a priest of the College of Douay, was due the establishment of a new convent, an offshoot of Beaulieu, where we should all be English; and so we have remained ever

since, the foreign names upon our register from 1615 to 1884 numbering but seven or eight, one of them, happily for the safety of our community, as we shall see later, that of Mademoiselle Angebault in 1870.

Letice-Mary Tredway, born in 1593, was of the family of Lord de la Warr, her father being Sir Walter Tredway, of Buckley Park, Northamptonshire, and her mother, Elizabeth Weyman. She seems to have come to Beaulieu as a pupil, the canonesses having an educational establishment, and at the age of twenty-three, in 1616, she entered the novitiate. She probably cherished from the first the project of founding a monastery where both religious and pupils should be exclusively English; but it only began to take shape in 1632, when the two first members of the future community, Bridget and Dorothy Mollyns, arrived at Beaulieu from England and were heartily welcomed by their future abbess. After manifold difficulties, but having a powerful friend in Louis XIII.'s mighty minister, Cardinal Richelieu, the infant society moved to Paris from Beaulieu in 1634, and installed themselves in the Rue d'Enfer, the Abbess of Beaulieu detaching two of the servants of the abbey to serve the new house, and sending the little band away furnished with a goodly supply of stuffs for their chapel furniture and for their own garments, of objects of piety, bedding, and with ten pistoles for their journey, which took seven days.

A curious little episode was connected with our coming to Paris. Cardinal Richelieu was our very good friend, but the Archbishop of Paris, Henri de Gondi, whose permission was one of the conditions under which Louis XIII. granted our letters patent, absolutely refused his consent unless we could prove that we had a sufficient endowment for the future subsistence of the community. It was an impossible condition, for the future depended on the dowries of future members and upon the income from the school, and the lady pensioners—'High Pensioners' as they were called, who would be received into the institution, according to the custom of the time. Monseigneur Richard Smith, Bishop *in partibus* and ex-Vicar Apostolic of England and Scotland, having had to fly from his country, a price of 100*l.* set on his head, had been received into his palace by Cardinal Richelieu, and remained there as his honoured guest until Richelieu's death. His intervention was invoked, and when he pleaded the cause of the Dames Anglaises, and made known the trouble the Archbishop

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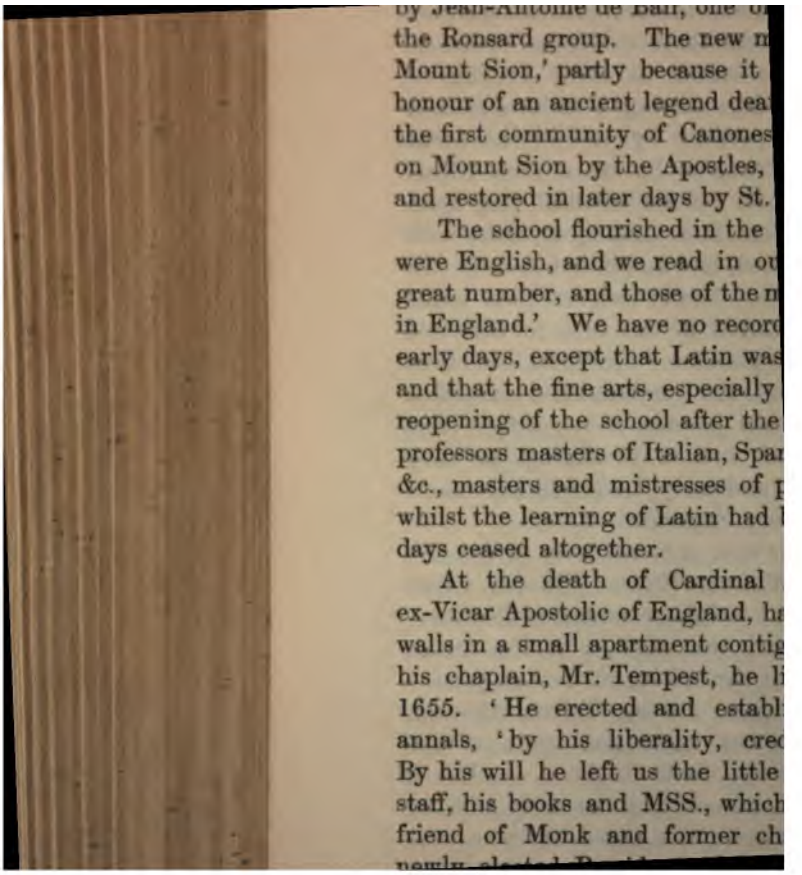
was giving them, the great minister solved the difficulty with infinite tact and celerity. He knew that Henri de Gondi was exceedingly anxious to obtain the cordon-bleu of the Order of the St. Esprit, the highest of French decorations. With the utmost delicacy Richelieu touched the spring, the opposition melted away, and our letters patent were soon afterwards signed and delivered under the seal of the archbishop.

The benediction of Letice-Mary Tredway as abbess was solemnly performed on March 26, 1634, the niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and the Marquise de Meignelay, the virtuous sister of the archbishop, acting as sponsors. With her new dignity she became known as *Lady* Tredway—abbesses in the pre-Reformation days having, I believe, ranked with baronesses. We have her portrait by one of the great painters of the day, probably Le Brun, for he was a great friend of ours, her hand on an open book, and the abbatial ring upon her finger. She has a right English face, intelligent, firm, with honest kindly eyes, a fine complexion, and a sensitive mouth. As she was our first lady abbess, so was she our last, for it was found that in France abbesses were appointed by the king for life, and chosen by him according to his pleasure. Children had been known to be imposed as abbess, and the communities compelled to accept them in virtue of the *bon plaisir* of the king. The Dames Anglaises could not brook such a possibility, so they dispensed with the title of abbess, and Lady Tredway's successors have ever since been known as *Lady Superior*.

The new abbess began her rule over a community of but five members—Dorothy and Bridget Mollyns, Eleanor Skinner, Sarah Morgan, and Marguerite de Bury, a Belgian canoness of Beaulieu. One pupil, Mary Dormer, formed the nucleus of the future school. It is interesting to look at the names on our register—Waldegrave, Blount of Mapledurham, Paston, Talbot, Howard, Petre, Eyre, Towneley, Stonor occur again and again of the women who formed this conservative little England, set like a jewel in a foreign sphere. It was not easy in the early days for recusants to get away from England; the sisters Mollyns were arrested at Dover and imprisoned in the castle on their first attempt to reach Douay; being set at liberty and sent to London, nothing daunted, they made a second and this time successful attempt to sail from another and less strictly guarded port. They were seventeen and eighteen years of age.


by Jean-Antoine de Baïf, one o
the Ronsard group. The new n
Mount Sion,' partly because it
honour of an ancient legend dea
the first community of Canones
on Mount Sion by the Apostles,
and restored in later days by St.

The school flourished in the
were English, and we read in ou
great number, and those of the n
in England.' We have no record
early days, except that Latin was
and that the fine arts, especially
reopening of the school after the
professors masters of Italian, Spa
&c., masters and mistresses of p
whilst the learning of Latin had
days ceased altogether.

At the death of Cardinal
ex-Vicar Apostolic of England, h
walls in a small apartment contig
his chaplain, Mr. Tempest, he li
1655. 'He erected and establ
annals, 'by his liberality, cre
By his will he left us the little
staff, his books and MSS., which
friend of Monk and former ch

and it is now preserved at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, in Durham.

The year 1674 was a sad one for our community. Broken with years and infirmity Lady Tredway resigned her abbatial office after having governed with an enlightened and equitable rule, with firmness and with tenderness, through prosperity and adversity, her monastery for forty years, and seen the number of her subjects increase from five to more than fifty. She lived three years longer, dying at the age of eighty-four. Dorothy Mollyns was elected Superior in her place. The same year witnessed the death of Thomas Carre at the age of seventy-five, our chaplain for forty years, with Monseigneur Smith and Lady Tredway, the founder of our house. Pious and just, he was a remarkable administrator, and even in these busy days it is hard to realise how he accomplished what he did. Founder also of St. Gregory's Seminary in Paris and a member of the English Chapter, he crossed the Channel no fewer than fifty-six times, according to Edward Sutton his successor, or seventy times, according to Dodd. He was also a poet, a painter, an engraver on copper, and a sculptor. He collected books and published several theological works. He was the intimate friend of the poet Crashaw, whose works he published in 1652, two years after Crashaw's death. In the days when the penal laws were enforced with utmost rigour, Mr. Carre's voyages to England were perilous in the extreme, and even in 1660, in the milder days of Charles II., having to go to London, he obtained leave of Queen Henrietta Maria, who was going to pay a visit to her son, to travel in her suite. He went in a military disguise, and the 'unhappy Queen,' as she called herself, when she saw him thus equipped, dubbed him 'Captain Carre.' Both the King and the Duke of York recognised him, and passing through the streets of London the King twice stopped his horse to notice the improvised captain.

Although Queen Henrietta Maria was not on such terms of intimate affection with us as with the nuns of the Visitation in Paris, whose house she had founded and where her heart was preserved in the tribune of the chapel, we had many royal visits, especially in the exiled days of James II., from him, Mary of Modena, and their children. We used to receive them with all the pomp our poverty allowed. The Superior met them at the choir door, the nuns remaining standing in their stalls; the organ played, and as they knelt for a few moments on a prie-Dieu

surmounted by a canopy, *Domine salvum fac regem* was s
They then partook of a collation in a room hung with tap
for the occasion, and then descended into the garden, where '
conversed with an amiability and simplicity which cha
everyone.' Through our chaplain we returned the visit and
thanks the following day; on birthdays and at the New Yea
also conveyed our good wishes to them.

One day the Queen sent to ask the prayers of the commu
Queen Mary of England had lately died, and 'with her, Wil
of Orange had lost the pretence of legitimacy which covered
usurpation.' The Jacobites in England, and Louis XIV. hin
judged the moment favourable for an attempt to recover
crown. Heartily did we pray for the success of the King's a
Alas! on July 3 Mr. Sutton, our chaplain, went to attend
King's levee at the Irish College. James II. had returned
his third unsuccessful attempt to recover his dominions.
same evening, without sending previous notice, he paid us a
At his death his body was buried at the Monastery of the B
dictine Monks in the Faubourg St.-Jacques, his heart was se
the Visitation nuns at Chaillot and deposited near that of
mother, his brain was sent to the Scotch College, and we rece
one of his forearms. James III. occasionally visited our con
and used to touch for the king's evil. 'He touched,' says
Journal, 'some that had, or fancied themselves to have,
evill.' The death of Mary of Modena closed our relations
the little Court of St. Germains. They had lasted twenty-
years, during which we had shared to the full all the hopes
fears, the disappointments and the sorrows of the last survivo
the unhappy House of Stuart.

The year 1685 was an anxious one for us. The growt
Paris and the bad condition of the steep and narrow Rue
Victor-des-Fossés made the authorities determine upon leve
and widening it. The cost to our community of rebuilding
premises upon the street was estimated by our architect at
than 50,000 *livres tournois*. Everything was done to stav
such a calamity. The Prévôt des Marchands was appealed t
the French ambassador to England; the Archbishop of
presented a *placet* to the King, the Papal nuncio prese
another. James II. ordered Skelton, his envoy-extraordinar
the French Court, to use his utmost endeavours on our be
All these mighty intercessions fell before the magnificent an

of Louis XIV.: 'If the public good required that my bedroom should be demolished, it would not be spared a single moment.' In our next encounter with the King we were more fortunate. One day, to the dismay of the community, the Commissaire-Général du Guet appeared at the convent with a Bernardine nun and handed to the Lady Superior, Anne Tyldesley, the following *lettre de cachet*: 'The Sœur de Méré is ordered to retire from the abbey of —— and to proceed to the convent of the Religieuses Anglaises in the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés, in Paris. Versailles, February 11, 1705.' Madame Tyldesley immediately took her pen, and with the utmost respect declined to accept the charge. The Commissaire took away the lady, delivered the letter to the King, and we heard no more of the matter.

Our community at this period was very large. We counted from seventy to eighty religious—almost too large a number for the needs of the school and 'High Pension.' In 1693 Lady Browne came to the latter, bringing with her her granddaughter, Arabella Fermor, the 'Belinda' of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' who spent nine years in our school, with long absences in England. She married F. Perkins, Esq., of Ufton Court, Berkshire, and died in January 1737. Her niece, Agnes Fermor, joined our Order, and one day remarked, 'I am certain that there is very little comfort in a house that receives poets. I can remember that Pope's whims were so numerous that it would have required ten servants to satisfy them, and his praises of my aunt had infatuated her with herself, and made her extremely tiresome.'

It is hardly necessary to say that during the first 150 years of our existence in Paris our chapel had received several rich gifts from royal and other persons, or that the successive revolutions relieved us of nearly all of them, including the bones of our friends and benefactors which had been laid to rest under our care. One of these gifts has had a curious history. It consisted of three fine alabaster carvings, representing the Nativity, the Taking Down from the Cross, and the Madonna and Child. On the step of the little altar on which they were placed can be read the following inscription, deep cut in the old lettering of the time: 'These three devout rare pieces my L^{d} John Somerset brought from Trapané in Sicily at his return from Jerusalem. They were given to this Monastery by his eldest son, the Hon^{ble} Henry Somerset, Esq., A.D. 1684, to whom Almighty God be for ever propitious.' We managed to save them through two revolutions,

but in 1871, when the Communists sacked our convent, they were stolen. Great was our joy when, some months later, our Superior received an anonymous letter saying that if she would send to a certain house they would be restored to her. So they once again stand, recovered and uninjured, in their old place.

The sound of national and party strife at home seems to have found a faint echo within the peaceful but conservative walls of the Dames Anglaises, and it is rather amusing to read in our annals that under the rule of Ann-Frances Throckmorton (1720–1728), by twenty-eight votes in thirty-five, the chapter enacted that neither Scotch nor Irish members should be received into this exclusively English community. This enactment has long since fallen into desuetude.

But graver and nearer troubles were looming before us. They seem to have cast no premonitory shadow, for our annals for several years previous to 1789 record absolutely nothing but the calm events of a peaceful and well-ordered community. On May 4, 1789, the Etats Généraux met at Versailles, and on the same day the Dames Anglaises began the solemn prayer of the Quarant' Ore. Again and again, as on the day of the massacre of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, we find the little band of white-robed English nuns, as if in response to the successive acts of that dramatic year, making their long vigil of ceaseless deprecatory prayer for forty hours. It may be interesting to give the names of the twenty women who were about to traverse the blood-stained torrent of the Revolution and to emerge unscathed and undiminished at the other side. I give them as they were taken down by the four *Commissaires* who, in virtue of the new laws passed by the Constituent Assembly, appeared at the convent on June 23, 1790, and subsequently took an inventory of all our possessions and informed us that, by the law of February suppressing monastic vows in France, we were free to leave the cloister!—Frances Lancaster, superior; Agnes Fermor, subprioress; Dorothy Shelley, infirmière; Ann Canning, dépositaire; Mary Fitzherbert, sacristine; Adelaide Lancaster, mistress of novices; Mary Whittingham, Theresa Beeston, and Elizabeth Orrel, tourières; Elizabeth Stapleton, Mary Stockton, Elizabeth Bishop, Helen Finchet, Frances Bishop, Mary Stonor, class mistresses; Jane Pattinson, lingère; Catherine Spicer, Agnes Thomson, Frances Hailes, lay sisters; Sarah Litham, postulante. The amount of money found in the house is thus entered:

'Found in the caisse, 180 livres in pieces of 6 livres, 3 livres, and 24 sous.'

All the nuns, interrogated singly and apart by the *Commissaires*, declared that they were perfectly content to remain in the convent and wished to die there, but the answer of our Superior alone has been recorded. She was the last to appear, and made her response with admirable firmness and dignity: 'The state I have embraced is that of my choice, and I have lived in it happily. Called to the government of a house which is freely entered and where we live in peace, the affection I bear my Sisters is the sentiment I have sought to instil into them. My vow, according to my desire, brought me here; my vow, according to my religion, keeps me here; my vow, according to my duty, requires me to live and to die here. This duty has nothing but joy for me, as I have to fulfil it in a community which loves and desires nothing but good founded on solid virtue.' Such a woman was likely to steer her helm with calmness and intrepidity in the coming storm.

The Dames Anglaises set energetically to work to save their house, if possible, from confiscation. *Mémoires* were sent to the Municipality and to the National Assembly, setting forth their quality as Englishwomen; the intervention of the English ambassador and of their friends in the Assembly was invoked. Writing to her sister, October 3, 1790, Ann Canning says: 'Our first *mémoire* is printed. Even the *Enragés* are surprised that we should have been molested, the goodness of our cause is so manifest. You may believe, nevertheless, that were we not served by excellent friends, we might lose all.' One of these friends, Eymar, *député* for Forcalquier, spoke for them before the *Comité*: 'It is possible,' he said in the course of his speech, 'that the National Assembly thinks it can seize their property; it would be making them pay dearly for the hospitality France has accorded them. Just towards all, the National Assembly must be more scrupulously so towards strangers, who, devoting themselves to public education, have deserved well of us. I ask, therefore, that the resolution concerning the Dames Anglaises be referred to the joint Ecclesiastical and Diplomatic Committees, and that meanwhile their actual situation should remain unchanged.'

A decree in favour of foreign monasteries was passed October 28, and for two and a half years the Dames Anglaises were left in peace. They continued their ordinary life, following the Rule

with the same exactitude as of old; the school, according to our Journal, suffered no diminution; the number of lady pensioners remained the same. No doubt the horrible events passing outside cast sorrow and terror in our midst, but the Journal makes but one entry concerning them, and that one infinitely honourable to the community, for it would have been sufficient to send them all to the scaffold: 'January 22, 1793. To-day the mass of the community was said for King Louis XVI., executed yesterday.' Five months pass, and then another entry: 'To-day Mademoiselle de Nauteuil entered the school.' It is the last; the Terror has imposed silence.

From time immemorial it was our custom to distribute soup daily to the poor of the *quartier*. One morning a *sans-culotte* happened to pass by, and, seeing the waiting crowd, began to give them a revolutionary harangue. The nun in charge of the dole, Mary Fitzherbert, noticing him, invited him to take his share and, moreover, asked him to come inside. The poor fellow was hungry and gladly accepted; she gave him a goodly portion and a silver spoon to eat it with, seated at a table, whereas her ordinary clients were content to eat theirs with a wooden one and standing outside. The *sans-culotte* was in no wise offended at this inequality, nor was he ungrateful. A few days later he rushed in hot haste and utmost secrecy to the convent to warn the nuns that they would receive a domiciliary visit the following night. They had been denounced to the club to which he belonged as *suspectes*, and concealing nonjuring priests in their house. All compromising papers were immediately destroyed, the most precious objects and the contents of the *caisse* hastily buried. I myself, some fifty years later, discovered an oil-painting of the Passion concealed and forgotten in the back of an old washing-stand in a lumber room.

The hours of the night stole on, and the anxious inmates were beginning to hope that it had been a false alarm, when at one o'clock in the morning a furious banging was heard at the outer door, which not being opened quickly enough, there came a second volley of blows, accompanied by abominable threats and imprecations. At last the door was opened, and fifteen or sixteen wild-looking individuals, sword in hand, rushed into the cloister. The nuns were ordered, in the name of the law, to go into one room, where they were guarded at sight, while four of the band, forcing one of the religious, Frances Bishop, to precede them,

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visited every corner of the place, opened every box and cupboard, searched under the beds of all the pupils, who trembled with fright, thinking their last hour had come. Happily and providentially, although they more than once passed the steps leading to the room where our chaplain, Mr. Hurst, was concealed, they made no attempt to mount them. The search lasted three hours, and then, to the relief of the nuns, the chief of the band told them they might consider themselves lucky after what he had heard of them, that he had found them *parfaitement en règle*. He added a modest request for refreshment, in order to *drink their health*. A few bottles of wine were produced, and the satisfied *citoyens* took their departure.

This was the prelude to the storm. So long as France had been at peace with England the Dames Anglaises were safe; but as soon as their country became the soul of the coalition against the Republic their position changed. On September 7, 1793, St.-André got the Convention to decree that all the English under arrest, or who might be put under arrest, should be held as hostages, to answer with their heads for the conduct of Admiral Hood, with regard to two representatives of the people, Pierre Bayle and Beauvais, and the wife of General Lapoype, who had been sent to Toulon to counteract the reaction, and had been thrown into prison by the people of the town, not by the English. A month later Robespierre is still more violent. 'I demand,' he cries on October 9, 'that you shall order the arrest of all the English, and the provisional seizure of their property.' 'Yes, yes!' breaks from all parts of the hall. 'I demand,' says Billaud-Varennes, 'that you pronounce a penalty of ten years in irons against any of the constituted authorities who may make any delay in the execution of this decree. I also ask for the same penalty against any persons who may harbour English people or their effects.' The amendments were adopted and the decree passed.

The following day the national guard of the section of the *Sans-Culottes* invested the monastery, placed sentries at all the doors, and the Dames Anglaises were prisoners. Three individuals, one a cobbler, another a singer, and the third, by name Pierre Nollot, whose profession is unrecorded, read the decree of the Convention to the assembled nuns, and then the *régistre d'écrou* was opened, all their names set down on it, as well as that of Mr. Hurst, the chaplain, who was allowed to remain in the

as chaplain. Their joy was so
months later the good priest
nuns had to bear him themsel
cemetery, and it is recorded th
College near by, a priest, 'his co
grave as the poor Dames Anglais
more than a year from this time
the ceremonies of their religio
a disguised priest, with the co
finding access to the house.

Our goods were confiscated,
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and they did not suffice. *Susp*
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into our convent, now become a
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prisoners arrested as suspects, a
the latter were allowed to keep
in common apart from the oth
sufficient quantities. The Da
their Office in a room apart, tal
They were allowed to walk in

they were ordered to quit their religious habit—'*that mark of slavery incompatible with this era of liberty*' are the words of the decree.

The English prisoners whose names have been preserved were: Mrs. Blount and her two daughters, Elizabeth and Frances; Mrs. Doland, and one pupil, Miss Beeston; also Mrs. Stewart, a Carmelite nun. But there was another Englishwoman who must assuredly have ranked among the suspects—Miss Betty Edgeworth de Firmont, sister of Abbé Edgeworth, who had attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold. In a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Usher in Dublin, the abbé, from his hiding-place, tells her of the arrest of his mother and sister: 'In this solitude I received the fatal news of the arrest of my poor mother, who soon succumbed to her sufferings. Betty, torn away from her, was dragged from prison to prison, in great part because of me.'

The first batch of our prisoners was 122, the total number a little over 130. Among those who escaped the scaffold were Mary Bridget Plunket, Marquise de Châtellux, who had been a pupil in the convent twenty years previously. The Marquise de Mirabeau, mother of the greatest orator of the French Revolution, was imprisoned a year within our walls, and died in great poverty soon after her release. Madame de Châtellux was arrested because her husband, Louis de Châtellux, ex-officer of the Gardes Françaises, was one of the most brilliant writers in the 'Actes des Apôtres,' a royalist newspaper. He was less fortunate than his wife, and suffered death July 23, 1794. He was a humourist to the last, and when Coffinhal read his sentence to him, he said: 'Beg your pardon, president, is it the same here as in the National Guard? May one have a substitute?'

Louise and Emilie Contat, of the Comédie-Française, two charming young actresses, were, perhaps, among the most pathetic figures in that strange gathering. The crime of Emilie consisted in being the sister of Louise! The crime of Louise in that she had accepted a *rôle* not in her employ in the 'Gouvernante' of Lachaussé at the request of Marie Antoinette, and in order to please the *Autrichienne* had learned her part of 500 lines in twenty-four hours. She had, moreover, said to the person who brought her the Queen's message: 'I did not know where the seat of memory lay; now I know that it lies in the heart.' This was more than sufficient, and the *dossiers* of both sisters were soon marked with the fatal 'G' for guillotine. Louise Contat soon

attached herself with a tender and respectful affection to one of the nuns, Madame Canning. She never met her in the cloisters without asking her blessing and her prayers. Madame Canning used to take her into her cell, consoling and fortifying her against the terror of death. Thermidor saved the two sisters, and they returned to the stage on August 16.

Our Journal gives the number of victims who left our walls to mount the guillotine as twelve, but the names of only eight have been preserved. It is pitiful to read the burlesque tragedy of the trials of these noble ladies, whose crimes consisted chiefly in bearing the names of de Montmorency, de Merle, de Rochefoucauld, Chateaubriand, &c. Marie de Montmorency, abbess of Montmartre, was seventy-two years of age. Madame de Durtal was condemned for being the *mère* of Maréchal de l'Aigle. A few minutes after her condemnation she mounted the fatal tumbrel by his side, and together they went to the scaffold. Madame de Malesherbes was a two-days' widow when she followed her husband to the guillotine; together with her went her young sister-in-law of twenty-three, the Marquise de Chateaubriand and her husband, brother of the celebrated Comte de Chateaubriand. The father of Madame de Malesherbes, the illustrious Chrétien-Guillaume Lamoignon, defender of Louis XVI., was guillotined with her. Pauline de Roye, Duchesse de Biron, aged seventy-one, was one of a *fournée* of twenty-three personages of the highest rank put to death together the 9th Messidor, year 2 of the Republic (June 27, 1794). Among her companions were the old Maréchal de Mouchy, aged seventy-nine, and his wife aged sixty-six. At the moment the Marshal was going before the tribunal, one of the prisoners cried, 'Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!' 'At fifteen,' he replied, 'I went to battle for my king. On the verge of eighty I can go to the scaffold for my God!'

The night of July 27, 1794, was a terrible one in the prisons; a general massacre was expected, and many of the prisoners were preparing to sell their lives dearly. Not so the poor ladies at the Dames Anglaises; they could only wait like lambs for the slaughter. They were hurried into their cells before the usual time, and all night the tocsin could be heard, and noises as of distant strife. Next morning the attitude of their gaolers had entirely changed. They appeared disconcerted and bewildered, their watchfulness relaxed, and nuns and prisoners were allowed to move freely about the corridors and cloisters. They did so in

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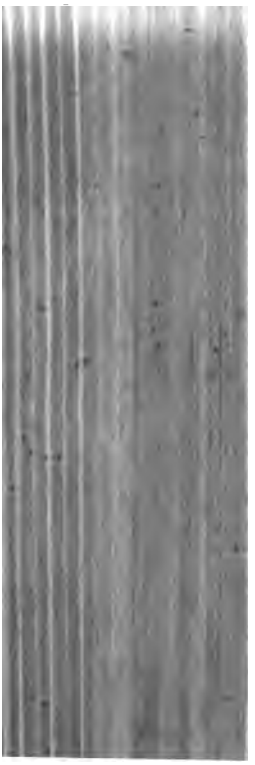
trembling fear of some bloody ruse, but presently the newspaper criers could be heard in the street: 'Demandez la grande arrestation de Catilina Robespierre et de ses complices!' The orgy of blood was over, and we can imagine the extraordinary outburst of relief and joy following so much fear and anguish. Next day Robespierre was guillotined, but another month elapsed before the suspects at the Dames Anglaises were liberated.

The place of the suspects was almost immediately filled by three sets of nuns: sixteen English Benedictines, and the Blue Nuns of the Rue de Charenton conducted here as hostages, and some French Carmelites saved from deportation by the death of Robespierre. They had all passed through several prisons and many cruel hardships, and it was a great relief to find themselves in a convent again; they managed to keep their Rule in the separate quarters allotted to them, but they all met during the recreation, and their conversation must have been strangely interesting as they related their trials and hairbreadth escapes. Materially they now had not much to complain of: 'We were very well off at the Fossés for nourishment,' writes one of them. The law allotted each religious forty to fifty sous a day, and it is recorded they were allowed a cook, who was paid from nine to twelve francs a day—it is probable in *assignats*.

In January 1795 the English priests imprisoned in Paris were set at liberty. The Rev. P. Parker, ex-prior of the Benedictines, managed in the utmost secrecy to bring the consolations of religion to the four communities, and in February leave was given them to have mass in a room, the chapel still being sequestrated. At last, February 27, by an *arrêt* of the Committee of Surété Générale, the gaolers were withdrawn from the monastery and the chapel doors reopened. A scene of desolation met the eyes of the Dames Anglaises; everything had been smashed, desecrated, pillaged. The silver altar vessels, reliquaries, the red velvet hangings embroidered with the royal arms in gold, which had once hung in the chapel of Whitehall, given to the nuns by Mary of Modena, all had disappeared. Even the coffins in the vault had been burst open, the bones thrown into a common pit, or left strewn upon the ground.

When the above-mentioned sets of nuns were set free and departed, and the Dames Anglaises were relieved of their gaolers, they also lost their allowance of forty sous a day, and their revenues were restored to them by a decree of June 1795. Then



cost 50.' The above prices mus
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actresses, Emilie and Louise
sojourn in our walls; they se
community, and a poor servant
exerted herself most ingeniou
doctor, M. Bouhy, also did his
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for England, prosperity and tu
nuns.

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1806 a decree signed 'Napoleo
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their property. An old statu
our cloister, at that time stood
in the Rue des Fossés. It is a
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before that statue. In 1814
Journal: 'July. The King
has entered Paris. The Duke
visit. He was received in the
Daniel Parker and the young
and "Rule Britannia"'

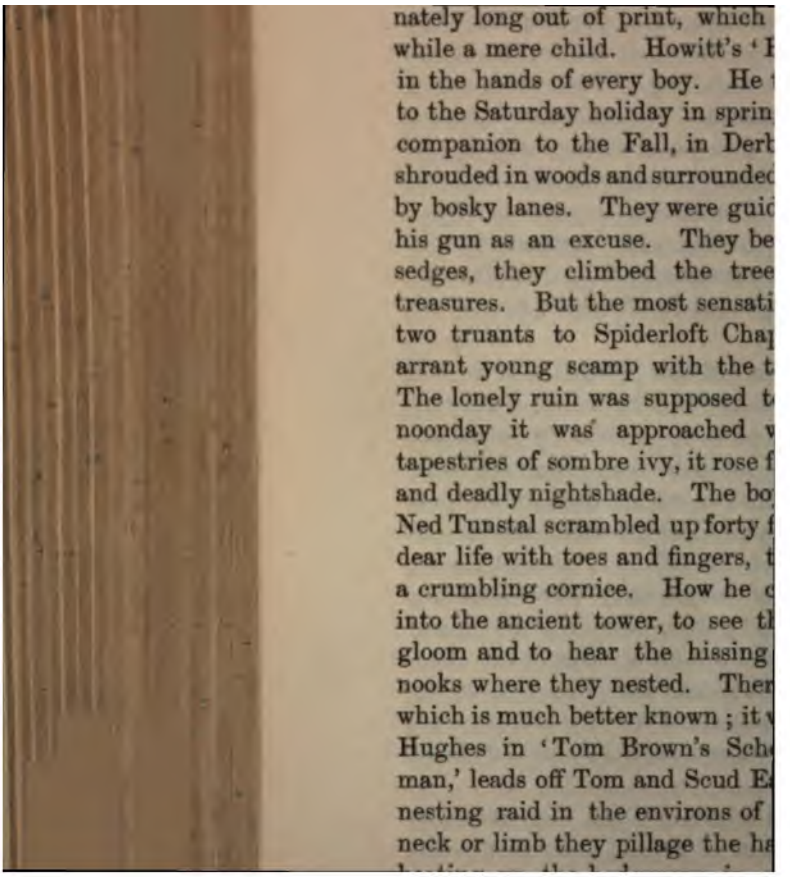
ourselves for the worst when, about 3 o'clock, a band of insurgents attacked and broke in the door, and burst into the garden. Our Superior, Madame Fairbairn, went to meet them, taking me with her. I suppose we looked very frightened, for the chief of the band, taking off his hat, said, 'N'ayez pas peur, Mesdames, n'ayez pas peur!' and actually kissed my hand. The pupils were all peeping in terror from the windows, expecting to see us murdered. The insurgents then explained that all they wanted was to *fire upon the troops from our windows!* The Superior quietly answered that our windows looked upon the garden, and they withdrew, one of them stopping to try to repair the broken door.

In 1860 Napoleon III. in his remodelling of Paris came across our territory, and we were expropriated. We could not leave the place which had been our home for 224 years without regret, and the removal to Neuilly was a troublesome upheaval, although the indemnity paid us by the Municipal Commission was satisfactory—700,000 francs. The decree of the Emperor, authorising the Dames Anglaises to transfer their community from the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés to Neuilly, was signed at St. Cloud, September 26, 1860.

I said at the beginning that we had one French nun in the community when the Franco-German War broke out, and even before the investment of Paris, the position at Neuilly promising to become untenable, the family of this nun, Monsieur and Madame Angebault, offered to receive us all at their home near Nantes. Thither we went, a party of thirty, leaving the monastery in charge of the *concierge* and his wife. It would take too long to recount all the horrors of which they were witnesses during the Commune—our peaceful garden the scene of furious bloodshed, our buildings occupied by more than 500 Communards, the batteries of Mont Valérien and Bécon throwing bombs through our roof, the desecration of our chapel, the destruction and pillage, an exact repetition of the acts of 1794. So does history in Paris repeat itself.

We returned to our desolated convent after the necessary repairs in July 1871, after an absence of a year, less twenty-nine days. Thirty years have passed; the trees in our devastated garden have grown tall and stately, our schools are flourishing, and it is perhaps time to begin to wonder, in view of present events, how long our peace may continue.

M. H.



nately long out of print, which
while a mere child. Howitt's 'B
in the hands of every boy. He
to the Saturday holiday in sprin
companion to the Fall, in Derb
shrouded in woods and surrounded
by bosky lanes. They were guid
his gun as an excuse. They be
sedges, they climbed the tree
treasures. But the most sensati
two truants to Spiderloft Chap
arrant young scamp with the t
The lonely ruin was supposed t
noonday it was approached v
tapestries of sombre ivy, it rose f
and deadly nightshade. The bo
Ned Tunstal scrambled up forty f
dear life with toes and fingers, t
a crumbling cornice. How he c
into the ancient tower, to see th
gloom and to hear the hissing
nooks where they nested. Ther
which is much better known ; it w
Hughes in 'Tom Brown's Sch
man,' leads off Tom and Scud E
nesting raid in the environs of
neck or limb they pillage the ha

wilder districts there is always something wonderful turning up. With stealthy tread you almost step upon the fox, starting up from his snug couch under the bramble-bush, showing his teeth with an angry snarl as he glances back over his shoulder, and clearing the bracken in a succession of light bounds, to vanish under the boughs of the spruces. For once you may catch the weasel napping, and see him scuttling, best pace, to the crevice in the stone dyke, whence you lure him to show his head again with a seductive whistle. The squirrel makes a rush for the stem of the beech, and though he scales his bark staircase on the farther side, will nevertheless indulge his curiosity by peeping when he thinks himself safe, and show his bright eyes through the foliage as he pauses to look down on you. Sometimes in the dim religious light of a darksome corner you may hear a sullen plunge in the backwater of a rippling brook, and you know that you have roused a slumbering otter, whose ways are ever mysterious and who seldom lets himself be seen. Then there are the golden-plumaged pheasants scurrying before you; the wood-pigeons dashing out of the boughs overhead; the hen partridge flushed between the hedge-roots and the margin of the weed-grown ditch; or the waterhen, who has been abroad picking up a livelihood, scrambling with flustered strides for the refuge of her sedgy swamp.

Naturally, as the boy grows up into the man the edge is worn off the zest for nesting. But even when sylvan pleasures have staled and the limbs are stiff, one can still sympathise with the pursuit, using boy-friends for beagles. Charles Fox, who in many ways was a boy to the last, is said to have never lost his passion for it. Unlike too many of our pleasures, it is purely innocent, and eminently profitable for education and instruction. Hyper-sensitive humanitarians will tell you it is cruel, which is absolute nonsense if the pursuit be humanely managed. There are simple rules which should be impressed on every child, and which he is very willing to accept, for few boys are naturally barbarians. Never take the nestlings, fledged or unfledged; and, indeed, selfish experience very soon shows that trying to rear them is infinite bother and almost invariably unsuccessful. Never take more than one or two of the eggs, for it is demonstrable that birds are but indifferent arithmeticians, albeit Tom Brown, though hoping for the best, does suggest a doubt about it. And never trespass upon the wren's nest on any terms when she has settled to sitting, for it is a sacri-legious infraction of the time-honoured maxim that 'Robinets

and Jenny Wrens are God Almighty's cocks and hens,' and the scent of a gloved finger-tip she will desert it for ever.

There can be no question that bird-nesting is admirable ing for the sportsman. He is taken kindly into the confide experienced keepers, and possibly of the prowling ne'er-do- who are profoundly versed in woodcraft. He learns the secret of keeping himself quiet, and has every opportuni studying the habits of wild creatures. When subsequently, squire, organising the beats at his shoots, it is not he who be oblivious of the signs of the weather or the set of the w However tempting the ordinary lines of flight and the lie o sheltered coppices, he will not attempt to force pheasant partridges in late autumn in the face of a blustering northerly And often he will be sorely tried, and have to swallow ma smothered execration, when a genial and obstreperously confident host is muffing what might have been a capital shooting. But bird-nesting, as Bacon might have said if he condescended to it, is a part of the higher education. It b out all the latent poetry in the boy, and prepares hi appreciate the beauties of English poets, from Spenser Shakespeare to Scott, Wordsworth and Tennyson. The boy be unimpressionable indeed who has not some unconscious s of the softening charm of sylvan surroundings, of the exqu fragrance of fields and woods, and the rich music of the feath songsters. Even the wail of the curlew, the scream of the jay, the croak of the raven have fascinations of their own. youngest legs will tire and the back will begin to ache aft long morning's scrambling and crawling. What voluptuous there is in throwing oneself down in some bosky bourne velvety turf, under a canopy of dog-rose, woodbine and honeysuc What an appetite there is for the bread and cheese from satchel; and if the nester thinks longingly of beer, and ha put up with water from the brook or the bubbling spring, he remember that there is no perfect happiness for mortals. to be hoped that he has not yet taken to tobacco. But as he s back on the grass, with drooping eyelids, for a good long nap monarch need wish to be lulled to his troubled slumbers by enchanting strains. The thrush is singing in joyous rivalry the blackbird: it is needless as difficult to assign the palm excellence, for, as Christopher North remarks in his 'Recreati 'why set such delightful songsters by the ears?' Mayhap the

a nightingale hard by; and Philomel is always excited by an appreciative listener, though he seldom exerts himself at his sweetest till the shades of evening begin to fall. There is sure to be a friendly robin chirping or half-singing in the hedge, looking out for stray crumbs or hopping for them audaciously, with head on one side. And from the trees topping the neighbouring thickets come the symphonies of the cushat doves, always starting their plaints as if they meant to go on for ever, and then breaking off abruptly and tantalisingly.

But if bird-nesting is a useful and elevating training for the gentlefolk, there is no denying that it is not infrequently the *facilis descensus* for those of humbler degree. The boy of the cottage has the same taste for adventure, the same love for rural rambling, as the boy of the hall. For both there is an additional zest, a fearful joy in breaking bounds and trespassing on forbidden enclosures. The young gentleman generally gets off lightly, though he seldom takes warnings to heart and accepts his punishment stoically. But the lad in ragged corduroys runs greater risks, and when caught is dealt with more severely and summarily. As he creeps under the alders, approaching the pool where the moorhens breed, and where he caught only the other day a glimpse of the flashing kingfisher, like the pickpocket in city slums, he has an uncanny feeling that a hand may be at any moment laid on his collar. As he swarms up the branchless pine to harry the hawk's nest in the deserted domicile of magpie or hooded crow, he is hurried perilously by the abiding thought that his footsteps have been followed and his descent may be intercepted. I happen to know a case where a boy in these circumstances came a terrible cropper, broke a collar-bone and sundry ribs, and was carried by the keeper to a cottage hospital to be carefully tended. It is more likely that at the worst he comes down gingerly and safely, to receive a thrashing from a tough ash sapling. Such gentle methods, methods such as Sam Weller recommended to his father with regard to the Deputy Shepherd, fail of their object—the passion of bird-nesting is in the blood and not to be eradicated. He has the eyes and the tread of the Red Indian; he learns to dive into ditches at a sign of danger, where he lies safe enough, unless scented out by some hedge-hunting old retriever. He is known to the watchers as an irreclaimable young scamp, and they are right in regarding his future with grave apprehension. In his escapades and sensational rambles he has learned all the ways of

captured many a sitting rabbit
a well-grown youth, when ploug
coppice, he has always all his
saunters out for a ramble in the
and a short bludgeon in his har
precision. Hitherto he has be
pursuits partly because he prefer
because it is pleasant to barter p
chalk against him at the public
thing and in the sheer spirit o
a sudden to the parting of the v
the lord of the manor, who is
The evidence is irresistible and
depends on the worthy magistra
the charge. His character is no
predilections are notorious. Th
for dealing with him severely ar
First Offenders' Act. In that c
pay, he is sent to prison, and co
be a thorn in the keeper's side.
bers his own hot youth and sun
called over the coals; he fanc
humoured, sunburned face; an
ing sympathy with the outlaw
the Abbot in 'Ivanhoe,' and w
and his subordinates. They la
they agree to give the culprit

Then the instinct of bird-nesting develops the practical ornithologist, who, caring nothing for sport, carries on his invaluable researches in woods and fields. A wonderful type of the class was Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, whose biography has been written by Smiles. No amount of flogging by father or teachers could prevent his giving school the slip. As a married man, though he paid his way as a shoemaker, he devoted his nights and many days to ornithological rambles. He had his familiar lairs in ruins or rock-caves; he curled himself up under haystacks, or slept at a pinch under tombstones. As a mere child, he began by nearly breaking his neck when he climbed a shaky ladder on the Schoolhill of Aberdeen to harry a sparrow's nest under the eaves of a lofty building. When, in his maturity, with toil and exposure he was tending towards premature decay, he tumbled off a ledge on the precipitous cliffs of Buchan, breaking nothing, though he was sorely bruised and shaken, and shattering the old gun, which worried him more seriously. Nothing daunted him, and the chapters of his quiet life-romance abound in sensational and suggestive incidents. His veracity is unimpeachable, and some of the most curious of these incidents show the intensity of maternal affection in bird-mothers. Once, in an April snow-storm, he came on a sitting wild duck. He touched her with his stick, thinking she was skulking, but found she had been frozen to death. Beneath her were the eggs, nearly hatched. Neither hunger nor cold could compel her to desert them. On another occasion he actually laid his hand on a sitting grouse who had been attentively watching all his movements; yet the grouse are among the wildest and shyest of moorfowl.

The interests of the British Isles are inexhaustible, but, after all, these islands are too cramped a field for men of means, enterprise and ambition. Some of our most adventurous travellers have been zealous ornithologists, and bird-nesting has done much for the exploration of the wilderness which had few temptations for the merchant and was neglected by the missionary. There were Banks and Solander, who circumnavigated the world with Cook. Bates explored the Amazon and its tributaries. Wallace, in the equatorial forests, went hunting in the haunts of trogons, toucans, hornbills, and other oddly named and curiously built birds; he beat up the colonies of the gregarious vampyre bats, who returned his visits and bled him in his hammock; and of the flying foxes, or giant bats, with the stretch of wing of an

desolation are no sort of security;
anxious inquirer. The albatros
definitely, like our own great b
rest on the waves, like the stormy
to their breeding-places. The gr
of existence, unless perchance he
of Greenland. But that is improb
he liked a bracing climate, he mu
in the chest, and was never seen
Iceland. And now life has a ne
development of photography. T
the hedges and coppices with the
sit fascinated while the twinklin
of lichen in the closely woven n
paper for the satisfaction of idle
is of comparatively little conseque
presence of man, though they ma
and would prefer to have the old-
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feelings of the guillemots and ful
on what were once considered aln
they were to being noosed in the
the skies, when the brothers Keart
ledges, and took obtrusive snapsh
but with the camera?

Coming back to our islands, fr
birds are constant objects of inter

nested in holes in trees and crevices of the rocks, but now they seem to prefer ready-made abodes, and rather court the society of man. We associate the starling with such lonely ruins as Spiderloft, or with feudal castles such as Kenilworth or Raglan, enlivened by the noisy picnics of the cheap tripper. The jackdaw is greatly guided in choice of a residence by facilities for stealing eggs; he loves to take up his abode in a heronry or near a clustering colony of black-headed gulls, and nothing attracts him more than the sheltered glade or meadow where the keeper is carefully nursing the young pheasants. Otherwise, he is distinctly clerical in his tastes, and loves the cloistered shades of the cathedral close. His nest-building is of the roughest. Often he chooses queer situations, where he has to lay a stupendous substructure of sticks, but it invariably involves a deal of rude labour. He strips the neighbouring trees of the withered twigs, and strews the unswept belfry with fragments of turf and tufts of ragged wool. The magpie is an even more eccentric character. For the most part, knowing that he is suspected, and conscious of guilt, he gives men and guns a wide berth. Yet his building arrangements, though carried out in the open, are ostentatious as those of the daw. Though light on the wing, he is lazy, and patches up the same tenement year after year. It would seem to have been a toss-up where he selected the original site. Now, it is well out of the way in some lofty tree; again, it is within arm's reach in the thick of a hedgerow, and I have seen it in a scrubby whitethorn within gunshot of a farm-steading.

So wood-pigeons change their instincts when they lay their eggs. Ordinarily among the most timid of birds, they will nevertheless build in some low tree on the lawn, keeping to the nest confidingly under the eyes of curious observers. Of late years, since the hawks have been killed down, they have multiplied amazingly in the North, as farmers know to their cost, though they do good service in gorging themselves with seeds of the docken and rag-weed. There are spruce woods where there is a nest in almost every twentieth tree, and the ascent is as easy as on a carpeted staircase. The nest is of the slightest, and as you climb you may see the two white eggs gleaming through the skeleton framework of twigs. Swallows of all species of course are sacred, though Gilbert White, with the callousness of the scientific naturalist, tells shamelessly how he robbed a swift's nest to examine the callow brood.

the bird architects is more p
possibly the wren gives more t
domed domicile is absurdly out o
she did not take infinite pains,
home of the magpie. But if
always the same, the exterior is
covering to suit its surroundings.
with last autumn's leaves; in the
ditch it is indistinguishable from
robin, if less artistic, is scarcely
catcher, he loves the crevice in a
failing such snug quarters, he sec
coarse grass.

The habits of the linnet mak
the garden. Almost omnipresent
it is familiar with gardens and
averse to solitude, where it gat
choirs. Indeed, its favourite n
bushes, and I shall always associ
spring angling, and the honey-de
on the banks of the Coquet and oth
bleating of the ewes in the lam
and dales. And those northern s
ouzel, only to be distinguished
collar, with the wild, sweet so
haunts. You are crawling up a b
whipping out the speckled trout, w

and is always damp, so that the half-dozen of snow-white eggs gradually change to a mottled brown. Another half-aquatic bird —but a frequenter of the Lowlands—is the kingfisher, common enough in former days, though much rarer now. It used to be considered a grand triumph, the digging out of a kingfisher's nest; and no wonder, for, strictly speaking, the bird can scarcely be said to make a nest at all. It lives, or at least sleeps, in excavations under banks, and simply lays its pinkish eggs on a lining of ejected fish-bones.

That suggests the nesting habits of the hawk tribe, ruffians and robbers, indisposed to domestic comforts, and with no liking for decoration or luxury. Their nests are generally rude structures of sticks, and the only lining is the pellets of fur and feather they eject. But like the robber knights of the Middle Ages, they take up formidable positions, on some smooth-stemmed tree which defies the boldest of village urchins, or on the almost inaccessible face of a precipice. The graceful *raptores* have been diminishing greatly with pole-traps, poisoning, and all manner of persecution. We cannot regret the lumbering buzzard, too lazy to build a house for himself, who was wont to take up his quarters in the nest of crow or magpie. But we sadly miss the kite, a beautiful object, with the smooth, swift gliding flight which gave him his Saxon sobriquet of gled; and he in his habits was an exception to his kinsfolk, for he padded his nest with the softest materials. One of the fiercest, as he is one of the smallest, of the hawk tribe is the sparrow-hawk, a stealthy, winged Terror, not only to small songsters, but to game birds bigger than himself. His nest is in the woods, convenient to his hunting-grounds, generally in a fork close to the tree trunk, and as it is by no means unapproachable, it is carefully concealed. Glancing up through the boughs, you see little but a chance gathering of twigs. The female, bigger than her mate, whose broad bosom can cover comfortably the four or five eggs, is the more plucky of the savage pair. She will sit till she fully realises she is to be disturbed, and then dashes off, like the wood pigeon, at the opposite side from the enemy, with shrieks of impotent anger. If she drops to a snap-shot, with broken pinion, she will turn on her back, showing desperate fight with beak and singles. As the sparrow-hawk takes heavy toll of young partridges and pheasants, so there is no more deadly enemy to the grouse-chicks and leverets than the pretty little merlin, who nests among

her victims on the moors in some slight depression i
heather.

For ravaging on a grand scale commend us to the per
falcon. The eagle, though rapacious enough, like the raven
predilection for carrion, and when he happens on a diseased
will gorge himself for days on the 'braxy.' But the per
kills his own game, and often strikes down grouse or plove
passes on in sheer wantonness. Doubtless the bird must
yet no one ever caught him nodding. He sits on his
watch-tower, ever ready to swoop; and his voracious bro
insatiable. Robbing a peregrine's nest is the ambition of
shepherd boys, but it is a feat very rarely achieved b
boldest cragsman. For it is generally on a ledge under an
hanging cliff, so that even with a rope the adventurer
wide of his object. Those who have succeeded have found
remains of a well-furnished larder: such a miscellaneous coll
of game, songsters and poultry as is seldom seen even near
earth where the vixen has been purveying for hungry
None of our native birds is more voracious or has a finer
tion, except those of the gull tribe, and notably the gann
the Bass and Ailsa Craig. It is easy enough to get at the
of the Solan geese, bereft of a nostril by a beneficent Provid
but when you reach them you must hold your nose, and ar
to beat a retreat, for the stench of the rotten fish is sicke
The peregrine, on the contrary, is a clean feeder, and all th
leaves is picked bones with feathers and fur.

The British Isles are encircled by sanctuaries where th
fowl can breed in comparative security. There are the wild
of the East Riding of Yorkshire, there are the Bass and
Craig, the iron-bound coasts of Ross and Sutherland, the prec
overhanging boiling races and roosts in the Orkneys and
lands, and beyond and above all the rocks of St. Kilda. Bu
Ferne and Staple Isles, lying off Bamborough, are the chief b
ing-places of sea-fowl nesting on the ground. On Holy Isle,
the black basalt sometimes scantily covered in the more shel
hollows with thrift and sea-thyme, it is almost impossible to
without crushing a clutch of eggs. It would seem almo
impossible to thin their innumerable numbers; yet years
they were being sensibly diminished by the raids of the
booting egg-hunters. For the eggs of gulls and guillemots
a ready market; many people like them boiled *au naturel*

eaten cold, and they are excellent for pies and puddings. Now the Fernes are strictly preserved, and the nests are only laid under legitimate contribution in the early season. There is always a fair sprinkling of birds on the Fernes, but when they congregate before the mating-time they simply swarm. With the guillemots, who predominate, there are innumerable puffins. The puffin burrows like the sheldrake duck, and like the fulmar petrel lays but a single egg. A happy dispensation this, as to both, for otherwise they would swamp creation. When the former make family arrangements on a rock-ledge, they drop the egg as it chances to fall; but for choice the puffin occupies a rabbit hole, where he pads the end with a few of his feathers. It is a tedious as well as a dangerous matter to draw him out, for he gives cruel wounds with a razor-like beak. You may be caught unpleasantly, as when guddling for trout under the bank of a brook you find your fingers in the teeth of a water rat.

The mention of St. Kilda suggests a postscript as to professional nesting and fowling. A strange life it is to have to risk it perpetually for bare subsistence. The precipices of Connachar, where the fowler pursues his 'fearful trade,' have a sheer fall of 1,200 feet into the surging Atlantic. Sheer as they are, there are innumerable anfractuosities in the face, which are literally packed with clouds of sea-fowl. When scared, these clouds fall seaward in cascades with a deafening clamour, sufficient in itself to try the strongest nerve. Then, by way of contrast to the beetling cliffs, there are the jagged rock-steeples, like the 'pinnacles' of the Fernes or the 'drongs' of the Faroes, and these must be scaled from the bottom. The climbers go in couples, and one pushes up the other with a hooked pole to some point where he can secure a short rope. The difficulty is in descending, when the rope must be attached with a slip knot; so tied it gives a certain support, and yet can come away with a jerk. That may be really the most dangerous form of nesting or fowling, yet to the outsider the climax seems to be reached in the lowering of the spoiler from the cliff-brink. In the Faroes, where, as there is far greater range of fowling cliffs, a more lucrative business is driven, though the scenery may be less sublime than in St. Kilda, the trade is at least as perilous. There the two-and-a-half inch rope in use may be of the length of 600 feet or more. Even that does not always suffice; there is a lowering so far as it will reach, and then a second stage is established and a second rope brought

In such a venture bird-nesting
be anti-climax to add another

A DAY OF MY LIFE.

ON BOARD H.M.S. BRITANNIA.

BY A NAVAL CADET.

[This account of the daily life of cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia* may be read with interest for at least three reasons. First, every executive officer in the Royal Navy has passed his probationary period between her decks, save only a very few now in the topmost ranks. Secondly, after nearly fifty years of service as a training ship, the days of H.M.S. *Britannia* are drawing to a close—the walls of the new Naval College are rising, and H.M.S. *Britannia* will soon be towed to her last berth. Lastly, the number of boys who pass yearly into the *Britannia* exceeds the average entry of boys at any of the great public schools save Eton, so that merely in point of numbers the *Britannia* stands on a par with our great public schools.—ED. CORNHILL.]

TURNING OUT.

Davey: 'So you have at last woke up, have you? I almost swung you clean out of your hammock before you uncurled.'

Courtenay (yawns): 'Why, it's not five bells' (6.30 A.M.) 'yet.'

D.: 'It's close on to it, then. James has been putting out the clothes some time, and here comes Fiddler, so there can't be much time, as he doesn't appear long before the "Turn out." There goes the "Turn out" bugle.'

Then everyone begins to hurry and scurry; some jump out, others are rolled out of hammocks, and dashing for towels, rush madly off for the great bath, the sleepiest bringing up the rear. Davey and I were in among the first, but there's no time to enjoy it when one gets there. 'What's the good of a dry lick like this?' says Davey; 'one wants more time.' 'By Jove, yes,' said sleepy Jones, 'and a bit deeper and more room for splashing.'

'Clear the bath there—clear away,' rings out the strident voice of Fiddler. 'You have been in there long enough, Mr. Courtenay,' he adds in a rasping way. Of course he picks my name out in preference to anybody else's, so I have to make a clear, and in some dudgeon stalk slowly to my chest and begin towelling. Then Davey comes up (he has the next chest to mine), and is rather explosive. 'What rot that little duck's

puddle is to wash in. Just like James; he always fills the b half an hour before they are wanted, and the water must been fairly tepid even then; why, the basin water was as chil the Polar Sea.' Then he consoled himself with an extra rub said, 'Have you fixed up anything for the afternoon?' ' said I, 'I have my name down for a cutter, and there's a rip wind if it holds. Will you come?' 'Rather so,' said Da Just then the warning bugle went, and I hadn't so muc started dressing, hang it all! However, it's something if you a good flunk who puts out your clothes all right, but just luck! I was tumbling into my 'blues' when I remembe ought to be rigging in flannels. 'Hullo,' said I to Davey, ought to be in flannels, not blues, to-day.' 'You ought,' sai 'but I am on the starboard watch, and have in study prep. I'm all right, for a wonder.'

Botheration, there goes the clear-away bugle, and I ha got to my braces yet. At last, with desperate efforts, enoug decapitate every blessed button, I shake myself into my ha ments, and seizing my waterproof on account of its bei specially fine day, hurry off down the middle deck to fall in inspection.

'What is the lieutenant stopping so long for now?' said Grenvil on my left. 'Because that "new"[1] has not got lanyard on; just like them!' After a little worry over lanyard, the 'new' gets passed, and inspection is done with.

DRILL.

Here we are in the mess room, but it's only for a momen gulp of cocoa, and then we hear old Fiddler's warning voice ag 'Clear the mess room.' One can't get a second's peace, but hurry up for the next thing. So clatter go the mugs, and we in again, and the officer marches us off to our stations, and I myself bang in front of the sergeant. Two of us have to toss into the pinnace, and as I suppose it's my turn to handle or take my seat at the thwart, and about twenty others sit banke between the oarsmen.

It's as fine a morning in the latter part of June as one wish for, and everything looks its best. The shore is only al

[1] Cadets remain four terms on the *Britannia*. New-comers are know 'News,' second-term cadets as 'Threes,' third-term cadets as 'Sixes,' and t in their last term as 'Niners.'

150 yards away, but we have a bit longer pull now, as we are off to the bathing stage a little way up the river. There's a strong ebb tide and a north wind, and with thirty on board we don't make much headway, but we creep on and then the orders come, 'Sweat up, starboard'—'Shake her up there'—'Hard up together,' but when it comes to 'Easy, port,' there's no need to repeat the command. Then comes the cheerful order, 'Way enough,' and we bustle on shore and fall in two deep. Then we march off to the fencing room alongside the fives courts.

Here we part company, some going to fence and my squad to drill. The sun is blazing hot already, and Davey, who likes taking things easy, growls to me as he marches off to the fencing ground, 'I wish I were drilling, it isn't half the grind.' But the drilling is warm work too this morning, the sun beating up from the cement floor we exercise on, as well as down upon our heads.

We begin fairly well, but after a succession of orders sharply given—'Form fours'—'Rear turn'—'On the right form'—some of us get rather successfully mixed, and it is perhaps as well there are no spectators just now. Fifteen minutes of marching orders, and then we begin exercises, at which we are more at home. Barbell exercise without the barbells and dumbbell exercises without the weights, dished up at intervals with the plaguey goose-step, and then we feel rather pleased with ourselves. Next comes the doubling. Bless the doubling, why must we have it? There's a stitch in my side all ready to start, and I feel it coming badly: we shall most of us have stitches before the doubling is over. A stitch in time saves nine, but I haven't found much economy in stitches yet. Hurrah! there goes the next order 'Step out,' and we make a bolt for our garments.

Then we fall in, man the boats, and drop on board, feeling we have knocked in a good bit of the early morning's work.

BREAKING AND MUSTER.

'What sort of a time did you have, Davey?' 'A good bit warmer than we wanted, but we were in the fencing room, and the sun cannot get in there much.' 'Go on,' said I; 'why, you had little else but "Stand easy!"' 'Oh, did we though; it was lunges and parries all the time, keeping us hard on the go.'

'Isn't this the day for compulsory gym.?' asked Grenvil. 'No, thank heaven,' said I. 'I looked on the notice-board as I came down. I should melt if it were, on a day like this.'

wanted. For a time comparat
finished and begin ruxing. Th
fly around. Ah! there comes
ruxer's name goes down on his
beggar! he will probably get s
with tea and bread, and no extr

Breakfast over, we clear out
to fall in for the doctor's inspecti
the bugle sounds, for we can fall
get to the front, so as not to be
other pretty well, and some lit
However, here we are, all dresse
have to undress, more or less, f
sound in wind and limb. He d
and two gongs sound, which con

Some of us are a little in d
to dress in, but the voice of We
the word is passed round that
out-study work. I was already
process for me. I then hurrie
manship room, thinking I shou
sion, but quite a crowd got ther
served for a long time. Ther
highest deck of all. This is a
part of the ship where one does
terms have the privilege of wal
junior terms look on, and wish

inspects the term under his command. Then we form into fours, and the ship's company, represented by bluejackets and the marines, come on the poop. Next we are all called several times to ''shun' (attention), followed by as many orders to 'Stand at ease,' followed by 'Off caps' when the sky pilot comes on the poop, and morning prayers begin.

MORNING WORK.

As soon as prayers are over we march off the poop. It is now about three bells (9.30 A.M.). It is an out-study day for me, so instead of sitting at my desk all the morning I am out for part of it, doing navigation. As we were marching down from the poop, I asked Grenvil what we were going to do, and he said 'Steam,' and steam it was. Our class falls in on the middle deck, just by the 'port after gangway,' where we wait till the steamboat arrives. The senior member of the class reports the class to the engineer officer, and then we 'carry on' down into the boat, and go off to H.M.S. *Wave*. She is moored on the port beam of the *Hindostan*, about a biscuit throw away. Half the class get out and go on board the *Wave*, while the rest stay on the steamboat and learn about her engines, as she steams up and down the harbour for their instruction. My half of the class were told off to the *Wave*, so we scrambled up the ship's side, and found our way down to the engine-room. The *Wave* is, or at least once was, a steam and sailing yacht of a few hundred tons. Cadets often 'lay out' on her yards for early seamanship instruction before breakfast, and then go through the motions of setting sail, furling sail, and so on. But for instruction her engines are of the greatest use, being of simple form. The screw propeller has been taken off, so that her engines can be used without her moving.

Before we begin messing about with the engines, the engine-room artificer serves out to each of us a suit of blue engineering gear, which we don over our flannels. Then, taking a handful of 'waste,' we are ready, and the instructor goes through the course of steam and water through the boilers, the construction of the gauges, the various metals used in construction, and why used, and many other details. We take notes of what he tells us to write up later. The fires burn very low when we arrive, so there is a chance for us to have a hand 'at the shovel' stoking. Soon the steam pressure rises, and when there is enough to work the engines we each take a spell at the wheel, driving them ahead

past eleven the bugle gives the cal
double,' and away we rattle. Out
first half-hour goes in taking down
problems. Then we have a paper
to do. Grenvil, who sits in the ne
get the instructor on 'the jaw' if
difficulty, which no one objects to,
instructor is holding forth. Ther
talking up in the corner, instead o
breaks off short, and says to Scratc
eh?' 'No, sir.' 'You are the n
you will not attend.' Then the i
one else gets a pitching into. Th
tions in the paper again, and some
of the rest of the class.

Then the instructor calls atte
says he, 'is a sample example, a
exam.' About now we are beginn
finish of morning work than of
furtively looks at his watch and t
close on one o'clock. Then some
their books, though the bugle has
and bang go the work-books into t

DINN

What a scrum! Everyone as
must stop at the notice-board, th

who is always starting some hare, says, 'Here comes a fine yacht up the harbour.' This is a first-rate excuse for our leaving our places and crowding into the ports. The fine yacht turned out to be about the oldest and most uninteresting craft afloat in Dartmouth Harbour, but that doesn't matter; it is something to look at, and there we stick, as if we had never seen anything approaching it all our lives, until we are summoned back to our seats. At last, we not only get sorted once more, but silence reigns and grace is said, and then we settle down to business. I receive a good plate of 'seagull,' as we call chicken and ham, and after many efforts, some peas, for which there was fierce competition, as they wouldn't go round by a long way. Sometimes complaints are made that the meat is kept too long, and then it retires to the after-deck, and we are in luck's way if it gets condemned, for some superior joint generally comes up which was not intended for us.

The next item is ginger duff, fairly popular, but a bit stodgy this time of year, and it wants a lot of washing down, but the cyder or beer is either spilled or drunk by this time, so we have to bolt it rather dry. Just as I was struggling with the duff, I was told by the chief skipper[1] that I could have the cutter this afternoon. O Fortune! so I must get two more names at once, and I go round to Grenvil and ask him to come too. 'By Jove, yes,' says Grenvil, 'it's a jolly decent breeze. I'm on, but who's the third?' 'Oh,' said I, 'I have asked Davey.' 'Yes, you have got the right one; buck up and get the lieutenant's signature, or you will be too late.' So I went up and got the order, and was just back in my place when the gong went for grace.

Grace over, several of us make a bolt for the cushions. I went right up aloft, as I usually do. It's jolly airy and no one much about, and one can make oneself fairly comfortable. So there I settle down in the maintop till the 'Fall in' bugle went. (2.30.)

AFTERNOON STUDY.

Off we march once more to the studies, and woe is me! it is French to-day, but it is not very laborious work. Grenvil, as usual, gets the instructor on the jaw as soon as an opportunity occurs, and Grenvil is fertile in inventing opportunities. First of all we have to learn several lines of French, and Grenvil

[1] Corresponds to a senior prefect at a public school.

'Well, go on, or I will give you mo
qui—un—mourait dans mille se
'Just like you, Robertson; you n
yourself any more, but you can do
Now, Courtenay, let me hear wha
Campbell, qui mourut en mil s
quand il était jeune.' What a re
five minutes more. I plod on, an
depth; then the wrong word comes
the next to me goes on. The inst
on again, but the bugle sounds, a
I fairly worship it on these occasi

LANDING FOR

There is a regular stampede fo
ing is forward, for here most of
change in our garments. What a
chests goes on to get at what is w
lation dress, and flannels we must
to complete the costume, apparen
barely a cloud in the sky. Wha
off to catch the first pinnace, whe
my chest, so back I hurried, and
hatch, slung my lanyard and key
the pinnace, which had by this ti

to the drill ground, and then fall to the selection of barbells, lying in a stack for use. Though they do not differ from each other by more than half an ounce in weight, everyone seems intent on selecting a light one. Having got our barbells, we fall in by our respective terms, and someone gets caught trailing his barbell on the cement floor, with the object of lightening it by grinding off some of the lead end, so he gets booked for an extra pole drill of a quarter of an hour.

Then we go through our exercises, to the enlivenment of the boom of a big drum and the strains of a cornet. Everyone is anxious to do the drill well, and get quickly away to the bathing, but some cannot keep the time, and the lieutenant is not at all contented with our windmill proceedings, and puts us through it all a second and even a third time. Botheration! However, the third time it comes off fairly well, and then there is the 'rise and sink' drill—on the toes, bending the knees for half a dozen times—it looks easy, but is by no means so easy as it looks. Thank goodness, that is over, and we fall in and 'ground our poles.' Then the 'Disperse' bugle sounds, followed by the 'Defaulters'' bugle, which detains a few unfortunates.

We make for the bathing stage. The voice of Fiddler can be heard unceasingly, 'Keep a gangway—make a passage there,' and so on, with varied phrases of similar import. The starboard watch at last stream out to the last straggler, and then the welcome blast on the bugle comes for the port watch to take up their places in the numerous partitions. Stripping is a short process on a fine day like this. I was one of the first ready for a plunge, and made a dash for the springboard, and two others came alongside me. Then the 'Carry on' bugle goes, and then in we all dash, such a splashing! Some take one dive after another, but one dive is enough for me, and I strike out for H.M.S. *Arrow*, about one hundred yards away, beyond which we may not swim in that direction. Some are fond of diving and seizing the leg of some swimmer from under water, pulling him down; the effect is rather surprisingly unpleasant. Great rigs go on in the ten minutes allowed before the 'Retire' is sounded. The time for dressing is very short, and yet one must get finished somehow, for if one is not ready when the 'Clear off' sounds, names are taken, and the punishment is to go without a dip for a day or two, which is a sore penalty.

SAILING A CUTTER.

'Hullo! so you are ready, Courtenay,' says Grenvil, a meets me at the top of the bathing stage. 'What about grub for the cutter?' say I, but that is soon answered Davey emerges from the stodge shop with his hands full.

'Bobby,' the waterman, has already got his boat alongside wall, ready for us to embark to the sailing cutter. Davey sa is cutter No. 7, but we have some difficulty in making out flag at the masthead, which shows up the cutter, for the wind dropped away. However, we do make her out at last, an board her and get to work at once, hauling out the jib from u the break of the foc'sle, and then we clear our various haly A very small knowledge of seamanship enables one to put th straight, and this done, we slip the buoy the cutter is moore by. Off we go, and Davey has the tiller. Davey is always t to do wonders which never come off, and down he puts the for some abstruse reason, and naturally we come up in the w eye—what little there is—and remain in irons for a conside time. But with two large oars and a boathook we get str and are off again, without further mishap for some little After Davey had made this mess of the start, I took the helm, things going fairly well, I proposed we should tackle the st but just then I saw a steamboat coming near by, and in tryi avoid her, I went precious close to one of the numerous hulks. We prepared for collision, but the boathook rendere the assistance wanted, and we got off all right. The only da was the loss of most of the lemonade, which, in going on the tack, was forgotten, and got spilled. The little bit of win had then died down again, and left us impotently drifting a We were hardly making any way, so I gave over the hel Grenvil, who was grumbling, to see what he could do wit But he could do no better, and instead of a smart run to sea a good breeze, as we hoped, we were just drifting steadil shore, and as pulling an oar in one of these great boats is no the only thing to do was to to lower the sails and drop an which we did. This took a little time, for furling the mains an art in itself, and we were occupied some time about it. all was put square, we finished the stodge, and the next thin to settle what to do then. As there was not a breath of wind it seemed gone for good, the only thing was to wait for

steamboat to tow us back to our moorings. We certainly did not want to spend the afternoon at anchor doing nothing, so we commenced hailing the quarter-master. At last we had the small consolation of a message from him through the megaphone, that the steamboat would pick us up later. There was no help for it, though waiting for a steamboat on a calm day is a weary business. However, she came before long, sooner than we thought for, and we weighed our killick and passed a heaving line to her. Made fast to the steamboat, we spun through the water, but only to another stranded cutter, which we in turn had to take in tow. But we got to our buoy at last, slipped our tow-line and made fast. As everything was already shipshape on board, we were very soon ready to get away, but the next thing was to raise a waterman to take us off. So we set up a great shout of 'Johnny!' and at last 'Johnny' came, though he didn't hurry himself in the smallest degree. This put a considerable strain upon our feelings, and he got a good flow of language along with his three-halfpence when he did arrive. Our misfortune with the cutter means appearing 'on deck' to-morrow morning, before the lieutenant of the day, but cutter mishaps are not treated severely, and the want of wind will only result in a 'caution,' though how one can be expected to provide a breeze is more than I can say.

THE RECREATION GROUND.

As there was still a good bit of the afternoon left, we three made our way up the hill to the cricket field. Most people know something of the perpendicular character of Devon hills, and the one leading to the recreation ground is a fine specimen of its class. After passing the lower part of the pathway, one comes to some 250 fairly steep steps. I heard Davey groaning to himself as we steadily climbed up, and I felt somewhat inclined to give vent to my feelings too, but instead, I sarcastically suggested that a lift might suit Davey. But we finished the hill eventually, and made our way to the pavilion, commonly known as the canteen. It is built as a pavilion, with changing and washing rooms, and a large restaurant, where every sort of good thing can be bought. There are tables for each term, and the daily papers are supplied. Behind the counter are a few servers, who have as much, or more, to do as they can attend to. Never for a moment do they have any peace, and the yells for ship's bun (supplied free of

charge in the afternoon), pine-apple, jam and cream, and numerable other luxuries, are incessant. 'Threepenny red, 'threepenny mixed' (the first is a strawberry ice, and the sec strawberry and vanilla) are shouted for by numbers. Aft struggle for a 'Daily Graphic,' I sit contented for a little wh when in comes Vansittart, who has just left the wicket wit duck's egg, and he must talk of the scores, and then want know what some county made, and asks me to turn it up in paper. He is sadly afflicted with the gab, but luckily his side just all out, and he has to go out to field, so I am in peace more. After finishing the daily paper, I move out and r Reynolds, who suggests a set of tennis, and says he has the turn at one of the only two nets which are up. So we get shoes, and Grenvil and Davey come along, and we have a good game. Several eager to play were waiting to go on as as we finished, and then Grenvil and I decide to turn to the There are three or four different ways down the hill. 'niners' can go which way they please, but the junior terms have their particular path. We select the way through the as the coolest, and we stop a bit at the kennels. At this tim year the beagles (sixteen couples) are of course not in trai but are always ready to send up a cry when anyone passes. have a word with some of the puppies, and then pass on down hill. Half-way down we come to the racquet courts, but I not a frequenter unless some competition is on, so we leave t on the right and proceed down the steps to the boat sheds gymnasium.

THE RECALL.

As we get down to the shore, we saw the recall, a flag fl at the masthead of the *Britannia*. It is hoisted about hal hour before the time limit for returning on board, as a warn When we got down to the beach we found a number of ot waiting, but no shore boat, but one soon came and we go Before getting into a shore boat someone always calls out steeroms' (taking the tiller to steer), and another 'bag scull (to scull the boat). Shore boats are only allowed to take a lim number, ten or twelve, and in the scramble several more than full number generally get in. Then there is a general cr 'news oust,' and we get off with our regulation number. pull is only two hundred yards, and then we pitch up at the g

way, and as I had the tiller, I gave, in the ship slang, a 'daubee long side,' shouting in my best voice 'Bows on.'

At the top of the gangway stands Fiddler, eyeing everyone closely to see that no grub is brought on board, which is a thing strictly against rules. 'What is that you have in your pocket, sir?' says Fiddler to one with a bulge in his jacket. The contents of the pocket in question prove to be chiefly sweets. 'I will look after these for you,' says the petty officer blandly, 'and you will have to appear on deck to-morrow morning.' That unfortunate will probably get 'days three,' which means one hour's running round with a barbell, and a sergeant keeping him steadily on the trot the whole time.

I had a bulged pocket too, and when I reached the top of the ladder Fiddler said, 'How much stodge have you brought on board, Mr. Courtenay?' 'None, hard luck,' said I, carefully turning out every pocket except the bulged one first, and then exhibiting from that pocket an empty tin. Some bulge their pockets with nothing contraband for a few consecutive days, in order to get stodge through without awkward questions on the fourth or fifth day, but that is not playing the game.

Just inside the gangway hang in rows on pegs the lanyards, with keys attached, of the 260 cadets, alphabetically arranged. Though, apparently, most methodically arranged, they have a way of getting terribly mixed up and tangled, and it is quite a piece of luck to get one's lanyard off the peg it hangs upon in less than a minute's time. As soon as I got mine, I went to my chest in the sleeping-deck, which acts as my wardrobe, cabin and all combined. I hastily undressed and slipped along to the bathroom to have a dip. We are not supposed to do this, but on a hot day one does so require an extra splash. When I got back to my chest to finish dressing, a lot of fellows near me were working at their photographic plates, developing. Many are very expert at this art, but I am not a photographer, so I finish up dressing and go to the mess room. As I pass the chief-of-staff's office I enquire for letters. Of course there are none for me, so I pass on, with the empty consolation that I have the less to answer.

TWO BELLS.

In the mess room I find the majority sitting about reading, so I go to my locker and start reading too, but it is not for long, for soon the warning bugle goes, which means five minutes more,

and then 'Fall in' for inspection. Still we go on readi
then Fiddler comes along, calling 'Clear off,' and away the
have to go. Then we congregate together up the hatches
main deck. The sentry goes forward to strike 'Two
(7 P.M.), and immediately the bugle sounds the 'Fall in.'

We dress up, or back, as the case may be, and are then
to attention. The lieutenant on duty comes round to see t
are all in the proper rig. The 'luff' (lieutenant) passes
quickly, and anyone who has left his lanyard behind,
changed his boots, slips into the rear rank to seek safety if
As soon as the brief inspection is over, we are marched d
the mess room, and stand each in front of his seat. The
gong soon resounds, grace is said, and then the 'Carry on'
goes, and we settle down to jam and cream, with the usual
of tongues. For the first minute or so the constant cry is,
you with the cream,' 'I am before you with the jam,' and
This is the last meal of the day, and everyone does it full j
By half-past seven we have to clear away to our studies.
finished before the half-hour, so I went and wandered u
down the main deck chatting to chums, as we are not allo
go to the studies until 'Three bells' strike.

EVENING PREPARATION.

The bugle calls us to study. Some are ready and w
while others are still grappling with their tea. Work begi
a deal of slamming of desks, banging of chairs, and other
which invariably accompany sitting down to work. Som
quite a way to come, as they are in the *Hindostan*.
Hindostan is moored end on to the *Britannia*, and the tw
are connected by a covered bridgeway. The *Hindostan*
abode of the juniors, and they come into the *Britannia* fo
purposes, but the seniors, who inhabit the *Britannia*, a
permitted to go into the *Hindostan* except for purposes of
So the *Hindostan* is a sort of reservation for the juniors.
general arrangements of the two ships are very similar, sav
the *Hindostan* has not got a large mess deck. Luckily f
I have a study in the *Britannia*, so that I have not to j
into the *Hindostan* for anything whatever.

The work we have to prepare is usually written up o
blackboard by the naval instructor. It may be some proble
trigonometry, navigation or nautical astronomy. There ar

hours' preparation in the day, one after breakfast and one after tea. The work done in these two hours depends almost wholly on the cadet himself, so the energetic ones can get a good haul over the slackers by making good use of prep. time. During evening preparation time, the cadet captain (a senior cadet) of each class has to take our logs, which means that he has to enter in a book what every cadet has been doing in the form of exercise during the afternoon. This is to ensure our playing some games and taking exercise. The log is usually got through quickly, though questions sometimes arise as to whether some slacker, who reports that he was at cricket, when he has perhaps only fielded one ball and then retired to the canteen to spend the rest of his afternoon, should not be entered as 'L.,' which is short for 'loafing.'

At eight o'clock the band begins to play just outside the wardroom, which is a deck below, so we get the benefit, or the annoyance, of it at our work. There are about twenty men in the band, and they usually play on string instruments, though they have to be able to play on brass ones as well. A brass band is too noisy on board, but is played on the cricket field on all match days. As soon as the band strikes up, some slacker is sure to ask leave to go and fetch a book. He generally goes off to study the programme of the music, and after about ten minutes may turn up, having forgotten all about the book he went away to fetch. Some begin a subdued conversation, but if any petty officer comes along, silence reigns again, and a great appearance of work is put on. If the talk gets loud, some of the slackers are sure to get run in, and ordered to go 'on deck' next morning when the defaulters' bugle sounds. It is no pleasure to be amongst the defaulters; I have been up once, and that was once too often!

AFTER EVENING PREP.

The hour's preparation passes along, and as the sentry strikes 'One bell' (8.30 P.M.), the bugle sounds to 'Disperse.' With a great slamming of desks the studies are soon cleared, and we go off to amuse ourselves as we like. Some go to learn boxing, some to fencing, some to bayonet exercise, and so on, while others go to the mess room and get out books and papers; others again go to the main deck where the band is playing, and have a dance. I went off with Davey to the main deck, where the band was tuning-up for the Lancers. Some of the officers were just coming

This knotty point settled, the L
with the greatest energy, and at
clapped loudly for the music to '
the dancers form in lines, we r
down the deck, barging into eve
got spills, and then when we got t
were barely ready, and the dance
is excellent training, but makes e

As soon as it was over, I ma
hope of securing a cushion, but n
The mess room is usually very q
some writing, some playing chess
ruxing down here gets punished
place. The mess room is some h
is the full beam of the ship. As t
we can hear as much of it in the
Lancers the band plays a sele
a polka strikes up, but as I d
before turning in, I remained pe
the polka came 'God Save the
his cap and stands properly to
stands at the 'Salute' facing
died away.

EVENIN(

After 'God Save the King,'
and we all sit down in our prop

the sleeping deck for each to have time for his prayers. It is just upon three bells (9.30 P.M.), and the sentry goes forward to strike it; then the 'Carry on' gong is sounded and talk begins once more, and such a chatter, like a flock of starlings in September! We have but a bare ten minutes for undressing and turning in, and then the silence gong goes and a hush prevails, and all but a very few lights are turned out. Before getting into my hammock I looked well at the hitch, as I always do, to see that there was no slippery hitch in my gamm, and no pranks played on me. I adjusted mine all right, and saying good-night to Davey, whose hammock is near mine, turned in. Scratchley came in late, in his usual lackadaisical way, and prepared to turn in to his hammock. His tier (row) is just below mine, so I could see him well as I lay. He had no sooner turned in than down he came with a run and a jolly good bump on the deck, which is none too soft. This set all tongues wagging, and the whole deck about him was in an uproar, several petty officers appearing from all quarters to stop the talking, while one of them helped him to readjust his hammock. Then in about five minutes more all is peace and quiet again, and the last lights are out. I begin to feel drowsy. I hear the officers' footsteps as they pass along the deck below, then I hear a dim clinking of lanterns, and 'Four bells' strike. Then I hear the Commander with the chief petty officer and lantern-bearers doing the 'rounds.' A small light becomes visible in the distance, and the procession passes, leaving the sleeping-deck in perfect quietness, save for a slight occasional snore, or an occasional word uttered by some restless sleeper. I think of what a jolly good day I have put in, and what a rattling good life I am having. I think of home, and then I too join the band of happy slumberers, not to awake until the sun is well up in the sky on another fine June morning.

THE MUDALIYAR'S CASE.

LITTLE Batesia sat on her mat under the Pandall making wr
She tweaked and tied and twisted the flowers into thick c
and the rejected stalks lay scattered all over the ground. A
of friendly green parakeets watched the work from a rod be
the thatch, and some squirrels in unnecessary fur coats took
cuts quite close to the pretty child.

Suddenly a breath of wind rumpled the tamarind leav
rustled the palms. The heat of the day was over. B
tucked in her last bit of jessamine and jumped up with a
little scream. The parakeets cried out Chique-chique! a
squirrel scampering away looked back at her over its tail.
she gathered up her garlands and darted into the house.

'Little mother! little mother!' she called, 'hast tho
gotten our Tomasha?'

'What is this talk of Tomashas?' answered her mother
the semi-darkness of an inner room; 'canst thou talk of Tom
light of my life, when thy father is even now at court with
vile woman, the Malabar witch-woman, for his enemy? Wh
tell how the law will go? Perhaps this evil one will cast
on thy father, Ai! Ai! Ai! or on the Vakeel, nay, even o
assistant Doré!'

Batesia stood by the charpoy on which her mother
lying. 'Thou art the foolish one to talk this way! These f
are for the neck of my father, who wins his case. He is a
man. The Penalicode is just. The English Doré does not
this witch-woman one little bit of rice! Therefore, (
mother, we will have Tomasha!'

'Thou mayst be right, my princess; little ones some
have reason,' agreed the poor woman, and she sat up and
clubbing her hair into a great lump upon one side of her
Her eyes were blood-shot, but she smiled. 'Behold!' she said
mother hath not forgotten to prepare for the feast.' B
clapped her hands, then stroked her mother's face lovingly.

'Ah, bah! I am but wax in thy little hands,' Rung
cried, feeling all the better for her child's sweet assurance
she got up and arranged her cloth, whilst Batesia opened a
painted box and took out her two greatest treasures. 'Eq

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was a flaxen-haired doll with blankly blue eyes, her gown was red satin, and the clumsy little crown upon her head was made of real gold. 'Eprinchie' was a sailor boy of a different composition; his subtile glass eyes had strange lights in them. Batesia clasped the two dolls lovingly in her arms and skipped off into the garden; her mother followed with the garlands and chatties.

Cinna Swami, the gardener, came running towards them 'Ohé, Ohé, Rungamma,' he called, and Rungamma stretched out her slender arms in alarm as if to keep off evil news.

Cinna Swami was an under-dressed man; however, his dark skin seemed to cover all deficiencies. At this moment he was trying to hide his white-toothed smile with an earthy hand.

'What is thy news?' cried Rungamma shrilly, for her heart was beating loud.

'The case is finished, the Tabook Peon has told me over the wall; the Shiristadar also says the same.'

Batesia ran to her mother, 'My father has won!' she said, in a clear jubilant tone.

'The Mudaliyar has won!' Cinna Swami asserted triumphantly; then, with a tongue rolling at the back of his throat he told them how Cheeru, the vile woman, had been fined, 'ah, bah! plenty rupees! and how with her craft she had threatened to turn the Mudaliyar into a mud lizard, and how the young collector Doré had begun to look like a bat, when, luckily, the Vakeel snapped his fingers in her face and so turned the spell.'

This and much else did Cinna Swami impart. Rungamma swayed to and fro in terror as she heard these tales, but Batesia picked up her garland; she was only just in time, for there, coming through the door in the wall, was the Mudaliyar. The child flew down the path to meet him. He caught her with two hands round the little bare waist and lifted her into the air. In this way she dropped her wreath over his head. Rungamma hurried up, looking wistfully, at her husband.

'I am thy man,' he said guessing her fears; 'the Malabar witch hath not changed one hair. Bah! she is a foolish woman and hath lost rupees'; then he laughed.

'Thou art brave!' Rungamma exclaimed, with admiration at his indifference.

'Shoo!' he replied, feeling a hero, 'I only did my duty. This is what the collector Doré says; this is his word. Hey! Soomasoondrum, if more men like you would only tackel these

witch-women, the law would soon cure them. This is better tooth-breaking or beating with castor-oil rods. And I s that is true, your honour, only these poor devils fear the evil so they make bunder-bust.'

An interested group listened to Soomasoondrum's wise ren for the servants had quickly gathered to welcome him. B patted his turban and whispered, 'O, brave father! give th sheep to rejoice with!' Her word was law. 'Ho! Cinna Sv he cried, 'the flower of the garden decrees that a sheep mu eaten to-night.' Cinna Swami's white teeth seemed more e sive than ever.

The Mudaliyar turned to his wife, 'And thou, mother o little one, shalt have a new jewel,' he said. She was still lo at him with awe.

'And what for thy daughter?' asked the little one gaily.

'All that she desires,' her father replied, for he certainl also like wax in her hands.

'Then shalt thou come to my Tomasha,' Batesia crie membering her dolls left in solitary state.

'That may I not do,' Soomasoondrum said, remorsefully even now does Raman wait to receive the news from me. important. I must give order.'

'True,' said Rungamma, 'he is thy tenant whom thou protected.'

'Then I go also,' Batesia decided, 'in the bullock with thee; and the little mother will care for Equeen and Epri

Soomasoondrum was good-looking. He had a benevolent and a shrewd glance. His prosperous waist showed clearly t Indian eye that he had wealth and position, for in the stoutness ennobles. As he sat in the coach opposite his treasure there could be no happier man. Everything had to him, and without long waiting, for he was still in the pri life; richer than even people guessed, and father of a youn who had already begun to gather in rupees. To crown all, h father of this loveliest girl-child.

Little Batesia was sitting with tucked-up feet on the cu radiant with happiness, singing softly to herself. It was a o Tamil song—

If the bird hath no feathers, how shall it fly?

The Mudaliyar listened, and then said: 'Thou must

English songs, my tender one, for thou art a Christian and thy godmother is an English lady.'

'I have learnt,' she replied, nodding her head gravely. 'Shall I sing about *the little male*?'

Her father beamed assent, and she piped:

Where are loo zoing to my pretty male,
Where are loo zoing to?
I'm zoing amiltin, sir, she say,
My ishbusiness for toloo, toloo,
My ishbusiness for toloo.

Say willoo marry me my pretty male,
Say willoo marry me?
Oyessifoo plea kin' sir, she say,
Oh! I illmarry loo—o—o!
Oh! I illmarry loo.

'Aha!' cried the Mudaliyar, wagging his head. He was delighted.

By this time the bullocks had taken them well out into the country, jogging steadily along a level road between two lakes. The sunset sky was reflected in the waters. Batesia twisted her neck to watch the solemn flight of birds high, high up in the air. 'Were they going to heaven?' she asked. Her father thought not.

But her eyes were soon obliged to come down to the earth, for yelping pariah dogs and shouting merry children hurried out to receive the Mudaliyar as he passed through the village.

Raman, the tenant, was sitting on his heels in front of his mud-walled house waiting for news.

Soomasoondrum descended from the coach in a heavy pompous way. All the villagers were impressed by his dignity and by his beautiful Nellore bullocks.

It was a long time before the important talk was finished, and when at last the Mudaliyar came back, still having 'last words,' the daylight had gone and the moon had risen.

Batesia was asleep, stretched out upon the cushions, with the moonlight bright on her face. Her father climbed up into the coach (noiselessly, as fat men can), and took her in his arms. She awoke in a moment, and her nimble wits knew where she was, although her eyes were full of sleep.

'What wonder is this?' she asked, 'the sun was in the sky

just now, and lo! I open my eyes and the white moon is here. Who gave order to change this way so quick?'

'It is the way of life,' Soomasoondrum replied, 'first one thing, then another, now food, then famine. Soon these waters will be drawn away, and maybe no rain will bless the land.'

His thoughts reverted to the last season, when the crops had failed.

Batesia went on with the idea—

'Now the moon has no clouds, soon little clouds coming from one corner,' her eyes strayed over the pale moon-lit sky, and then down to a dark building which rose against it.

'What is that black hill?' she asked.

'Huh! little sleepy one, that is no hill. Yonder is the Tunkum, the place of pure gold! Though where the gold is only the wicked Rajah knows, and he is gone. He was a proud Rajah! When, because of his bad ways, the English Government scolding —E-E-E? He put his big diamonds in his mouth. G-m-n-m! they went down his throat, and he died in the dark place beneath.'

Batesia clutched at her father. He smiled at her fright, and went on:

'Often in days gone by have I crept up the long steps fearing the bulldog lying hidden at the top; many times have I fled before that Shaitan. But Essmith Doré was a good gentleman; a great Shikar! He would talk about many things to me sitting on my chair thinking of the dark place beneath. *There* was the treasure wasting! That was a sad thought. But devils slept there also, therefore no one had courage. Snakes there were. One night two punkah-wallahs going up the high stairs saw a cobra slipping, slipping on in front. Then came Essmith Doré, with his gun, and shot up the narrow stair and the big snake leaped and fell. The sound went round—Poum! Poum! and every stone did speak.'

'I fear! I fear!' cried Batesia, nestling up to her father.

'Poh, what harm to thee? But the Rajah down below was angry, and he woke up and his spirit walked.'

Then she cried again: 'My father! my father!'

But Soomasoondrum loved the feel of the little clinging creature, and went on.

'Ho! the wicked Rajah walked, and the jewels he had swallowed shone in his bones like big stars! This the Doresamme saw; then did she become very sick, and all the people saying she

must die. But Ramswami prayed two nights, and, behold, the lady grew well!'

The Doresanné's recovery gladdened Batesia. 'Dost thou know, O my father, why the sick lady grew well? Ramswami only praying to false god. Then the true God listening said, "Poor man; he knows nothing! he thinks the false god can hear, but his prayer is good. I will answer!" Seest thou, O wise father, this is how it came to pass?'

Soomasoondrum looked with admiration at his little Christian. 'Thou wilt grow up even as thy godmother desires,' he said fondly; then he added: 'and thou art all my heart can wish.'

The driver had chosen another way to return; it brought them not far from the gloomy Tunkum, and as they passed they saw a tall man striding up the broad banyan avenue that led to it.

'Hi! hi! stay!' Soomasoondrum called out; and the coach stopped whilst he got out and hurried as fast as his dignity would allow him.

'Daood Khan!' he cried; 'Phwee-h! a word with thee. Thou art the very man I want.'

Daood Khan turned back at this summons, and the two men began to talk.

Now little Batesia did not like being left alone, for she was afraid of the Rajah's wicked spirit. When a light suddenly shone from the dark building she jumped out of the coach in a panic to run to her father. And as she did so an evil creature sprang from the darkness, and, howling, leaping, and foaming at the mouth, poured out curses upon the child of Soomasoondrum. It was Cheeru, the Malabar witch-woman. Daood Khan was the first to reach her, and with his great hand flung her violently away. He could stay to do no more, for Batesia lay still upon the ground like a little bird shot through the heart. Then Soomasoondrum came, but it was Daood Khan who picked up the sweet thing and hurried to the coach. 'Get in,' he said to the poor father, who seemed to have lost his senses. However, he stumbled into his place, and for the second time that evening held the child in his arms—her cheek pressed against the withered garland.

'Drive on, drive! ye son of a lame dog. Beat! spare not!' shouted Daood Khan as the bullocks started. He ran ahead like the wind, and sent the first man he saw for the English doctor.

take a stroll in yo

The air smelt sweet with tube
paced up and down, putting what
sently Soomasoondrum, with his
The child was sleeping.

'You go to your bed,' the kind
likely I may call early in the mor

But when he came again, and
fever. 'She does not move,' R
move.'

The fever was conquered, how
with it; but the powerlessness re

'The result of fever and frigh
shall have to try a battery.' An
found this fail.

'We must cheer her up,' h
'raise her spirits and she'll raise

Mr. Howard called one morni
had laughed at the woman's thr
the tragedy of the thing.

'May I see your little daug
as he stood talking to him at th
was delighted at the idea, for H
him) besides being courteous an
of dazzling freshness. His clos
pink and white complexion defi

she had seen was the missionary. He was very good and kind, but he suffered from prickly heat, and was always warm. She admired this big white Doré.

The doctor was very pleased at finding the young civilian there, and said so.

'Ye may do a grand thing here,' he declared, 'and leave me and my battery behind, for I have not a doubt of it that it is a case of nerves. If only she could be stirred to make an effort. The little darling!'

After this Howatt Doré paid almost daily visits to the child with all sorts of odds and ends in his pockets to amuse her. An extraordinary penwiper made by his little sister, his diamond fox pin and a note book in which he drew pictures. His friends declared he was scarcely safe in their rooms with his mania for collecting little things.

One afternoon Soomasoondrum carried Batesia down the grass walk to a little Tope further on, where his choice grafted mangoes and Guindy plantains grew. Cinna Swami and the water-carrier were busy close by at the well. The sing-song and the creak and plash seemed to harmonise with the surroundings. But Batesia was silent. It was the first time she had been there since the dolls' Tomasha; she was perhaps thinking of that happy afternoon. Soomasoondrum assumed an air of unnatural liveliness. Batesia wondered sometimes over her father's noisy, strange manner. Poor man! his heart was breaking, and he played the fool badly.

It was a great relief to him when he saw Howatt Doré coming towards them. His terrier, 'Bop,' followed at his heels.

'How do you do, Mudaliyar,' he said, 'I have brought my dog Bop to show to little Barley Sugar. What a ripping place to bring her to! Don't you like being here, little one? Shall I stay and read my Tapal before I go on for tennis?'

Batesia looked at him smiling; she liked being called Barley Sugar.

Howatt Doré sat down. 'Look here, Barley Sugar, I have taught Bop to sit up (sit up, Bop, and look amiable! There!) Well! although you and I are such friends you have not yet sat up once to please me. Try. I'll give you a lesson now!' as he spoke he put out his arm, 'Come, catch hold with your little paws and see how high you can sit.' Batesia put up her hands obediently, but a look of terror came into her face, and she let

them drop. 'I can nott! I can nott!' she said hop
'becalause vile woman curlursing my bones.'

'You silly little owl,' Howatt Doré protested, in the te
way, 'it is only that you are such a precious coward—if th
woman cursed you till she was blue in the face she cou
really hurt you. Now try again!'

'I can nott!' wept the little creature.

Howatt Doré lent forward with his hands on his knees.
—she has frightened you, that is clear. What shall we do
wicked old thing?'

Batesia paused a moment, then said softly, 'Cinna
saying can nott find now. That woman quick turning into
—perhaps gone to wicked Rajah House.'

'But, Barley Sugar,' Howatt Doré remonstrated, 'you
that is foolish talk.'

The child continued, 'Cinna Swami saying when she
back plenty people cutting plenty stick.'

'By Jove! to beat her with?'

'And Cinna Swami getting big hook.'

'What? to swing her with?'

'Cinna Swami saying yes. I saying no. For why? I
chian child. I forgive.'

'Quite right, quite right,' Howatt Doré approved. 'Y
a dear good little person. But Daood Khan has got his ey
the old Horror. He'll bring her to me. You don't mi
taking her in hand, do you?'

Batesia's eyes fell upon his hands as he spoke. 'You
Your hands are white and curlean,' she replied, and they ce
were, with pink nails such as no Indian ever had.

'And now that is settled,' Howatt Doré said cheerfully,
going to look at my letters. Here is a picture paper fo
Just come all the way from England.'

Batesia became quite cheerful. She found a picture th
wanted to hear about. Soomasoondrum sitting on the
explained. It was the Queen visiting the soldiers in
Hospital. Howatt Doré left the father and child happy to
and went rather late to his tennis. On his way home he m
collector, who said:

'I've just sent you some papers, Howard; I hope you
able to start early to-morrow. You'll see that it is importa

He had to go, of course, and he went to the doctor's bu

after dinner to tell him. The doctor was furious. 'I can't spare you,' he said; 'you are my assistant partner, and just as you are about to work miracles! I have been to the Mudaliyar's to-night and found the poor little young child a world better.'

Howard was pleased. 'We talked about the whole affair and I bullied her. Thought it did her good, poor little kiddie!'

'And so it did,' agreed the doctor, 'gets it off her nerves. These neurotic cases want a deal of tact, and a bright and beautiful ornament like yourself is the one to use it!'

Howard smoked in silence for a minute, and then asked: 'You don't think there is anything radically wrong?'

'Ornoo!' the doctor replied hastily, in a soft deprecating Irish voice, 'Ornoo! You'll see how she'll be getting over it with care. It is nothing but hysteria—so I think.'

'Hysteria doesn't seem the right word, Filiben, for, don't you know, she has such a lot of self-control and all that sort of thing.'

'But that word means much,' the doctor explained, 'and I declare I shall have a touch of it myself, if you are going against me like this. Faith! I'll write a medical certificate that you are unfit for duty!'

Howard laughed.

'Tell the little thing that I have ordered more pictures for her, and a box of soldiers from Madras!'

Dr. Filiben watched Howard as he left the compound. 'And to think I'll have to fill the place of that young Apollo!' he murmured.

He did his best, however, when he paid his next visit. After making professional inquiries, he sat down by a lovely plumbago bush and pulled a 'Graphic' out of his bulgy pocket.

At that time every paper was filled with soldier pictures. And the doctor knew all about them! Each man had a thrilling history of his own, and to each was given a well-deserved reward.

The sick soldiers visited by her Majesty recovered at once, and the Queen made gracious speeches to them all.

When the soldiers arrived, spick and span, from Madras, and the Queen in her bath chair was cut out of the picture and stuck upon cardboard with a prop, a great review took place.

The wounded soldiers lay on the ground until spoken to by their sovereign, after which they 'got well' and took their places in the ranks. Then Dr. Filiben sang 'The Soldiers of the Queen,' and finished off with the national air. His voice was a touching

tenor, which appealed to ears trained and untrained. Runga
soft eyes were fixed upon the child, who seemed strangely e
Cinna Swami stole after the doctor as he was leaving an
sented him with a large white button-hole.

'Now what are ye giving me this for?' he asked.

But Cinna Swami could only ejaculate 'Ah bah!' and
hide his mouth whilst the doctor worked the big stalks in
coat.

Good ugly little man! his brown holland coat humped
the neck, and his trousers were all crumpled and baggy; b
beauty of a kind heart showed in his face. On his way ho
met two young civilians.

'Hullo, Filiben!' they called out, 'have you come fro
wedding?'

'Ornoo,' he replied, looking down at his white flowers; '
bad as all that; but I have just been visiting a *poor little u*
child who is paying the costs of her father's law suit.'

The next day many inquiries were made of the doctor
the *little wee sick child*. But with his happy, obtuse Irish
he saw no jokes, good or bad, unless they were explained t
He could only make them.

But Batesia did not thrive, she lost interest in everyt
the soldiers even. Rungamma told the doctor so, in her b
English.

'No very better, eating no, talking no, onalee thi
thinking plentee too much.'

Soomasoondrum at the other end of the garden was
crying. The doctor became distracted.

'Now what in the world are ye about?' he said sharply
you want to depress the poor baby? And I'm thinking of
that will do her a deal more good than that! There is a
of mine now in Madras. He is a grand doctor, he is! An
with travelling in a train, and looking here and looking
why, a journey would do a cure in itself!'

The doctor's soft, breathless brogue, and his decorative
puttings things carried comfort to the father, and he agreed
plan. But, although partly reassured, he could not slee
night. At last he crept into the child's room. A cocoa-
lamp sufficiently lit up the place for him to see Rungamm
on the ground by the side of the cot, motionless in her t
wrapped blanket. Batesia was lying high upon red pillow
her lovely little face seemed to him too beautiful to be lo

He squatted down and buried his head in his arms; then a fear came to him, and he listened nervously. Her breathing could be heard, but it was irregular, and a sudden sob made him bold enough to look at her. Although her eyes were shut she was not asleep, and below the long lashes he could see traces of tears.

'Thou art not asleep, little flower of the night,' he said tenderly. 'Dost thou dream? Tell thy father of what thou art thinking.'

Batesia felt for his hand. 'I am thinking, my father, of the great Equeen,' she murmured.

'Aha!' cried Soomasoondrum, relieved, 'and thou hast not forgotten Eprinchie her son?'

'It is of the great Equeen only that I think; and of her soldiers. She has looked at them and, behold, they are well! O little father! if she could look on me—I too should be well. But now, never—never'; then she sobbed outright.

'Shu! shu!' he said soothingly, 'thou shalt be well by the full of the moon, my princess.'

Batesia continued, still sobbing: 'It was in the light of the moon that the evil woman cursed my bones. Now only the great Equeen can make them well.'

Soomasoondrum felt the little form begin to tremble.

'Then shall we go to England,' he said decidedly.

'How can we go to England, O my father!'

'This can we do, thou, I and thy mother. I say true word.' He spoke with conviction, and with a swift joy in thinking there was something clearly to be done.

Batesia began to coo 'My father, my father'; but the overflow of tears could not so quickly be dried—she smiled and shook and sobbed.

Her father hushed her. 'Shu shu! Thou must sleep now, and thy father must make ready. Sleep, sleep, my little star, sleep, sleep—sleep whilst thy father maketh plans. First the train, then the big ship. Thou shalt travel as a rich man's daughter.'

'O best of fathers, art thou rich?'

'On this journey thy father is rich. Everyone asking, Who is this rich Indian gentleman? His wife hath costly shawls worth thousand rupees. Her jewels are shining; and for the little daughter, ah, bah! nothing is good enough! Then by and by the great Equeen, looking at this family, will smile and——'

Soomasoondrum ceased speaking, for a fluttering breath came from Batesia's lips. The pretty child was asleep.

Mudali?' he said, when he [illegible]
not the one to blame ye—for h
matter of nerves? Well, well,
May your journey be a success, a

Soomasoondrum lost no tim
knew very well what to do, for h
off English families. He put his
for a cabin, and he engaged a se
much experience in travelling.
twice as much as he had given
money. Only that morning a
bankers telling him of a large
transactions. He chuckled wh
question: 'Art thou rich, O best

Howatt Doré had been kept
had expected. When he arrive
one morning (fresh and fair
travelling all night) he was asto
the platform.

'Hullo!' he called out; 'wh
And how is little Barley Sugar

Soomasoondrum answered p
and he pointed to her in the a
'We are going to England, you
climbed up into the carriage.

'To see the great Equeen
Howatt Doré over the servan

'Only as far as Madras, worse luck,' replied the doctor, looking down at him. His chin was black with court plaister—he had cut himself horribly whilst shaving. Howard could hear no more, he had to stand back, for some natives, bent upon travelling, were hurrying to and fro like frightened fowls.

It was only when on board that the Mudaliyar's active mind took rest—complete, overpowering rest—for he was too ill to think about anything. After a few days of unspeakable wretchedness, however, he became better, and then he was able to go up on deck. Batesia was there, comfortably arranged upon her pretty pillows, Rungamma, in a white *saré*, sat by her child. Lazarus was a satisfactory servant. Already the little one seemed better, she was no longer listless. A good deal of interest was taken in the *Indians* by the passengers on board. Mrs. Martin (or Mrs. Martinet, as she was generally called) was the first to speak to them. She very soon knew the Soomasoondrum story, and took a kind, common-sense view of it.

'You only did your duty, Mr. Soomasoondrum, in having that woman brought before the magistrate, but you were wrong in letting the child be out so late. *That was a fault*, punctuality is so particularly desirable for young children. *In bed by eight.* That is the time, Mrs. Soomasoondrum; and if only you had taught the important lesson of obedience, *ready obedience*, why, you would not have had any trouble like this. Nonsense! You would have said *jump up*, and the child would have jumped up without thinking. *Implicit obedience.* That is what I insist upon, ask the Colonel if I do not.'

'Mrs. Martin most certainly does,' the Colonel said quickly. He was her great admirer, and a meek little man. He desired nothing better than to be sheltered by his masterly wife and to back her statements.

'As to the woman's curses,' Mrs. Martin continued, 'they were really nothing to mind. Tramps curse everywhere on the English highroads, and I have heard people *who ought to know better* say very strange things. You should hear some of our soldiers' wives. Dreadful!'

'Dreadful!' echoed the Colonel.

Mrs. Martin nodded to him. 'You need not wait,' she said; 'I am going to stay with the child.' And she produced a pair of scissors and scraps of paper, and cut out tables and chairs and all sorts of odd things.

One morning, when Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck a tall lady coming towards her, holding a child by the han arm was stretched out at full length, for he was skipp jumping like a kid at the end of its tether.

Batesia's little heart pattered wildly.

This beautiful boy must be Eprinchie!

He was dressed in a white sailor suit, and his golden c over the square collar. His cheeks were pink, and his eye Oh! he was many times more beautiful than her Eprinc behind in a box. This was the real one.

Whilst she was looking at him, he caught sight of wheeling suddenly right in front of his mother asked in an whisper, who that little girl was?

'I don't know, darling,' his mother replied; 'but I a she is ill. Shall we go and see?'

He lost no time and went off without waiting, and said do you do? I am sorry you are ill. Where do you come

Batesia panted a little, 'Folum Madras, your honour.'

'I come fwom Egypt,' he went on, making conversati I have widden a tamel. Have you widden a tamel?'

'No-a,' Batesia answered humbly.

Lazarus interposed: 'This little female child, Tami onalee daughter of rich man.'

Humphrey did not understand; he continued: 'Jose to Egypt, so did Moses and me and Mum.'

'Moses is dead,' Batesia murmured, glad to know som

'Evewyone is dead in the Old Tessamin,' Humphrey s an air of superior knowledge. He was indeed a Prince Batesia ventured to say: 'Perlease, your honour, is the Equeen your gereat mother, sitting in black chair in this

Humphrey was puzzled. Lazarus explained, 'This little lady thinking that your honour's parent is the gereat

Humphrey showed all his little white teeth laughing.

'Do you weally fink I am the Pwince of Wales? Y little girl! He is a gwown up man eighty! twenty! te old! I am sits! and my name is Humfy Mawylands.'

At this climax Lady Marylands came up.

'She finks I am the Pwince of Wales,' cried Humphr ing his mother's gown.

'Never mind,' she replied, trying to repress him. T spoke to Batesia.

'You dear little thing, I am afraid you are ill. Are you going to England?'

'I want to see the gereat Equeen,' Batesia replied, pathetically; her voice trembled, for the excitement had upset her.

'And why do you want to see her?' Lady Marylands asked.

Batesia's face assumed a look of strange fixity, the scene that her baby mind had arranged came clearly before her.

'First the peons and the horses, then the gereat Equeen in big carriage. What for that little child there, gereat Equeen asking. Then I saying—O gereat Equeen! look upon poor little subject, evil woman curlursing my bones! gereat Equeen blessing making well. Ever paray.'

The wailing child voice brought tears into Lady Marylands' eyes. She knelt down and kissed the little clasped hands. She did not understand what the trouble was, and could only caress her.

Then Soomasoondrum came, sleek and shining from the hands of a barber, and explained everything to Lady Marylands, standing a little away from the children.

Humphrey, who had been carefully listening to Batesia, questioned her on the subject.

'Were you pwaying to false gods?'

'No-a!' she replied, reproachfully, 'I do not paray to false gods. I was paraying to the great Equeen to make little subject well. That is why going to Englands.'

'You should pway to God,' Humphrey said solemnly; 'He can hear you anywhere, ever so far off, in Injah even! But of course the Queen can only hear you when you go twite close.'

Batesia had her reason for going to England, 'God putting gereat Equeen on fronie to listen to foor subjects'; and that sounded right enough to Humphrey.

Those were happy days for Batesia with the white sailor boy taking care of her. He had a tender heart, full of chivalry for the helpless little girl. Besides, he found she was an excellent listener, and she never 'contadickied' him as his sister at home dared to do. Batesia admired all that he said and did, and when on Sunday he pulled off his hat devoutly and sang hymns, she thought that if he were not the Prince he was at all events very like an angel. She knew, however, that angels never wore trousers. The missionary's wife had plenty of their pictures, and they were dressed quite differently. The weather became very disagreeable, and there was a storm which upset everything—Soomasoondrum

most of all—and it grew intensely cold. But one afterno
the sea was smoother, Lazarus carried Batesia up on decl
for a short time. Humphrey, with very pink cheeks, ra
come her. He said:

'What do you fink? Your Howatt Doré is my uncle
Isn't that fummie? I bemember him twite well. He sho
gun. I yooked at him. Aren't you glad you are coming
I am. You are to stay in the norf lodge, the Taptain
would like to live there. I wish you could wun abou
never mind! Adie will play with you. She is eight y
and bigger than me! She loves dolls, and perhaps you
a tea-party.'

Only a few hours later the captain went up to Lady Ma
He looked very grave and said bluntly: 'There is bad ne
Queen is dead.'

'Dead!' repeated Lady Marylands, 'oh! are you quite

He nodded, and gave her a paper that the pilot had
and passed on without speaking.

Soomasoondrum was on deck when he heard the ne
thoughts flew to his little one. Here was an end to
hopes. He staggered to a seat breathing heavily.

'The por Rindo's took bad,' a sailor told the steward
hurried by; and the steward, full of sympathy, went to see
Everyone knew the reason of the Mudaliyar's journey.

Lady Marylands also thought of Batesia—little Bates
her one idea. She went down and knocked at the cabi
Rungamma opened it softly. 'The child has fever,' s
'talking, sleeping, talking.' Then Lady Marylands drew h
and broke the news.

'Ai! Ai! Ai!' was all Rungamma could say, an
Marylands found it very difficult to go on speaking.

'You must not tell the little one yet,' she said, 'k
down here, and the children can tell her when we are at Ma
they will do it best.' As she spoke she placed her hand affecti
upon Rungamma's shoulder, and after a little pause said:
remains our gracious Princess. The new—new Queen.'

But when the time came for going on shore Batesia
feverish, and the doctor advised her staying the ni
Southampton. He told the Mudaliyar of a little inn close
station kept by some people he knew. 'You will find the
obliging,' he said, and so they were. Batesia was carrie
comfortable bed-room where a good fire was burning in

Stanford Univers

old-fashioned grate. The warmth cheered her as she lay in the midst of blankets.

Lazarus went to fetch some coffee, and Rungamma began to unpack her curious bundles.

Presently a rosy-cheeked chambermaid hurried into the room. 'Would you like some hot water?' she asked; 'and is there anything I can do for you?' Then she caught sight of Batesia. 'Well, I never!' she exclaimed, 'you are a picture! a regular little heastern princess! You have never been in England before, have you, dearie? And to think of your coming at such a time, with our *good Queen lying dead.*'

Rungamma sprang up from her unpacking and signed silence. Her face was wild with emotion. It amazed the chambermaid.

'Heathen nations have odd manners,' she thought, and she left the room, feeling hurt. At the door she met Soomasoondrum who had come cautiously upstairs rather breathless. He went in and sat down by the fire.

The Queen was dead.

The little one seemed to be asleep.

Rungamma stood by the bedside.

A gilt clock ticked noisily on the chimneypiece, and Soomasoondrum began to doze.

Then all of a sudden Batesia opened her eyes.

'O my father! my mother!' she cried, 'the gereat Equeen is calling.'

As she spoke the sweet slip of a child jumped up in the bed. Her head was thrown back, her arms were out-stretched, and she seemed about to fly. Soomasoondrum was only just in time to catch her.

. . . . . .

George Howard had been away from Rajahram upon short leave. He was now finishing it off at Madras, where he had come to meet a cousin who was to arrive that day from England. Whilst he ate his breakfast at the club, he read a letter which he had just received from Dr. Filiben. It was all about the *poor little small wee child*, and had evidently been written in a hurry.

Dear Apollo,—My old friend Goodgame has been staying here, and I have told him about little Batesia. He says it is without doubt a pure case of hypnotism, the clearest he has ever met with, and he is a big man on the subject.

'Hypnotisation by the excitement of the sense of sight' (the old scarecrow's sudden and awful appearance).

'By excitement of the sense of hearing.' (Curses seem to have been Cheero's

great speciality, the child dwelt upon the cursing of her bones.) 'And also hypnotisation by the operator's personality' (which was everything it ought not to be). And the poor little small child had heard such fearful tales of the old woman's ghastly powers, that her tender young mind *contributed to the success of the action*. The wonder is that the child has not been killed by the strain, but now that the old witch is no more, I hope and trust it will all come right.

In hot, very hot haste, yours,

P. FILIBEN.

Howard put the letter in his pocket. 'Good old Filiben,' he thought, 'he has a warm heart as well; what he writes is very curious. Poor little Barley Sugar! I hope she is skipping about at Marylands by this time.'

Then he drove down to the landing-place, and almost the first person he saw was Soomasoondrum Mudaliyar.

Soomasoondrum, grown old, with stooping shoulders and shuffling step. A woman with a shawl drawn over her face followed him. Lazarus, looking hideous in a black turban, was close by.

Howard went up to them. 'What! back again so soon Mudali?' he said; 'and how——'

Then he stopped, for he suddenly understood.

Soomasoondrum began to answer, but his voice was high and weak, and no words would come. Lazarus gesticulated from behind.

Little Barley Sugar!

Howard forgot his cousin, and walked with his head bent by the Mudaliyar's side. He asked no questions, but Lazarus came near and explained to him.

'Dying after Queen—first hearing news.'

Howard made no answer; then he remembered something. 'Cheeru died at that time'—he spoke as if to himself. Soomasoondrum looked at him in a dull, dazed way.

'She was killed by lightning,' Howard added.

Soomasoondrum flung up his arms.

'My enemy is dead,' he cried in a harsh, exulting voice; 'the child hath won her case, the Queen judging.'

His eyes flashed. He straightened his back and walked on proudly. Rungamma followed with her face hidden.

ANNE.

THE

ORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1903.

THE PINE-PLANTERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

(The man fills in the earth; the sad-faced woman holds the tree upright, and meditates).

I.

FROM the unwound bundle
We take each tree,
And set it up
Where it has to be;
When, in a moment,
As if from fear
Of Life in earnest
Beginning here,
It starts a sighing
Through day and night,
Though while downlying
'Twas voiceless quite.

II.

It will sigh in the morning,
Will sigh at noon,
At the winter's warning,
In wafts of June;
Grieving that never
Kind Fate decreed
It could not ever
Remain a seed,

And shun the welter
  Of things without,
Unneeding shelter
  From storm and drought.

III.

Thus, all unknowing
  For whom or what
We set it growing
  In this bleak spot,
It still will grieve here
  Throughout its time,
Unable to leave here
  Or change its clime;
Or tell the story
  Of us to-day
When, halt and hoary,
  We've passed away.

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.[1]

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST OF THE EBB.

Tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

THE days were short and November was drawing to its end when Barlasch returned to Dantzig. Already the frost, holding its own against a sun that seemed to linger in the North that year, exercised its sway almost to midday and drew a mist from the level plains.

The autumn had been one of unprecedented splendour, making the imaginative whisper that Napoleon, like a second Joshua, could exact obedience even from the sun. A month earlier, soon after the retreat was ordered, the nights had begun to be cold, but the days remained brilliant. Now the rivers were shrouded in white mist and still water was frozen.

Barlasch seemed to take it for understood that a billet holds good throughout a whole campaign. But the door of No. 36 Frauengasse was locked when he turned its iron handle. He knocked, and waited on the step.

It was Désirée who opened the door at length—Désirée, grown older, with something new in her eyes. Barlasch, sure of his *entrée*, had already removed his boots, which he carried in his hand; this added to a certain surreptitiousness in his attitude. A handkerchief was bound over his left eye. He wore his shako still, but the rest of his uniform verged on the fantastic. Under a light-blue Bavarian cavalry cape he wore a peasant's homespun shirt, and he carried no arms.

[1] Copyright, 1903, by Henry Seton Merriman, in the United States of America.

He pushed past Désirée rather unceremoniously, glad to get within doors. He was very lame, and of his blue knitted stocking only the legs remained; he was barefoot.

He limped towards the kitchen, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that Désirée shut the door. The chair he had made his own stood just within the open door of the kitchen. It was nine o'clock in the morning and Lisa had gone to market. Barlasch sat down.

'Voilà,' he said, and that was all. But by a gesture he described the end of the world. Then he scowled at her with his available eye with suspicion, and she turned away suddenly, as one may who has not a clear conscience.

'What is the matter with your eye?' she asked, in order to break the silence. He laid aside his hat, and his ragged hair, quite white, fell to his shoulders. By way of answer he unknotted the bloodstained dusky handkerchief and looked up at her. The hidden eye was uninjured and as bright as the other.

'Nothing,' he answered, and he confirmed the statement by a low-born wink. More than once he glanced, with a glaring light in his eye, towards the cupboard where Lisa kept the bread, and quite suddenly Désirée knew that he was starving. She ran to the cupboard and hurriedly set down on the table before him what was there. It was not much—a piece of cold meat and a whole loaf.

He had taken off his haversack, and was fumbling in it with unsteady hands. At last he found that which he sought. It was wrapped in a silk scarf that must have come from Cashmere to Moscow, and from Moscow in his haversack with pieces of horseflesh and muddy roots to Dantzig. With that awkwardness in giving and taking which belongs to his class, he held out to Désirée a little square 'ikon' no bigger than a playing-card. It was of gold, set with diamonds, and the faces of the Virgin and Child were painted with exquisite delicacy.

'It is a thing to say your prayers to,' he said gruffly.

By an effort he kept his eyes averted from the food on the table.

'I met a baker on the bridge,' he said, 'and offered it to him for a loaf, but he refused.'

And there was a whole history of human suffering and temptation—of the human fall—in his curt laugh. While Désirée was looking at the treasure in speechless admiration, he turned

suddenly and took the bread and meat in his grimy hands. His crooked fingers closed over the loaf, making the crust crack, and for a second the expression of his face was not human. Then he hurried to the room that had been his, like a dog that seeks to hide its greed in its kennel.

In a surprisingly short time he came back, the greyness all gone from his face though his eyes still glittered with the dry hard light of starvation. He went back to the chair near the door and sat down.

'Seven hundred miles,' he said, looking down at his feet with a shake of the head, 'seven hundred miles in six weeks.'

Then he glanced at her and out through the open door to make sure none could overhear.

'Because I was afraid,' he added in a whisper. 'I am easily frightened. I am not brave.'

Désirée shook her head and laughed. Women have from all time accepted the theory that a uniform makes a man courageous.

'They had to abandon the guns,' he went on, 'soon after quitting Moscow. The horses were starving. There was a steep hill and the guns were left at the bottom. Then I began to be afraid. There were some marching with candelabras on their backs and nothing in their *carnassières*. They carried a million francs on their shoulders and death in their faces. I was afraid. I carried salt—salt—and nothing else. Then one day I saw the Emperor's face. That was enough. The same night I crept away while the others slept round the fire. They looked like a masquerade. Some of them wore ermine. Oh! I was afraid, I tell you. I only had the salt and some horse. There was plenty of that on the road. And that toy. I found it in Moscow. I stood in a cellar, as big as this room, full of such things. But one thinks of one's life. I only carried salt, and that picture for you . . . to say your prayers to. The good God will hear you perhaps; He has no time to listen to us others.'

And he used the last words as a French peasant, which is a survival of serfdom that has come down through the furnace of the Revolution.

'But I cannot take it,' said Désirée. 'It is worth a million francs.'

He looked at her fiercely.

'You think that I look for something in return?'

'Oh no!' she answered. 'I have nothing to give you in return. I am as poor as you.'

'Then we can be friends,' he said. He was eyeing surreptiously a mug of beer which Désirée had set before him on the table. Some instinct, or the teaching of the last two months, made it repugnant to him to eat or drink beneath his neighbour's eye. He was a sorry-looking figure, not far removed from the animals, and in his downward journey he had picked up, perhaps, the instinct which none can explain, telling an animal to take its food in secret.

Désirée went to the window, turning her back to him, and looked out into the yard. She heard him drink and set the mug down again with a gulp.

'You were in Moscow?' she said at length, half turning towards him so that he could see her profile and her short upper lip, which was parted as if to ask a question which she did not put into words. He looked her slowly up and down beneath his heavy eyebrows, his little cunning eyes alight with suspicion. He watched her parted lips, which were tilted at the corners, showing humour and a nature quick to laugh or suffer. Then he jerked his head upwards as if he saw the unasked question quivering there, and bore her some malice for her silence.

'Yes! I was in Moscow,' he said, watching the colour fade from her face. 'And I saw him—your husband—there. I was on guard outside his door the night we entered the city. It was I who carried to the post the letter he wrote you. He was very anxious that it should reach you. You received it—that love-letter?'

'Yes,' answered Désirée gravely, in no wise responding to a sudden forced gaiety in Papa Barlasch, which was only an evidence of the shyness with which rough men all the world over approach the subject of love, lacking the refinement with which half-educated women in these days strip it bare and pick it to pieces on the housetops, so that there shall be no glamour left in it.

'I never saw him again,' went on Barlasch, 'for the "general" sounded, and I went out into the streets to find the city on fire. In a great army, as in a large country, one may easily lose one's own brother. But he will return—have no fear. He has good fortune—the fine gentleman.'

He stopped and scratched his head, looking at her sideways with a grimace of bewilderment.

'It is good news I bring you,' he muttered. 'He was alive and well when we began the retreat. He was on the staff, and the staff had horses and carriages. They had bread to eat, I am told.'

'And you—what had you?' asked Désirée, over her shoulder.

'No matter,' he answered gruffly, 'since I am here.'

'And yet you believe in that man still,' flashed out Désirée, turning to face him.

Barlasch held up a warning finger, as if bidding her to be silent on a subject on which she was not capable of forming a judgment. He wagged his head from side to side and heaved a sigh.

'I tell you,' he said, 'I saw his face after Malo-Jaroslavetz; we lost ten thousand that day. And I was afraid. For I saw in it that he was going to leave us as he did in Egypt. I am not afraid when he is there—not afraid of the Devil—or the bon Dieu, but when Napoleon is not there——' he broke off with a gesture describing abject terror.

'They say in Dantzig,' said Désirée, 'that he will never get back across the Bérésina, for the Russians are bringing two armies to stop him there. They say that the Prussians will turn against him.'

'Ah—they say that already?'

'Yes.'

He looked at her with a sudden light of anger in his eyes.

'Who has taught you to hate Napoleon?' he asked bluntly.

And again Désirée turned away from his glance as if she could not meet it.

'No one,' she answered.

'It is not the patron,' said Barlasch, muttering his thoughts as he hobbled to the door of his little room and began unloading his belongings with a view to ablution; for he was a self-contained traveller, carrying with him all he required. 'It is not the patron. Because such a hatred as his cannot be spoken of. It is not your husband, because Napoleon is his god.'

He broke off with one of his violent jerks of the head, almost threatening to dislocate his neck, and looked at her fixedly.

'It is because you have grown into a woman since I went away.'

And out came his accusing finger, though Désirée had her back turned towards him, and there was none other to see.

'Ah!' he said, with deadly contempt, 'I see. I see!'

'Did you expect me to grow up into a man?' asked Désirée, over her shoulder.

Barlasch stood in the doorway, his lips and jaw moving as if he were masticating wingèd words. At length, having failed to find a tremendous answer, he softly closed the door.

This was not the only wise old veteran of the Grand Army to see which way the wind blew; for many another after the battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz packed upon his back such spoil as he could carry and set off on foot for France. For the cold had come at length, and not a horse in the French army was roughed for the snowy roads, nor, indeed, had provision been made to rough them. This was a sign not lost upon those who had horses to care for. The Emperor, who forgot nothing, had forgotten this. He who foresaw everything had omitted to foresee the winter. He had ordered a retreat from Moscow, in the middle of October, of an army in summer clothing, without provision for the road. The only hope was to retreat through a new line of country not despoiled by the enormous army in its advance of every grain of corn, every blade of grass. But this hope was frustrated by the Russians who, hemming them in, forced them to keep the road along which they had made so triumphant a march on Moscow.

Already, in the ranks, it was whispered that by the light of the burning city some had perceived dark forms moving on the distant plains—a Russian army passing westward in front of them to await and cut them off at the passage of some river. The Russians had fought well at Borodino: they fought desperately at Malo-Jaroslavetz, which town was taken and retaken eleven times and left in cinders.

The Grand Army was no longer in a position to choose its way. It was forced to cross again the battlefield of Borodino, where thirty thousand dead lay yet unburied. But Napoleon was still with them, his genius flashing out at times with something of the fire which had taken men's breath away and burnt his name indelibly into the pages of the world's history. Even when hard pressed he never missed a chance of attacking. The enemy never made a mistake that he did not give them reason to rue it.

To the waiting world came at length the news that the winter, so long retarded, had closed down over Russia. In Dantzig, so near the frontier, a hundred rumours chased each other through

the streets; and day by day Antoine Sebastian grew younger and gayer. It seemed as if a weight long laid upon his heart had been lifted at last. He made a journey to Königsberg soon after Barlasch's return, and came back with eager eyes. His correspondence was enormous. He had, it seemed, a hundred friends who gave him news and asked something in exchange—advice, encouragement, warning. And all the while men whispered that Prussia would ally herself to Russia, Sweden, and England.

From Paris came news of a growing discontent. For France, among a multitude of virtues, has one vice unpardonable to Northern men: she turns from a fallen friend.

Soon followed the news of Bérésina—a poor little river of Lithuania—where the history of the world hung for a day as on a thread. But a flash of the dying genius surmounted superhuman difficulties, and the catastrophe was turned into a disaster. The divisions of Victor and Oudinot—the last to preserve any semblance of military discipline—were almost annihilated. The French lost twelve thousand killed or drowned in the river, sixteen thousand prisoners, twelve of the remaining guns. But they were across the Bérésina. There was no longer a Grand Army, however. There was no army at all—only a starving, struggling trail of men stumbling through the snow, without organisation or discipline or hope.

It was a disaster on the same gigantic scale as the past victories—a disaster worthy of such a conqueror. Even his enemies forgot to rejoice. They caught their breath and waited.

And suddenly came the news that Napoleon was in Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FORLORN HOPE.

The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck.

'It is time to do something,' said Papa Barlasch on the December morning when the news reached Dantzig that Napoleon was no longer with the army—that he had made over the parody of command of the phantom army to Murat, King of Naples—that he

had passed like an evil spirit unknown through Poland, Prussia, Germany, travelling twelve hundred miles night and day at breakneck speed, alone, racing to Paris to save his throne.

'It is time to do something,' said all Europe, when it was too late. For Napoleon was himself again—alert, indomitable, raising a new army, calling on France to rise to such heights of energy and vitality as only France can compass; for the colder nations of the North lack the imagination that enables men to pit themselves against the gods at the bidding of some stupendous will, only second to the will of God Himself.

'Go to Dantzig and hold it till I come,' Napoleon had said to Rapp. 'Retreat to Poland and hold on to anything you can till I come back with a new army,' he had commanded Murat and Prince Eugene.

'It is time to do something,' said all the conquered nations, looking at each other for initiation. And lo! the Master of Surprises struck them dumb by his sudden apparition in his own capital, with all the strings of the European net gathered as if by magic into his own hands again.

While everybody told his neighbour that it was time to do something, no one knew what to do. For it has pleased the Creator to put a great many talkers into this world and only a few men of action to make its history.

Papa Barlasch knew what to do, however.

'Where is that sailor?' he asked Désirée, when she had told him the news which Mathilde brought in from the streets. 'He who took the patron's valise that night—the cousin of your husband.'

'There is a man at Zoppot who will tell you,' she answered.

'Then I go to Zoppot.'

Barlasch had lived unmolested in the Frauengasse since his return. He was an old man, ill-clad, with a bloody handkerchief bound over one eye. No one asked him any questions, except Sebastian, who heard again and again the tale of Moscow—how the army which had crossed into Russia four hundred thousand strong was reduced to a hundred thousand when the retreat began; how handmills were issued to the troops to grind corn which did not exist; how the horses died in thousands and the men in hundreds from starvation; how God at last had turned his face from Napoleon.

'Something must be done. The patron will do nothing; he

is in the clouds, he is dreaming dreams of a new France, that *bourgeois*. I am an old man. Yes, I will go to Zoppot.'

'You mean that we should have heard from Charles before now,' said Désirée.

'Name of thunder! he may be in Paris!' exclaimed Barlasch, with the sudden anger that anxiety commands. 'He is on the staff, I tell you.'

For suspense is one of the most contagious of human emotions, and makes a quicker call upon our sympathy than any other. Do we not feel such a desire that our neighbour may know the worst without delay, that we race to impart it to him?

Nor was Désirée alone in the trial which had drawn certain lines about her gay lips; for Mathilde had told her father and sister that should Colonel de Casimir return from the war he would ask her hand in marriage.

'And that other—the Colonel,' added Barlasch, glancing at Mathilde, 'he is on the staff too. They are safe enough, I tell you that. They are doubtless together. They were together at Moscow. I saw them, and took an order from them. They were . . . at their work.'

Mathilde did not like Papa Barlasch. She would, it seemed, rather have no news at all of de Casimir than learn it from the old soldier, for she quitted the room without even troubling to throw him a glance of disdain.

Barlasch waited with working lips until the sound of her footsteps ceased on the stairs. Then he pushed across the kitchen table a piece of writing-paper, rather yellow and woolly. It had been to Moscow and back.

'Write a word to him,' he said. 'I will take it to Zoppot.'

'But you can send a message by the fisherman whose name I have given you,' answered Désirée.

'And will he heed the message? Will he come ashore at a word from me—only Barlasch? Remember it is his life that he carries in his hand. An English sailor with a French name! Thunder of thunder! They would shoot him like a rat!'

Désirée shook her head; but Barlasch was not to be denied. He brought pen and ink from the dresser and pushed them across the table.

'I would not ask it,' he said, 'if it was not necessary. Do you think he will mind the danger? He will like it. He will

say to me, "Barlasch, I thank you." Ah! I know him. Write. He will come.'

'Why?' asked Désirée.

'Why? How should I know that? He came before when you asked him.'

Désirée leant over the table and wrote six words:

'Come, if you can come safely.'

Barlasch took up the paper, and, pushing up the bandage which had served to bring him unharmed through Russia, he frowned at it without understanding.

'It is not all writings that I can read,' he admitted. 'Have you signed it?'

'No.'

'Then sign something that he will know, and no other—they might shoot me. Your baptismal name.'

And she wrote 'Désirée' after the six words.

Barlasch folded the paper carefully and placed it in the lining of an old felt hat of Sebastian's which he now wore. He bound a scarf over his ears, after the manner of those who live on the Baltic shores in winter.

'You can leave the rest to me,' he said; and with a nod and a grimace expressive of cunning he left her.

He did not return that night. The days were short now, for the winter was well set in. It was nearly dark the next afternoon and very cold when he came back. He sent Lisa upstairs for Désirée.

'First,' he said, 'there is a question for the patron. Will he quit Dantzig?—that is the question.'

'No,' answered Désirée.

'Rapp is coming,' said Barlasch, emphasising each point with one finger against the side of his nose. 'He will hold Dantzig. There will be a siege. Let the patron make no mistake. It will not be like the last one. Rapp was outside then; he will be inside this time. He will hold Dantzig till the bottom falls out of the world.'

'My father will not leave,' said Désirée. 'He has said so. He knows that Rapp is coming, with the Russians behind him.'

'But,' interrupted Barlasch, 'he thinks that Prussia will turn and declare war against Napoleon. That may be. Who knows? The question is, Can the patron be induced to quit Dantzig?'

Désirée shook her head.

'It is not I,' said Barlasch, 'who ask the question. You understand?'

'Yes, I understand. My father will not quit Dantzig.'

Whereupon Barlasch made a gesture conveying a desire to think as kindly of Antoine Sebastian as he could.

'In half an hour,' he said, 'when it is dark, will you come for a walk with me along the Langfuhr road—where the unfinished ramparts are?'

Désirée looked at him and hesitated.

'Oh—good—if you are afraid——' said Barlasch.

'I am not afraid—I will come,' she answered quickly.

The snow was hard when they set out, and squeaked under their feet, as it does with a low thermometer.

'We shall leave no tracks,' said Barlasch, as he led the way off the Langfuhr road towards the river. There was broken ground here, where earthworks had been begun and never completed. The trees had been partly cut, and beneath the snow were square mounds showing where the timber had been piled up. But since the departure of Rapp all had been left incomplete.

Barlasch turned towards Désirée and pointed out a rising knoll of land with fir-trees on it—an outline against the sky where a faint aurora borealis lit the north. She understood that Louis was waiting there and must necessarily see them approaching across the untrodden snow. For an instant she lingered, and Barlasch turning, glanced at her sharply over his shoulder. She had come against her will, and her companion knew it. Her feet were heavy with misgiving, like the feet of one who treads an uncertain road into a strange country. She had been afraid of Louis d'Arragon when she first caught sight of him in the Frauengasse. The fear of him was with her now, and would not depart until he himself swept it away by the first word he spoke.

He came out from beneath the trees, made a few steps forward, and then stopped. Again Désirée lingered, and Barlasch, who was naturally impatient, turned and took her by the arm.

'Is it the snow—that you find slippery?' he asked, not requiring an answer. A moment later Louis came forward.

'There is nothing but bad news,' he said laconically. 'Barlasch will have told you; but there is no need to give up hope. The army has reached the Niemen; the rearguard has quitted Vilna. There is nothing for it but to go and look for him.'

'Who will go?' she asked quietly.

'I.'

He was looking at her with grave eyes trained to darkness. But she looked past him towards the sky, which was faintly lighted by the aurora. Her averted eyes and rigid attitude were not without some suggestion of guilt.

'My ship is ice-bound at Reval,' said d'Arragon in a matter-of-fact way. 'They have no use for me until the winter is over, and they have given me three months' leave.'

'To go to England?' she asked.

'To go anywhere I like,' he said, with a short laugh. 'So I am going to look for Charles, and Barlasch will come with me.'

'At a price,' put in that soldier, in a shrewd undertone. 'At a price.'

'A small one,' corrected Louis, turning to look at him with the close attention of one exploring a new country.

'Bah! You give what you can. One does not go back across the Niemen for pleasure. We bargained and we came to terms. I got as much as I could.'

Louis laughed, as if this were the blunt truth.

'If I had more I would give you more. It is the money I placed in a Dantzig bank for my cousin. I must take it out again, that is all.'

The last words were addressed to Désirée, as if he had acted in assurance of her approval.

'But I have more,' she said; 'a little—not very much. We must not think of money. We must do everything to find him—to give him help if he needs it.'

'Yes,' answered Louis, as if she had asked him a question. 'We must do everything; but I have no more money.'

'And I have none with me. I have nothing that I can sell.'

She withdrew her fur mitten and held out her hand, as if to show that she had no rings, except the plain gold one on her third finger.

'You have the ikon I brought you from Moscow,' said Barlasch gruffly. 'Sell that.'

'No,' answered Désirée; 'I will not sell that.'

Barlasch laughed cynically.

'There you have a woman,' he said, turning to Louis. 'First she will not have a thing, then she will not part with it.'

'Well,' said Désirée with some spirit, 'a woman may know her own mind.'

'Some do,' admitted Barlasch carelessly; 'the happy ones. And since you will not sell your ikon, I must go for what Monsieur le capitaine offers me.'

'Five hundred francs,' added Louis. 'A thousand francs if we succeed in bringing my cousin safely back to Dantzig.'

'It is agreed,' said Barlasch, and Désirée looked from one to the other with an odd smile of amusement. For women do not understand that spirit of adventure which makes the mercenary soldier, and urges the sailor to join an exploring expedition without hope of any reward beyond his daily pay, for which he is content to work and die loyally.

'And I,' she asked, 'what am I to do?'

'We must know where to find you,' replied d'Arragon.

There was so much in the simple answer that Désirée fell into a train of thought. It did not seem much for her to do, and yet it was all. For it summed up in six words a woman's life: to wait till she is found.

'I shall wait in Dantzig,' she said at length.

Barlasch held up his finger close to her face so that she could not fail to see it, and shook it slowly from side to side commanding her careful and entire attention.

'And buy salt,' he said. 'Fill a cupboard full of salt. It is cheap enough in Dantzig now. The patron will not think of it. He is a dreamer. But a dreamer awakes at length and is hungry. It is I who tell you—Barlasch.'

He emphasised himself with a touch of his curved fingers on either shoulder.

'Buy salt,' he said, and walked away to a rising knoll to make sure that no one was approaching. The moon was just below the horizon, and a yellow glow was already in the sky.

Désirée and Louis were left alone. He was looking at her, but she was watching Barlasch with a still persistency.

'He said that it is the happy women who know their own minds,' she said slowly.

'I suppose he meant——Duty,' she added at length when Louis made no sign of answering.

'Yes,' he said.

Barlasch was beckoning to her. She moved away, but stopped a few yards off and looked at Louis again.

'Do you think it is any good trying?' she asked with a short laugh.

'It is no good trying unless you mean to succeed,' he answered lightly. She laughed a second time and lingered, though Barlasch was calling her to come.

'Oh,' she said, 'I am not afraid of you when you say things like that. It is what you leave unsaid. I am afraid of you, I think, because you expect so much.'

She tried to see his face.

'I am only an ordinary human being you know,' she said warningly.

Then she followed Barlasch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISSING.

> I should fear those that dance before me now
> Would one day stamp upon me; it has been done:
> Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

DURING the first weeks of December the biting wind abated for a time and immediately the snow came. It fell for days, until at length the grey sky seemed exhausted; for the flakes sailed downwards in twos and threes like the stragglers of an army bringing up the rear. Then the sun broke through again and all the world was a dazzling white.

There had been a cessation in that stream of pitiable men who staggered across the bridge from the Königsberg road. Some instinct had turned it southwards. Now it began again, and the rumour spread throughout the city that Rapp was coming. At length, in the middle of December, an officer brought word that Rapp with his staff would arrive next day.

Désirée heard the news without comment.

'You do not believe it?' asked Mathilde, who had come in with shining eyes and a pale face.

'Oh, yes, I believe it.'

'Then you forget,' persisted Mathilde, 'that Charles is on the staff. They may arrive to-night.'

While they were speaking Sebastian came in. He looked quickly from one to the other.

'You have heard the news?' he asked.

'That the General is coming back?' said Mathilde.

'No; not that. Though it is true. Macdonald is in full retreat on Dantzig. The Prussians have abandoned him—at last.'

He gave a queer laugh and stood looking towards the window with restless eyes that flitted from one object to another, as if he were endeavouring to follow in mind the quick course of events. Then he remembered Désirée and turned towards her.

'Rapp returns to-morrow,' he said. 'We may presume that Charles is with him.'

'Yes,' said Désirée, in a lifeless voice.

Sebastian wrinkled his eyes and gave an apologetic laugh.

'We cannot offer him a fitting welcome,' he said, with a gesture of frustrated hospitality. 'We must do what we can. You and he may, of course, consider this your home as long as it pleases you to remain with us. Mathilde, you will see that we have such delicacies in the house as Dantzig can now afford—and you, Désirée, will of course make such preparations as are necessary. It is well to remember, he may return . . . to-night.'

Désirée went towards the door while Mathilde laid aside the delicate needlework which seemed to absorb her mind and employ her fingers from morning till night. She made a movement as if to accompany her sister, but Désirée shook her head sharply and Mathilde remained where she was, leaving Désirée to go upstairs alone.

The day was already drawing to its long twilight, and at four o'clock the night came. Sebastian went out as usual, though he had caught cold. But Mathilde stayed at home. Désirée sent Lisa to the shops in the Langenmarkt, which is the centre of business and gossip in Dantzig. Lisa always brought home the latest news. Mathilde came to the kitchen to seek something when the messenger returned. She heard Lisa tell Désirée that a few more stragglers had come in, but they brought no news of the General. The house seemed lonely now that Barlasch was gone.

Throughout the night the sound of sleigh-bells could be faintly heard through the double windows, though no sleigh passed through the Frauengasse. A hundred times the bells seemed to come closer, and always Désirée was ready behind the curtains to see the light flash past into the Pfaffengasse. With a

shiver of suspense she crept back to bed to await the next alarm. In the early morning, long before it was light, the dull thud of steps on the trodden snow called her to the window again. She caught her breath as she drew back the curtain; for through the long watches of the night she had imagined every possible form of return.

This must be Barlasch. Louis and Barlasch must, of course, have met Rapp on his homeward journey. On finding Charles they had sent Barlasch back in advance to announce the safety of Désirée's husband. Louis would, of course, not come to Dantzig. He would go north to Russia, to Reval, and perhaps home to England—never to return.

But it was not Barlasch. It was a woman who staggered past under a burden of firewood which she had collected in the woods of Schottland, and did not dare to carry through the streets by day.

At last the clocks struck six, and, soon after, Lisa's heavy footstep made the old stairs creak and crack.

Désirée went downstairs before daylight. She could hear Mathilde astir in her room and the light of candles was visible under her door. Désirée busied herself with household affairs.

'I have not slept,' said Lisa bluntly, 'for thinking that your husband might return, and fearing that we should make him wait in the street. But without doubt you would have heard him.'

'Yes, I should have heard him.'

'If it had been my husband, I should have been at the window all night,' said Lisa, with a gay laugh—and Désirée laughed too.

Mathilde seemed a long time in coming, and when at length she appeared Désirée could scarcely repress a movement of surprise. Mathilde was dressed, all in her best, as for a fête.

At breakfast Lisa brought the news told to her at the door that the Governor would re-enter the city in state with his staff at midday. The citizens were invited to decorate their streets, and to gather there to welcome the returning garrison.

'And the citizens will accept the invitation,' commented Sebastian, with a curt laugh. 'All the world has sneered at Russia since the Empire existed—and yet it has to learn from Moscow what part a citizen may play in war. These good Dantzigers will accept the invitation.'

And he was right. For one reason or another the city did honour to Rapp. Even the Poles must have known by now that France had made tools of them. But as yet they could not realise that Napoleon had fallen. There were doubtless many spies in the streets that cold December day—one who listened for Napoleon; and another, peeping to this side and that, for the King of Prussia. Sweden also would need to know what Dantzig thought, and Russia must not be ignorant of the gossip in a great Baltic port.

Enveloped in their stiff sheepskins, concealed by the high collars which reached to the brim of their hats—showing nothing but eyes where the rime made old faces and young all alike, it was difficult for any to judge of his neighbour—whether he were Pole or Prussian, Dantziger or Swede. The women in thick shawls, with hoods or scarves concealing their faces, stood silently beside their husbands. It was only the children who asked a thousand questions, and got never an answer from the cautious descendants of a Hanseatic people.

'Is it the French or the Russians that are coming?' asked a child near to Désirée.

'Both,' was the answer.

'But which will come first?'

'Wait and see—silentium,' replied the careful Dantziger, looking over his shoulder.

Désirée had changed her clothes and wore beneath her furs the dress that had been prepared for the journey to Zoppot so long ago. Mathilde had noticed the dress, which had not been seen for six months. Lisa, more loquacious, nodded to it as to a friend when helping Désirée with her furs.

'You have changed,' she said, 'since you last wore it.'

'I have grown older—and fatter,' answered Désirée cheerfully.

And Lisa, who had no imagination, seemed satisfied with the explanation. But the change was in Désirée's eyes.

With Sebastian's permission—almost at his suggestion—they had selected the Grüne Brücke as the point from which to see the sight. This bridge spans the Mottlau at the entrance to the Langenmarkt, and the roadway widens before it narrows again to pass beneath the Grünes Thor. There is rising ground where the road spreads like a fan, and here they could see and be seen.

'Let us hope,' said Sebastian, 'that two of these gentlemen may perceive you as they pass.'

But he did not offer to accompany them.

By half-past eleven the streets were full. The citizens knew their governor, it seemed. He would not keep them waiting. Although Rapp lacked that power of appealing to the imagination which has survived Napoleon's death with such astounding vitality that it moves men's minds to-day as surely as it did a hundred years ago, he was shrewd enough to make use of his master's methods when such would seem to serve his purpose. He was not going to creep into Dantzig like a whipped dog into his kennel.

He had procured a horse at Elbing. Between that town and the Mottlau he had halted to form his army into something like order, to get together a staff with which to surround himself.

But the Dantzigers did not cheer. They stood and watched him in a sullen silence as he rode across the bridge now known as the 'Milk-Can.' His bridle was twisted round his arm, for all his fingers were frostbitten. His nose and his ears were in the same plight, and had been treated by a Polish barber who, indeed, effected a cure. One eye was almost closed. His face was astonishingly red. But he carried himself like a soldier, and faced the world with the audacity that Napoleon taught to all his disciples.

Behind him rode a few staff officers, but the majority were on foot. Some effort had been made to revive the faded uniforms. One or two heroic souls had cast aside the fur cloaks to which they owed their life, but the majority were broken men without spirit, without pride—appealing only to pity. They hugged themselves closely in their ragged cloaks and stumbled as they walked. It was impossible to distinguish between the officers and the men. The biggest and the strongest were the best clad—the bullies were the best fed. All were black and smoke-grimed—with eyes reddened and inflamed by the dazzling snow through which they stumbled by day, as much as by the smoke into which they crouched at night. Every garment was riddled by the holes burnt by flying sparks—every face was smeared with blood that ran from the horseflesh they had torn asunder with their teeth while it yet smoked.

Some laughed and waved their hands to the crowd. Others, who had known the tragedy of Vilna and Kowno, stumbled on in stubborn silence still doubting that Dantzig stood—that they were at last in sight of food and warmth and rest.

'Is that all?' men asked each other in astonishment. For

the last stragglers had crossed the new Mottlau before the head of the procession had reached the Grüne Brücke.

'If I had such an army as that,' said a stout Dantziger, 'I should bring it into the city quietly, after dusk.'

But the majority were silent, remembering the departure of these men—the triumph, the glory, and the hope. For a great catastrophe is a curtain that for a moment shuts out all history and makes the human family little children again who can but cower and hold each other's hands in the dark.

'Where are the guns?' asked one.

'And the baggage?' suggested another.

'And the treasure of Moscow?' whispered a Jew with cunning eyes, who had hidden behind his neighbour when Rapp glanced in his direction.

Emerging on the bridge, the General glanced at the old Mottlau. A crowd was collected on it. The citizens no longer used the bridges but crossed without fear where they pleased, and heavy sleighs passed up and down as on a high road. Rapp saw it, made a grimace, and, turning in his saddle, spoke to his neighbour, an engineer officer, who was to make an immortal name and die in Dantzig.

The Mottlau was one of the chief defences of the city, but instead of a river the Governor found a high road!

Rapp alone seemed to look about him with the air of one who knew his whereabouts. In the straggling trail of men behind him, not one in a hundred looked for a friendly face. Some stared in front of them with lifeless eyes, while others, with a little spirit plucked up at the end of a weary march, glanced up at the gabled houses with the interest called forth by the first sight of a new city.

It was not until long afterwards that the world, piecing together information purposely delayed and details carefully falsified, knew that of the four hundred thousand men who marched triumphantly to the Niemen, only twenty thousand recrossed that river six months later, and of these two-thirds had never seen Moscow.

Rapp, whose bloodshot eyes searched the crowd of faces turned towards him, recognised a number of people. To Mathilde he bowed gravely, and with a kindlier glance turned in his saddle to bow again to Désirée. They hardly heeded him, but with colourless faces turned towards the staff riding behind him.

Most of the faces were strange: others were so altered that the features had to be sought for as in the face of a mummy. Neither Charles nor de Casimir was among the horsemen. One or two of them bowed, as their leader had done, to the two girls.

'That is Captain de Villars,' said Mathilde, 'and the other I do not know. Nor that tall man who is bowing now. Who are they?'

Désirée did not answer. None of these men was Charles. Unconsciously holding her two mittened hands at her throat she searched each face.

They were well placed to see even those who followed on foot. Many of them were not French. It would have been easy to distinguish Charles or de Casimir among the dark-visaged southerners. Désirée was not conscious of the crowd around her. She heard none of the muttered remarks. All her soul was in her eyes.

'Is that all?' she said at length—as the others had said at the entrance to the town.

She found she was standing hand in hand with Mathilde, whose face was like marble.

At last, when even the crowd had passed away beneath the Grünes Thor, they turned and walked home in silence.

(To be continued.)

JOHN WESLEY IN HIS OWN DAY.

BY CANON OVERTON, D.D.

Two hundred years ago—to be quite accurate, on June 17 (O.S.), 1703—was born at Epworth Rectory, in the Isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire, the fifteenth child (eight were dead) of Samuel Wesley, rector of the parish, and Susannah, his wife. The boy was christened John Benjamin, but the Benjamin was dropped, and he is known to the whole world simply as John Wesley, one of the most notable figures of the eighteenth century, with which his long life is coterminous, for he lived until 1791.

It is not purposed in the present paper to tell again the oft-told tale of this great and good man's eventful history, still less to make him a peg on which to hang the writer's own sentiments, theological or otherwise; but to endeavour, as far as possible, to carry the reader back from the twentieth to the eighteenth century, and enable him to see John Wesley as he appeared to his contemporaries and as he was affected by his surroundings—so different from what they would be now. Let us take the last point first.

Now it is not without significance that the first eleven years of Wesley's life were passed in the stormy period of the reign of Queen Anne, when politics, civil and ecclesiastical, ran abnormally high. One might have thought that the excitement would hardly have reached a remote country place like Epworth, which was isolated in a peculiar degree; but it did. Epworth was, and still is, a place in which intense interest is taken in politics; the rector threw himself heart and soul into the unpopular side; this embroiled him with his parishioners, and was one of the main reasons why, in spite of his many virtues, he was for many years neither popular nor successful in his parish. John Wesley's early impressions at Epworth would certainly tend to make him think lightly of the parochial system.

Again, thinking of Convocation as that venerable and decorous assembly now is, it is hard to realise that the fact of the rector of Epworth being proctor for the clergy of the diocese of Lincoln need have been any great hindrance to his parochial work. But Convocation in the early eighteenth century was, to put it mildly, an exceedingly lively assemblage; it sat for more months than now

it sits for weeks; party feeling ran very high, and political questions were inextricably mixed up with ecclesiastical; and the rector would come back to his parish, after a prolonged absence, with his strong and unpopular views stronger than ever. The same long absences from Epworth on Convocation work were, moreover, the cause of those irregular meetings at the Rectory conducted by Mrs. Wesley, which were more attractive and effective than the regular church services; and a thoughtful child like John Wesley would be quite capable of observing this, and remembering it when he started the meetings of his United Societies.

By the time that John Wesley began his school and college days, the reaction had set in which made so sudden and remarkable a contrast between the religious activity of the Queen Anne period and the apathy of the early Hanoverian. No institutions were more affected by the change than our public schools and universities, of the degeneracy of which innumerable complaints may be found in the works of contemporary writers. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the keen edge of Wesley's religious feelings at Epworth should be so blunted in his Charterhouse and Christ Church days that he had some little hesitation about taking Holy Orders.

And, finally, before leaving Wesley's surroundings, full account must be taken of that ever-increasing dread of what was vaguely called enthusiasm, if we would fairly estimate the opposition which Wesley encountered in the early stage of that which became his life-work.

This leads us to the next and main subject of the present inquiry, viz. how Wesley appeared to his contemporaries, using that word as equivalent to the Latin *æquales*—that is, not only those who lived at the same time, but were also of the same social and intellectual standing as himself. If *they* did not appreciate *him*, certainly *he* did not appreciate *them*. It is quite amusing to observe what a low opinion he formed of those whom he called 'the genteel vulgar,' 'the learned, rich, and honourable heathens commonly called Christians.' He really seems surprised that this class—his own class—should know how to behave themselves with common decency during a religious service: 'Even the genteel hearers were decent; many of the rest seemed deeply affected'; 'The congregation was very large and very genteel, and yet as remarkably well-behaved as any I have seen in the kingdom.'

But, in spite of these occasional exceptions, he did not desire to have anything to do with them: 'I do not expect that the rich and great should want to speak to me.' And he had the lowest opinion of their understanding. 'Many of them were gay, genteel people; so I spoke on the first elements of the Gospel: but I was still out of their depth. Oh, how hard it is to be shallow enough for a polite audience!' Innumerable expressions of this kind may be found in his wonderful 'Journal.' And it was not a mere *façon de parler*. Wesley consistently eschewed, as far as possible, those places in which the higher classes, socially and intellectually, did mostly congregate, such as Bath, Cheltenham, and the two Universities. Scarcely any visits to Cambridge are recorded in the 'Journal'; at Oxford he used, indeed, to take his preaching turn, which, in the paucity of graduate members, would occur then far more frequently than now—perhaps about once in every three years; but it was in order that he might improve the occasion by dwelling upon the shortcomings of the University in a way which his learned congregation by no means relished. In short, in the early stage of his itinerant career, Wesley's *æquales* really knew very little about him, and, by his own deliberate act and deed, had not a chance of doing so. It is true that they disliked Methodism, for reasons which will appear presently; but they associated it far more frequently with Whitefield than with Wesley. It was Whitefield, not Wesley, who was held up to ridicule in Foote's comedy, 'The Minor'; Whitefield, not Wesley, who was satirised—most unjustly, by the way—by his fellow-collegian Mr. Graves, in 'The Spiritual Quixote';[1] Whitefield, not Wesley, who was spoken of contemptuously by another Pembroke man, Dr. Johnson; Whitefield, not Wesley, against whom Bishop Gibson wrote at the beginning of the movement; Whitefield, not Wesley, against whom the shafts of Horace Walpole's banter were mainly directed. Those of his own class who knew John Wesley personally could not, and did not, fail to recognise in him the scholar and the gentleman; but the mischief was that he did not give them the opportunity of knowing him.

Let us take an imaginary case, but one which will be far more

[1] Indeed, Mr. Graves expressly excepts Wesley and others. 'I would by no means undervalue the great talents and pious labours of Mr. Wesley and many of their leaders. They are, I am convinced, men of sound learning and true devotion.'—*Spiritual Quixote*, vol. iii.

familiar to the general reader than any real one. Imagine John Wesley taking Wakefield in one of his evangelistic journeys—not the Wakefield in Yorkshire, but the Wakefield in Fancyshire, of which that learned monogamist, Dr. Primrose, was Vicar. If he had gone straight to the Vicarage, he would have delighted the whole family. He would certainly have passed the ordeal when the guileless Vicar brought him to the touchstone to see whether he were a scholar or not; he would have won Mrs. Primrose's heart by tasting and appreciating the famous gooseberry wine; he would have been kind to Dick and Bill, and perhaps have given them, according to his wont, a bright new shilling apiece, for he always loved the little ones; he would have courteously allowed simple Moses to show off his knowledge of 'the ancients'; he would certainly have talked with the young ladies for their good; and though he might not have produced much effect upon Olivia, he would surely have made a convert of Sophia—not luring her from her church (that is the last thing he would have thought of), but perhaps persuading her to adopt that simple, but by no means unbecoming costume which he loved, and in which Sophia, charming in any dress, would have been perfectly irresistible.

But then, nothing of this sort would have happened. Wesley, instead of going to the Vicarage, would have taken his stand in the market-place (if there was one), preached a stirring sermon, which would not improbably have thrown some of his hearers into fits, made arrangements for the formation of a 'Society,' and then rushed off to the next parish—say that of the covetous old worldling, Dr. Wilmot, who would have been thoroughly disgusted at the whole proceeding. Nor would the family at Wakefield have liked it. The Vicar might have passed it off with a tolerant smile, or with the memorable aspiration, which according to the event might be regarded either as a prophecy or as a pious wish fulfilled. But Mrs. Primrose would certainly have been indignant. 'What! was not her Charles competent to manage his own parishioners? Were not his sermons, though the Squire might sometimes go to sleep over their most pathetic parts, at any rate good enough for *them*? *He* and his family were content to stay at home; all *their* migrations were from the blue bed to the brown: what was the meaning of this ordained clergyman scampering about the country? Had he not a Wakefield of his own to which he ought to have been attending?'

Now there were more Vicars of Wakefield, doing their duty

according to their lights, than is commonly supposed, in the eighteenth century; and it could not reasonably be expected that they would quite approve of the irregular proceedings of the (to *them*) unknown John Wesley. It could not be expected in any age, but least of all in the age when George II. was King. For at that time there was a nervous apprehension of anything which tended to disturb the prevailing quiet, as Methodism certainly did. The storms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which brought about what are sometimes called 'the three R's' —the Reformation, the Rebellion, and the Revolution—had been succeeded by a dead calm. There was a general disposition to 'rest and be thankful' for 'our happy establishment in Church and State,' and a general tendency to resent any attempt to unsettle it. Hence the Deists, the Socinians, the Romanists, the Nonjurors, the Jacobites, the Dissenters, and, finally, the Methodists were all unpopular. John Wesley, of course, shared the unpopularity of the last named; he met with much rough treatment from the mob, much misunderstanding from many, both laity and clergy, who ought to have known better, and little sympathy outside the ever-widening circle of his own disciples in the early part of his marvellous career. Even his own brother, Samuel, who was a thoroughly good man, according to his lights, and—to their credit be it recorded—has been recognised as such by all the later Methodist writers, was vehemently opposed to John and Charles Wesley's new departure. He had been like a father to the whole family of the Wesleys, and was therefore entitled to give them a piece of his mind, which he certainly did in the most outspoken fashion. He lived only just long enough to see the commencement of his brothers' evangelistic work, for he died in 1739; but he would assuredly have been none the better pleased if he had lived to see its further development. And this is the way in which he cross-questions John about those physical phenomena which attended his preaching: 'Did these agitations ever begin during the use of any Collects of the Church? or during the preaching of any sermon that had before been preached within consecrated walls without effect? or during the inculcating any other doctrine besides your new birth?' It is, by the way, a curious fact that those 'agitations' (a mild way of expressing it) attended John Wesley's calm and scholarly sermons more frequently than the more impassioned utterances of Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, that they were more readily accepted by

him than by them as evidences of the Holy Spirit's work, and that they tended, more than anything else, to prejudice against him his ecclesiastical superiors. One of Samuel Wesley's last utterances was a remonstrance with his mother, who loved him very dearly as her first-born :

> It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve you from joining a schism at the close of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the beginning of it (an allusion to the fact that Mrs. Wesley had been brought up a dissenter, but had in early womanhood become a Churchwoman by conviction). It will cost you many a protest should you retain your integrity, as I hope to God you will. They boast of you already as a disciple. They design separation. They are already forbidden all the pulpits in London; and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England, if the bishops have courage. . . . As I told Jack, I am not afraid the Church should excommunicate him (discipline is at too low an ebb), but that he should excommunicate the Church. It is pretty near it; . . . ecclesiastical censures have lost their terrors—thank fanaticism on the one hand, and atheism on the other. To talk of persecution from them is mere insult.

It has been thought well to quote Samuel Wesley at some length, because a long study of the period has convinced me that he was a representative man of the best type of its clergy, who would oppose John Wesley's early efforts on the same grounds as he did, certainly not on those of indifference or irreligion.

But it should be noted that this opposition was limited to the commencement of the work; within a few years—eight or nine at the most—it all died away, and for more than forty years John Wesley was not only allowed to pursue his own course unmolested, but inspired a respect and reverence which extended to all classes. He still preferred the poor, feeling that his mission as an evangelist was to them rather than to those above them. But in his later life he certainly mixed more and more with his equals; and those who had the privilege of his acquaintance thoroughly appreciated his very remarkable social qualities—his wide and varied information, his courtesy and good breeding, his perpetual cheerfulness, that curious blending of sound, manly common-sense (he was a true eighteenth-century man in this respect) with a guileless and childlike simplicity which often led him astray in his estimate of his fellow-men ('My brother,' said Charles, 'was born for the benefit of knaves'), but which must also have been one of his peculiar charms.

To take a few instances. Dr. Johnson was both a leader and a reflector of public opinion among the educated classes, and he fully appreciated John Wesley. 'He can talk well on any subject,' said the sage, who was provoked because he could not have more of his society: 'John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out, as I do.' This was in 1778. James Boswell, of course, followed his leader; but there is no reason to suppose that he was not expressing his independent opinion when he writes in 1779: 'I wished to be made acquainted with Mr. John Wesley; for though I differed from him in some points, I admired his various talents, and loved his pious zeal.' So at Boswell's request Dr. Johnson gave him the following stately letter of introduction:

Sir, Mr. Boswell, a gentleman who has been long known to me, is desirous of being known to you, and has asked this recommendation, which I give him with great willingness, because I think it very much to be wished that worthy and religious men should be acquainted with each other.

Perhaps those who are acquainted with Boswell's escapades may think that the two last epithets were more applicable to the receiver than to the bearer of the letter. However, it was duly presented at Edinburgh, and 'I was very politely received,' says Boswell. It may be added that Wesley had sense enough duly to recognise the greatness and goodness of Dr. Johnson, and did not, like some of those influenced by the evangelical revival, look down, as from an eminence, upon him, as if he were still in the outer darkness. Wesley often refers to the Doctor; and the last entry in his diary concerning him is very touching: 'Feb. 18, 1784. I spent two hours with that great man, Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay.'

Alexander Knox, again, who was one of the most thoughtful and suggestive, as well as pious laymen of the day, though he differed from Wesley in opinion, and only made his acquaintance when Wesley was a very old man, was quite fascinated by him, and can hardly find language strong enough to express his admiration:

So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed the gay remembrance of a life well spent; and wherever he went he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every

sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation we might be at a loss whether to admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies delighted even the young and thoughtless, and both saw in his uninterrupted cheerfulness the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth embittered his discourse; no applause in retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud; and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently, 'May my latter end be like his!'

The old man and his young admirer became the firmest of friends until death divided them.

The bishops and clergy were, to say the least, friendly to Wesley in his old age. Dr. Ross, Bishop of Exeter, received him most courteously at his palace, as Wesley records with evident pleasure in his diary, 1782. The great Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, refused to take the *pas* of him at table, with the stately compliment: 'Mr. Wesley, may I be found at your feet in another world.' Bishop Horne, of Norwich, distinctly refused to interfere with his preaching in the diocese; and the clergy in all parts vied with one another in requesting him to preach in their pulpits. 'I am become,' he writes in 1785, 'I know not how, an honourable man; the scandal of the Cross is ceased'—as if he were half-gratified by, half-afraid of, the changed aspect of affairs.

But his heart was still with the lower and lower-middle classes, among whom the majority of his followers were to be found, and who treated him with a reverence which is quite unique. When he made one of his periodical visits, crowds used to go forth to meet him on the way, and welcome him; and when he departed, his friends would escort him until he was met by another party who had come out to conduct him to the next place. And the influence he exercised over them was unbounded. 'What an astonishing degree of power,' writes one of his prominent preachers, Mr. Pawson, 'does our aged father and friend exercise! However, I am satisfied, and have nothing but love in my heart for the good old man.'

But Wesley escaped the woe denounced against those of whom all men speak well; and the severest wounds of his later life were those which he received in the house of his friends. He was, of course, one of the earliest and most influential promoters of the evangelical revival; but that movement soon became divided into two parties, one vaguely called Arminian, the other

Calvinian. Wesley identified himself with the former, and was abused by some of the latter in terms to which Billingsgate itself could hardly find a parallel. It is quite unnecessary to give specimens, especially as it is a very ungracious task to expose the weaknesses of really good men.

With the rising school of evangelical churchmen Wesley was never quite in sympathy, nor that school with him. They agreed in the main, but there were several points of detail, both in doctrine and discipline, on which they differed; and it is not among the evangelicals that the warmest admirers of John Wesley will be found. But there was one matter on which they were entirely in harmony. The most ardent Abolitionist had not a greater abhorrence of the Slave Trade than John Wesley, who termed it, in his outspoken fashion, 'that execrable sum of all villainies commonly called the Slave Trade.' This was a bond of union between him and William Wilberforce, whose public life was beginning when Wesley's was waning. Wilberforce had formed a personal acquaintance with the Wesley family at the house of Hannah More, and was much attracted by John and Charles Wesley, who were then both old men. Of the former he writes in his diary, Feb. 24, 1789: 'I called on John Wesley—a fine old fellow'; and the very last letter Wesley wrote, only a week before his death, was addressed to Wilberforce, encouraging him, with wonted vigour, in his 'glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature,' and concluding: 'That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of, Dear Sir, Your affectionate servant, John Wesley.' Wilberforce docketed this letter 'Wesley's last words,' and they form a fitting conclusion to this rather 'roundabout paper.'

RADIUM

NEARLY every reader of the CORNHILL must have learnt from the newspapers that though the twentieth century is still so young, France already has done something calculated to make its opening years memorable, by presenting to us a new element which is as unique in its properties as phosphorus must have been to King Charles II. in 1677, or the metals sodium and potassium to Sir Humphry Davy's audiences in the lecture theatre of the Royal Institution at the end of the first decade of the last century. Science properly is of no country, and our colleagues across the Channel have sometimes been criticised pretty sharply for claiming chemistry as a 'French science,' in virtue of the work of Lavoisier. But we must all concede that radium is indeed a French element, for not only was it detected and isolated by two French chemists, Madame Curie and M. P. Curie, but their discovery was the direct consequence of the previous recognition of the Becquerel rays, and the property of matter known as radio-activity by another eminent Frenchman, M. H. Becquerel.

The story of radium and the radio-activity of matter probably has not yet run beyond its very earliest chapters—has, indeed, scarcely got beyond its prologue. But already, as we shall see, this great discovery opens out to us new paths and new horizons—new paths which ten years ago we did not even imagine to exist; new horizons which, as yet, are shadowy and almost beyond our range of vision, but which clearly, as we feel, offer illimitable fields for exploration to those who are able to press on towards them. French contributions to science, though not so voluminous as those of her great and painstaking neighbour, have always been illuminating in a high degree. This latest gift assures us that French science remains in the twentieth century, as in its predecessors, a star of the first order of magnitude.

In the pages which follow it will be necessary from time to time to use the ideas and language of various current hypotheses; and as the truth of some of these hypotheses may be open to question, as they are working hypotheses in fact, I may be

excused if I remind my readers in advance that 'our journey is not to these, but through these,' that they are but tools forged for our work, and will be cast aside as soon as better ones are within our reach. We must, in fact, not judge M. Becquerel, Madame Curie, M. P. Curie, and their colleagues by the tools they have employed, but by the work they have done with them. It may be that none of these hypotheses will ultimately prevail, that much more commonplace explanations will replace them. But never mind, radium and radio-activity are not only new, but also true, and we may be sure that the study of these new, true, and wonderful things will lead us, sooner or later, to recognise other truths equally important, and perhaps equally unsuspected and astonishing.

Up to the present the amount of radium that has been obtained in the state of a pure salt is very small. When Madame Curie determined its atomic weight a year ago, all that was available for her work was about one and a half grains of the chloride; and to get this it had been necessary, she tells us, to work up the greater part of the stock of impure radium then in her possession.[1] But with this small quantity Madame Curie was able to determine that atoms of radium are about 225 times as heavy as those of hydrogen, and that radium, in its general chemical characters, is a member of the same group of elements as calcium, the metal present in the builders' lime which we make in vast quantities by roasting chalk and other limestones.

But though the salts of radium and those of the allied metals are much alike in many ways, the difference between them is in reality prodigious, as we shall see immediately. In the first place, radium salts are self-luminous or visible in the dark, like phosphorus, though from a very different cause. Secondly, when a radium salt is brought near a cardboard screen coated on one side with the platino-cyanide of barium, the platino-cyanide glows with a green light as long as it is under the influence of the radium, but no longer. Thirdly, radium salts impart a remarkable phosphorescence to the preparation known as Sidot's hexagonal blende, sulphide of zinc, and in this case the effect persists for a little while after the removal

[1] No doubt a good deal more exists now. Pure radium salts have become, in a sense, articles of commerce, for they can be purchased by the milligram—by millionaires—but the total amount of them in existence must still be a mere matter of a few grams.

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cardboard, and another which does not scintillate and can pass through cardboard.

When radium salts, or mixtures rich in radium salts, are brought near the closed eyes or to the temples, a peculiar sensation of light is perceived, not only by those who possess efficient eyes but even in some cases, it is said, by the blind, a fact which, if true, may explain some of the vague accounts of new remedies for blindness which have appeared recently in the newspapers. But those who may have opportunities of handling radium, or any other strongly radio-active substances, will be wise to be very careful in making experiments involving the eyes, for exposure of the skin to radium rays is apt to be followed by redness and irritation, and finally by ulcers which are slow to heal. Nor is it necessary that there should be actual contact to produce these unpleasant effects, for on one occasion an observer who had carried a few grains of a barium salt strongly impregnated with radium in his waistcoat pocket for a while was troubled afterwards by a sore which took nearly a month to heal, although the radio-active body had been packed in a glass tube in a cardboard box wrapped in paper, and was further separated from his body by at least two layers of cloth.

But the most wonderful property of radium has been made known to us within the last few weeks by M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde. Speaking generally, we may say that every body on the earth's surface tends to assume the same temperature as its surroundings. If it be hotter than the other bodies near it, then it will give to the latter more heat than it gains from them, and so it will gradually cool till both are at the same temperature. If it be colder than its surroundings, on the other hand, then it will gain heat more quickly than it loses heat, and so will rise to the temperature of the other bodies in or about its neighbourhood. The most unscientific of us, in effect, acts upon the assumption that this is the case when he uses a thermometer to take the temperature of a cellar, or when, feeling ill, he takes his own temperature. Only when there is some source of supply to compensate for the heat lost by radiation, as, for instance, in the case of a living man or animal, in whom heat is generated by the oxidation of the food, or in ordinary cases of chemical change, as in a fire, or when heat is supplied to the body by electrical or other means, can its temperature be maintained for long above that of its environment. But radium seems,

for the moment, to be an exception to this general experience, for M. P. Curie and M. A. Laborde, by placing one gram (15½ grains) of a sample of radiferous barium chloride, containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, in a small bulb together with a thermo-electric couple (a kind of thermometer) have found that radium by no means takes the temperature of the surrounding air, but, on the contrary, remains steadily about one and a half degrees centigrade hotter. From this, and from the results of other experiments, it is calculated that the two grains or so of radium chloride used in the experiment give off enough heat every hour to raise the temperature of its own weight of water from 0° C. to 84° C., a temperature which is not so very far from the boiling-point, 100 degrees, of the latter substance; whilst, from the results of other experiments in which a nearly pure radium salt was used, they calculate that in each hour the amount of heat evolved by an atomic proportion of radium (225 parts ?) is not so very much less than that produced by burning an atomic proportion of hydrogen.[1]

The surprising character of these observations will be better understood when I point out that the oxyhydrogen flame is one of our most intense sources of heat, and that when the hydrogen has once evolved its 34,000 units of heat it is changed, with the oxygen consumed, into water, and is then incapable of yielding further similar effects. But the radium, on the other hand, is not, it would seem, thus limited in its powers. This can evolve as much heat in a second hour as in the first, as much in a third as in the second, and so on, if not indefinitely at any rate for a very long period, so that a single portion of 225 grams (about half a pound) of radium would apparently be able to give out heat enough in a single year to raise nearly two tons of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Moreover, there is at present no reason to suppose that its power would be reduced in any considerable degree at the end of one year or of several successive years. But we must not go too fast. We have, as yet, no definite proof that the radio-activity of radium is thus inexhaustible, and therefore we must not forget that these statements are only deductions from the facts as far as we know them; though it must be added that they receive some support from the circumstance that the radio-activity of certain compounds

[1] The numbers are, for the radium 22,500 units, for the hydrogen 34,000 units.

studied by Becquerel has remained practically unimpaired in the dark for a period of several consecutive years.

At an earlier stage, before the above astonishing facts were known, and whilst those who were studying radium only possessed specimens of this element in a highly impure state, it was thought possible that its power of emitting radiations which act on photographic plates continuously for years without any diminution in their intensity might possibly be due to chemical changes among its atoms; but, if the above statements be correct, we can no longer believe these radiations arise from any ordinary chemical change, and hence various alternative explanations have been brought forward. Thus it has been urged that radium may be able to absorb and transform external radiations which have hitherto escaped recognition. Sir William Crookes has suggested that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight may have the power of drawing upon the store of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air; and, quite lately, Professor J. J. Thomson has made yet another suggestion, viz.: 'that the atom of radium is not stable under all conditions, and that among the large number of atoms contained in any specimen of radium, there are a few which are in the condition in which stability ceases, and which pass into some other configuration, giving out as they do so a large quantity of energy.' If in this change they emit much energy as Becquerel radiation the radium would be radio-active and remain so until all its atoms had passed through the unstable phase. But before we pursue our subject into these speculative regions, it will be interesting to know more about the facts themselves. We will, therefore, now pass on to the beautiful researches which led to the discovery of radium and its companions actinium and polonium.

Probably many of my readers have seen at some time or other chemically-prepared screens highly illuminated under the influence of the Röntgen or X-rays; and all must remember examples of the photographic or radiographic silhouettes taken by their aid for surgical purposes. The discovery in 1895 of these Röntgen rays, and of their action on fluorescent and phosphorescent screens, and on photographic plates, naturally suggested further experiments, with the result that it was found that certain chemical substances emit a sort of invisible radiation or emanation. By far the most interesting of these discoveries was that of uranium or Becquerel rays by M. H. Becquerel early in

1896. Becquerel's first recorded experiment was as follows: Having wrapped a photographic plate in two layers of stout black paper, and assured himself that it could be exposed to the sun for a day and yet remain unaffected, he placed upon the upper side of the paper covering some crystals of a salt of the metal uranium, and exposed the whole for some hours to sunlight. Afterwards he developed the plate in a dark room in the manner familiar to photographers, and found he had a black silhouette of the crystals, or, in other words, that something photographically active, like light, but able to penetrate layers of black paper which were quite opaque to light, had been given out by the salt. When thick metallic screens were interposed between the layer of salt and the photographic plate, their shadows appeared on the plate, showing that the new radiation was less able to pass through these than through black paper. But in his next experiment, M. Becquerel found that aluminium in thin sheets was transparent to the new rays like paper, for when the salt was placed upon a thin sheet of that metal above a photographic plate, a silhouette was again obtained; he also discovered, at this stage, that even copper in very thin sheets was partially transparent to the 'uranium rays.'

The salt which M. Becquerel employed, a double sulphate of the metals uranium and potassium, becomes self-luminous when it is exposed to intense light, though only for the one-hundredth part of a second after the light is removed, and he tells us that at first he supposed the invisible radiations which reached the photographic plate were due to, or in some way connected with, this visible phosphorescence. That is why he made his experiments in sunlight. But it happened one day that having prepared his apparatus for the experiment described above, he found the conditions unsuitable, owing to clouds; and he put away his plates as they were, with the salt in position, anticipating a failure. But when he developed the plates a few days later, he obtained, not faint silhouettes, as he had expected, but particularly dark ones; and he thus discovered, by accident partly, that he need not stimulate the activity of the salt, as he at first supposed, by exposure to strong light. This discovery has been more than amply confirmed by subsequent experience, both in the case of the salt used by Becquerel and of other uranium compounds, including some which, though radio-active like the rest, are not known to be fluorescent nor phosphorescent.

From this time rapid progress was made by Becquerel and others with the investigation of this new property of matter, 'radio-activity,' which was quickly recognised as a phenomenon of the first importance. And as Becquerel found the new rays were given off by every uranium salt he examined, and as, moreover, metallic uranium was much more active than any of these salts, he supposed they owed their origin to uranium; and therefore he called them 'uranium rays.'

The experiment by which Becquerel obtained evidence that radiation can go on with little aid from direct sunlight induced him to investigate the behaviour of the salt in complete darkness, in order that he might learn how long it would retain its power. This led to the discovery already mentioned, that though exposure to the sun slightly increases the activity of the salt, yet if it is kept in the dark for weeks, months, and, as he found later, even for years, it still continues to give off the rays with their original intensity almost unimpaired, though no source could be assigned to the energy thus radiated day by day and year by year for apparently indefinite periods.

In the course of further investigations it was discovered that the 'Becquerel rays' in many respects resemble the Röntgen or X-rays. Thus the former, like the latter, make air conduct electricity to such an extent that if a piece of uranium, or one of its salts, be brought near an electrified body surrounded by air, the charge gradually leaks away till all is gone, and that small electric currents may actually be passed along a cut wire if a portion of a radio-active substance be brought near the gap where the cut occurs. Again, the Becquerel rays, like the X-rays, will cause air free from dust, but supersaturated with moisture, to deposit part of its water in the form of fog, much as particles of dust are known to do. It was also found that water, many solutions of metallic salts, paraffin, quartz, Iceland spar, and sulphur all are more or less transparent to these rays, that certain well-known red and blue glasses, and the yellow uranium glass so often to be seen in the windows of opticians are less so; whilst copper is not much less transparent than aluminium, but platinum somewhat more absorbent. As a general rule it was found that the Becquerel rays pass through the substances mentioned more freely than the X-rays, and that their behaviour, when transmitted simultaneously through several screens of different materials, varies in such a way, according to the order in which the screens

are placed, as to lead to the conclusion that Becquerel rays, like X-rays, are not all alike, but consist of a mixture of more or less dissimilar radiations. M. Becquerel thought at first that the Becquerel rays could be reflected and refracted like common light; but later experiments failed to confirm this, and at present physicists find themselves unable to reflect, refract, or polarise these radiations.

With the year 1898, only about two years after the first of Becquerel's epoch-making announcements, a new chapter in this story was opened. Just as the announcement of the discovery of the galvanic pile by Volta in 1800 was promptly followed by the decomposition of water by Nicholson and Carlisle, and that of potash and soda by Sir Humphry Davy; and just as the invention of the spectroscope was followed soon by the discovery of many rare and interesting elements, including cæsium and rubidium, by its means, so the discovery of radio-activity by Becquerel was quickly succeeded by chemical developments of a most interesting character.

The memoirs of Becquerel on the strange properties of uranium and its compounds had, it need hardly be said, caused others to be on the look-out for substances which might exhibit similar qualities. Among these were Madame Sklodowska-Curie and M. Schmidt, who found, independently, that oxide of thorium gives off emanations even more active than those of uranium. And then Madame Curie made a really great discovery. Noticing that some specimens of pitchblende, one of the minerals from which uranium is obtained, were more radio-active than might have been expected from the proportion of uranium present in them, and, in fact, more radio-active than uranium itself, this talented lady saw she was on the track of a new radio-active substance, and, jointly with M. P. Curie and M. Bémont, proceeded to separate samples of pitchblende into its components by chemical analysis, studying the radio-activity of each fraction in order to track to its source the cause of the great activity of the mineral. This mode of procedure was soon productive, and they quickly discovered, first, a substance called polonium, after Madame Curie's native country, which gave radiations one hundred times as energetic as those of uranium; and then, when examining the salts of barium from the same mineral, they found that these were associated with traces of another extremely active element, so similar to barium in its general reactions that but

for its radio-activity its existence might never have been suspected. This was radium.

The exact nature of the first of these two new substances is still to some extent doubtful. Chemists, as we know, recognise the different metals in their compounds partly by their colours, solubility, reactions with other salts, &c., but often by means of the spectroscope, an instrument which enables them to analyse the light the compounds emit when incandescent, and to obtain for each metal a characteristic set of coloured lines known as its spectrum. Now in its chemical characters, polonium is hardly to be distinguished from bismuth; and after examining the spectrum of the strongest and most active polonium salt he has been able to procure, Sir William Crookes is unable to find in it any lines except those of bismuth or of known impurities. Hence it is impossible at present definitely to accept polonium as a new element; we only know that it contains a great deal of bismuth and is highly radio-active.

The further investigation of the active barium salt has given much more decisive results, as has already been indicated. But even in this case success only came by degrees. Working with the barium salt extracted from about two hundredweight of pitchblende, the investigators obtained, presently, a minute quantity, much less than a grain, of a preparation which, though still far from pure, was nine hundred times as active as uranium in imparting conductivity to the air. And working on with still larger quantities of the raw material, they got larger and purer specimens, five thousand times, and even, it is said, fifty thousand times, as active as the original salt; and then, finally, Madame Curie, by repeatedly repurifying nearly all the radiferous barium chloride at her disposal, obtained a specimen of radium chloride which was thought to be sufficiently pure to enable her to determine the atomic weight of radium, although the quantity of the salt thus made was only about one and a half grains.

The new salts thus obtained undoubtedly contain a new metallic element. They exhibit a characteristic spectrum, and from their properties the new element seems to belong to the same group as the metal calcium whose compounds are familiar to us in the limestone rocks, in alabaster, in plaster of Paris, and in various other forms. The atomic weight found by Madame Curie (225) is probably too low. It is very difficult to free radium perfectly from barium, and the presence of the latter would tend to reduce

the apparent atomic weight of a specimen in which it was present. Moreover, theoretical considerations suggest, as has lately been pointed out, that the value may probably be as high as 258.

Before we pass from this part of our subject I must add that M. A. Debierne has isolated yet a third highly radio-active substance from pitchblende. This is called Actinium. Its radiations are more like those of radium than those of polonium, but it is not self-luminous. It is suspected that the rare element thorium, which is capable of exciting radio-activity in substances placed in its neighbourhood, may in some degree owe its power to the presence in it of actinium.

And now, it will be asked, what about the uranium which at one time gave its name to the new rays? Is uranium not radio-active after all? Has it no powers of its own? Does it owe its activity entirely to companion substances, and is its part in this affair played to the finish? These questions are a little difficult to answer. Not so very long ago Sir William Crookes prepared a specimen of pure uranium, and he found it was almost inactive. And thus, for the moment, it seemed that uranium had no special powers of its own. But the question has been reopened by M. Becquerel, who tells us that specimens of uranium, deprived by him of their radio-active powers, were found eighteen months afterwards to be as active as ever. A fact which fits well Professor J. J. Thomson's hypothesis given briefly on page 757.

This, then, is the story of the discovery of radium. We know where this substance occurs, and how to obtain its salts in an almost pure state. We know that it is an element, for it has a characteristic spectrum, and exhibits other properties similar to those of a well-known group of elements. We are aware of its astonishing radio-activity, and we know something about its radiations, as will presently appear. But whence it derives the energy which it radiates so tirelessly we have still to learn.

I have said we already know something about the nature of the radium radiations. In the early days chemists and physicists were struck, as we have seen, by the resemblance of the Becquerel or uranium rays to the Röntgen or X-rays which all have heard of. The former seemed to have all the properties the X-rays possess, such as photographic activity, the power of making gases conduct electricity, the power of causing the formation of fog in moist air, and also, as it turned out, though this was not recognised at first, they can neither be reflected nor refracted like ordinary light.

But as time went on it was presently found that the Becquerel rays possess yet other qualities which are like those of the 'kathode rays' of a Crookes vacuum tube. And thus the subject now seems even more important than was at first supposed, since further work on the lines indicated by the later observations may be expected to throw light not only on such important subjects as the Röntgen rays and kathode rays, but possibly even, as was pointed out some time ago, on the constitution of matter itself. The full consideration of this important aspect of our subject must, however, be reserved for some other opportunity. At present we can only glance at it hastily.

Matter, according to chemists, as we all know, is made up of minute indestructible particles called atoms—particles so small that millions of millions of millions of them can be introduced simultaneously into a vessel many times smaller than a lady's thimble; and the lightest of these atoms, and therefore the smallest conceivable particle of matter, according to the chemists, is the atom of hydrogen.

But physicists tell us that still smaller particles than atoms exist in the rays, discovered many years ago by Sir William Crookes, which stream off from the kathodes of very highly exhausted vacuum tubes. These rays carry negative charges of electricity and are deflected by magnets. Therefore, as electricity requires matter to carry it, it follows that the kathode rays contain minute particles. These particles of radiant matter are called 'electrons.' They have been the subject of much study at Cambridge and elsewhere, and Professor J. J. Thomson tells us that the mass of an electron is only a very small fraction of the mass of an atom of hydrogen.

But what have electrons to do with radium? How do they come into this galley? We shall see in a moment.

We have already learnt that radium rays are not homogeneous. There are rays which will pass through cardboard, for example, and rays which cannot do this. And Professor E. Rutherford, of Montreal, a great authority on the subject of these emanations, tells us that radiations of three distinct types may be distinguished in the emanations of radium. First the α-rays, as they are called, which are only deflected under the influence of a very powerful magnet, and then only to a small extent, and which are easily absorbed by matter. Secondly, the β-rays which are readily deflected by magnets, and somewhat less readily absorbed

by matter. And thirdly, some very penetrating rays which are not deflected by magnets, and which are called the γ-rays.

By far the greater part of the energy emitted by permanently radio-active matter is in the form of the α-rays—the β-rays only accounting, in fact, for about the one-thousandth part of the whole—and two things have been made out pretty clearly about them. First that they carry positive charges of electricity, and therefore consist of particles; secondly, as Sir William Crookes has shown, that they are the cause of the beautiful scintillations of radium (described on a previous page), for the scintillating emanation, it will be remembered, is the one which will not pass through a card, and, moreover, as he has recently demonstrated, the scintillating radiation cannot be deflected by a moderately powerful magnet. On the other hand, the β-rays are found to consist of minute, negatively charged particles, similar in all respects to the kathode rays, and which move when not impeded, it is said, with a velocity not less than two-thirds as great as that of light itself. In short, the β-rays are the 'electrons' of the Crookes' tubes.

Now, at last, it will be seen, we begin to get some light on one of the 'mysteries of radium.' Not very much, perhaps, but, at any rate, a scintillation. If the astonishing qualities of radium are thus due to its throwing off swarms of particles of matter, then, however small these particles may be, the supply of them cannot be inexhaustible in the case of any given specimen of radium, and therefore there must be a limit to the period during which its radio-activity could be maintained in vessels from which these particles can make their escape.

Here we must rest; though so actively is the study of this subject being pursued that it is not at all improbable our knowledge of the nature of the radium rays may be further advanced before this article reaches the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

'. . . *NISI SERENAS.*'

BY THE REV. H. G. D. LATHAM.

THE point of view is the determining factor in setting the vexed question at rest. If you have leisure time to spend in the park, if summer means for you first the London season and then country house or yacht, you will naturally give your vote in favour of summer. But to those in the club down the lane winter presents great attractions. To begin with, it is a good deal pleasanter in a workshop in winter than on a sweltering August afternoon. The hot smells of machinery, paper, and printing ink are quite comforting when the bitter east wind is cutting through the fog outside; but when even shirt-sleeves are unbearable—faugh! Besides, in the winter the club is in full swing and nights at play are merry. In summer the stream of club life dwindles away so far as indoor activities go.

That is a summary of our meditations as we paid a brief visit to the Lane one summer evening. The place was almost empty, only a few perspiring enthusiasts were playing ping-pong, a dozen members were trying to slake their thirst with lukewarm gaseous liquids, and half a dozen more were sitting on the front doorstep discussing the probable issues of the Australian match. We strolled through the sweltering rooms, and everywhere the same air of listlessness prevailed. Even in the boys' rooms the games were half-hearted, and when the junior side is half-hearted it is idle to expect energy anywhere else.

Before long our presence was noted and we were made to feel at home. It was impossible to overlook the exuberantly healthy appearance of the youngsters. All were tanned to a rich brown, and some were in that painful stage of peeling which betrays an excessive indulgence in sun and fresh air. It seemed that London pavements and London smells agreed with our young friends, and we commented on the fact. 'O no, sir, it's not that. We've been to camp.' 'Who has been to camp, and who took you?' we asked. 'Mr. —— took us all,' said the youngster who had taken us under his protection; 'he took all the juniors and a lot of the seniors who had just left the junior side. We went to

a place near Chichester, quite away from everything and everybody, where we could make all the noise we wanted to and nobody to interfere.' Were we mistaken, or was a lightning glance shot at the clerical commander-in-chief who had just strolled in? No, the boy and the man both looked so innocent that no such *arrière pensée* could have existed outside our suspicious mind. 'Well, what did you do down there?' 'We played cricket and football, and we cleaned out the sweet-shops, and we bathed three times a day.' 'You see, sir,' chimed in another, 'we went down there in the evening, and Mr. —— told us to look out for the cathedral. Well, when we got near Chichester, Jack made us all look out at the big lighted-up clock, and then it wasn't a clock at all—it was the moon, and we all sat on his head.' 'And,' cried a third, 'we got there about midnight, and we didn't get to bed till one o'clock, some of us in a tent and some of the boys in the house' (the speaker was an elderly man of fifteen) 'and we talked till two, and we all forgot to wind our watches, and when the sun woke us we thought it was six o'clock, and we got up, and then we found it was only half-past three, so we played football.' 'And Ginger sat down with his back to a rabbit hutch,' said somebody else, 'and the rabbits tried to eat his hair'; at this point there were signs of a scuffle, but conversational instincts prevailed. 'We ducked Mr. ——; we were playing polo, and he got the ball and couldn't swim very fast with it, so we ducked him, and he laughed.' 'Well, and what did you do then?' 'Why, we ducked him again . . . .' 'And then he ducked five of us, one after the other!' said an injured voice.

Then we found ourselves talking cricket. The transition was easy, the games at camp led naturally to the county in which the camp was situated, and so to the county matches. Our ignorance was turned inside out in about thirty seconds, and we listened in abashed silence to a string of averages and prospects, varied by severe criticism of certain prominent players. From this the talk drifted to the prospects of the cricket club of the junior side, and in a weak moment we promised to come and see them play somewhere in the wilds of the West the next Saturday.

Saturday arrived, and we rashly decided to go by Underground. We were recognised and seized upon at the entrance to the station, and triumphantly escorted to the sulphurous depths. The platform was crowded; so was the train when it steamed into the station. Half a minute later the platform was empty and the

train was positively bulging. There were eight a side and four standing in the compartment into which we had been hustled by our young friends. At every station attempts were made to force an entrance by other would-be travellers, attempts which were successfully resisted by the virtuous champions of law and order within, who pointed indignantly to the faded inscription 'five seats,' vowed that they were one and all convalescent after measles, and, when merely verbal arguments failed, showed excellent causes of a different kind why a lodgement should not be effected.

The horrors of that ride will not lightly be effaced from our memory. The thermometer stood at anything you please, the passengers stood on our toes, and two musically disposed individuals played popular airs on mouth organs. At last we emerged into the blessed light of heaven; bricks and mortar grew thinner, giving place to green fields; and at every station the train disgorged. As far as the eye could reach—not very far when all is said and done—games of cricket were going on. We had come to one of London's playgrounds. Our turn came at last, and, with a sigh of relief, we too left the torture chamber and revelled in the clean cool breeze as we quitted the station and made our way to the field which our club shared with a dozen other clubs for the purposes of cricket.

No time was wasted. The other team was already on the ground, and we were offered the alternative of scoring or umpiring. On the whole umpiring seemed the easier thing of the two, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in giving wrong decisions and dodging hard-hit balls from all the surrounding wickets. But how those lads enjoyed it! Every stroke, every ball, every smart bit of play, every mistake, every erratic decision of a distracted umpire was hailed with delight. Towards sunset the game ended in a victory for us, and we all adjourned towards home. The way led past a big refreshment tent. Not a word was said, not a hint was given, but we intercepted one or two hungry glances, we noted one or two stealthy feelings in empty pockets, and—well, if they didn't *say* grace, they *looked* it.

They sang songs all the way home, and we parted from them, at the club, where they were going to play games till ten or eleven. Truly Pippa herself on her one day free from wearisome silk-winding could not have made better use of every moment of holiday.

Occasionally on Saturday afternoons and evenings excursions

are made by the club members to various places of interest and amusement. Westminster Abbey, among its other services to history, has received a deputation from the Lane within its walls. We are credibly assured by those who took part in that ramble that the venerable minster is well worth a visit. More interest seems to have been aroused by an inspection of the headquarters of the Fire Brigade in Southwark, but true enthusiasm was reserved for a visit to Newgate. Our clerical friend assured us that when it began to be rumoured that Newgate was to be pulled down in order to make room for model dwellings or some such improvement, he was overwhelmed with entreaties to arrange a visit to the old gaol before it was too late. For some time he hesitated, disliking any possibility of pandering to sensationalism, but we took upon ourselves to urge upon him the importance of cultivating the historic sense and the value of such an admirable object lesson, and eventually the expedition was arranged.

An order to admit twenty visitors was obtained, and we made an insignificant twenty-first. On the afternoon appointed the party set out from the Lane followed by the envious eyes and sarcastic remarks of the disappointed ones who were left behind. 'Don't get kept there by mistake, Bill;' 'Oh, Bill won't dare go inside when he gets there;—better let me go instead, Bill;' but Bill was impervious, feeling, doubtless, that he laughs best who laughs last.

The day was warm, but the liveliest was chilled as the door swung open in the thick grey wall offering a vision of the dark within. Once entered the party was divided into two bands. It fell to our lot to accompany a stout warder and our clerical friend. It was not an amusing visit, the place and its associations were too deadly grim; but there were elements of mirth even in Newgate. Especially were we moved to suppressed laughter by the strictly professional jocosity of the warder, and his deceptions, which would hardly have deceived the unwariest of country cousins, and were singularly transparent to the sharp youngsters from the Lane. Nevertheless there are certain rules by which the game should be played, and the visitors played according to rule. It began very early when the clergyman remarked, with bland innocence, 'One would scarcely suppose that those handcuffs were large enough, would one? They would never fit my wrists, I'm sure.' The warder was instantly on the alert. 'I think this pair would just about suit you, sir.' Our friend, still with amazing innocence of look, extended his hands and, in a moment,

was fitted with a pair of handcuffs which might, as the warder said, have been made for him. 'And as they fit you so well, sir, it would be a pity to take them off.' Of course they were taken off almost immediately (after the warder had pretended elaborately that the keys were lost), of course the victim of the joke looked very blue, of course everybody else laughed immoderately; the game was played strictly according to the rules, so much so that we rather fancied that the warder himself was almost duped into believing that he really had caught somebody by surprise; at all events, he thawed amazingly after that little by-play.

Then we went to the chapel, whose galleries are shut in with drab-coloured screens so arranged that the prisoners seated behind them can see nobody but the chaplain. It is well that there should be nothing to distract their minds from heavenly things, for the chapel itself with its dingy ugliness is surely the least inspiring spot in God's world, and a very little break in its bare monotony would irresistibly draw the mind to earth. It is, however, redeemed from the abysses of the commonplace by another plain screen with a seat behind it close to the chaplain's pew. Here, seen by none, sits the condemned murderer for the last three Sundays before he is hurried into the presence of his Maker. It was easy to read our cleric's thoughts; he was wondering how a man would preach and what he would say if some one were sitting behind that screen counting the minutes as the Sundays raced by.

We went next to the disused prison where convicts used to be confined. The cells were scrupulously clean and marvellously uninviting. The only attractive places were the punishment cells, which exercised an irresistible magnetism upon the party. They were roomy and airy, but were provided with no windows and had double doors which, when closed, excluded every ray of light, leaving Egyptian darkness within, and prevented the faintest echo of the most thunderous noise from being heard without. Suspicions had been lulled to sleep, and ten of the party walked innocently in. Instantly the doors flew to, and we were left outside with a chuckling warder. From what we know of the lungs of the Lane, we have little doubt that the doors had their capacities as sound-proof articles more severely tried at this time than at any previous period of their existence, and we have great pleasure in testifying that not a whisper escaped.

When the innocent prisoners had been set free there were two

other cells to visit, the condemned cells. Fairly large, well lighted, airy, there was at first a certain sense of comfort in them when contrasted with the cells which we had seen, but the sense of comfort was swallowed up in the horror of their associations. Merciful God! what terror those blind walls have witnessed, what clutchings at straws of hope of reprieve, what abandonment to despair!

Last of all we went out into the grey courtyard from which so many have seen their last glimpse of the sky. To our disgust, rather than to our surprise, there was a morbid curiosity displayed by a few of the party, and a desire to see the implements of death with which Newgate is chiefly associated; but the warder showed no sympathy with this curiosity, and curtly escorted the party onwards. There is a flagged passage leading from the prison to the Old Bailey, along which prisoners pass daily to and from their trial. On the walls of this passage are cut various initials. They are initials of men and women who have paid for their passions with their lives. These are their monuments, and their bodies go to dust beneath the flagstones which they trod in life.

With a shiver we left Newgate for the sunny world outside. One of the party came up to us as we walked thoughtfully homeward, and said: 'A good time ago, sir, I and my mate were coming towards Waterloo Bridge, up the steep hill on the Surrey side. A van had been left by the driver, and the horse got frightened and bolted. It dashed right past me, and I made a rush for it, but I was too late, and I couldn't catch it up the hill; and I thought there would be an awful smash in the Strand. But, all of a sudden, a copper on Waterloo Bridge jumped in front of the horse, and managed to stop it at the risk of his life. I didn't say anything to him, but I strolled past (he was as white as a sheet) and took his number, and wrote to Scotland Yard. They came to my house and made inquiries about it, and I believe he was rewarded.' The speaker turned and looked at us earnestly. 'You saw that man's initials on that wall just now, sir; that copper was Police Constable Cook, who was hanged a year later for a murder committed on Wormwood Scrubs. Queer, wasn't it?'

Our business occasionally takes us to a great hospital in the heart of London, and when the particular duty is done it is our habit to spend a sociable half-hour in the sanctum of one of the junior members of the resident staff, discussing with him the mysteries of heaven and earth under the inspiring influence of

blended tobacco and iodoform. Judge of our feelings when, on a recent occasion, he remarked, 'We've got some friends of yours coming here to-night,' and added, in response to our puzzled looks, 'Your Dramatic Society, you know.' 'Dramatic Society! What Dramatic Society?' we asked; for, indeed, whatever our vices may be, they do not include the boring of our friends with amateur theatricals. 'Look here,' he said, and drew our attention to a notice that proclaimed to all and sundry that on such and such a night the —— Dramatic Society, from the Lane Club, would give a performance in the great hall of the hospital, for the entertainment of the convalescent patients, which entertainment the staff were invited to attend. 'What on earth?' we exclaimed, and well we might. We were, of course, aware that a dramatic society, which, after the manner of dramatic societies, thought of itself with no excessive modesty, flourished in the Lane; but we had heard nothing of this projected visit, and the audacity of the thing (as it seemed to us) left us speechless. The doctor could give little information. 'I'm told,' he said, 'that the man who runs the theatrical part of your show came and saw the secretary here, and offered the services of his troupe, and that the secretary accepted the offer; and I happen to have seen the hall this morning in wild confusion and the carpenters' hands. That's all I know about it. You'd better stop and have some dinner here and see the show. Frankly, I expect it'll be awful rot, you know, these things always are; but I must, in common decency, put in an appearance, and I dare say the convalescents will enjoy it.' So we stopped.

Dinner done, and cigarettes ended, we strolled across the quadrangle to the great hall, which had been converted for the time being into a small theatre. The audience had already assembled, and we glanced round during the minutes of waiting which preceded the performance. Two or three of the leading lights of the profession, by which the Club in the Lane is supported, were present, and with them were some of the hospital authorities. The rest of the hall was filled with patients of all ages, and in all stages of convalescence. In a window, propped in his place by a kindly looking nurse, was a little crippled chap of eight or nine, his eyes shining with excitement as he gazed earnestly at the curtain which hid the stage. Near him was a man with a bandaged head. A girl lay on a wheeled couch not far off. Everywhere were those who had endured the great

mystery of pain, everywhere the pain was for a time forgotten. As we looked we began to feel a little less cynically disposed towards those who had given this temporary release. Round the walls stood many of the resident staff looking as if they hardly knew what to expect,

Three knocks behind the scenes signalled that the performance was about to begin. Eager attention seized the convalescent part of the audience from the first, but its more educated members were evidently disposed to be critical. It was, therefore, with interest, not unmingled with a certain entertainment, that we observed the patient look fade from their faces, yielding place to interest, then to amusement as the comedy on the stage progressed, and, finally, to undisguised enjoyment. Indeed the performance was worthy of praise. The actors were all working men—we recognised among them a couple of porters from Covent Garden Market, a compositor, and a lad from the great tobacco factory in the Lane—and they had some of the working man's weakness in the matter of pronunciation; but it was clear that they had been magnificently trained, and their rendering of the little play entrusted to them fairly astounded those who were accustomed to look on 'the masses' as unintelligent clods.

At the close of the entertainment, after the hearty and well-deserved applause had died down, there were calls for a speech from the stage manager. We knew him slightly, having made his acquaintance at the Club, and we waited to hear what he would say. After acknowledging the hospitality and courtesy of the hospital authorities, and the kindly reception given to the actors, he continued:—

Perhaps an explanation of our presence here, even an apology, is due to you. (No, no.) You must not think that we desired to force our presence and our amateur efforts upon a long-suffering public, or that we came with any idea of advertising ourselves. (Hear, hear.) From the very foundation of this Dramatic Society we have looked forward to paying visits of this kind, and I will tell you why. This society is, as perhaps some of you know, one of the branches of the Club in —— Lane, a Club which is largely supported by the generosity of those who are wealthier than the members of the Club. It is not in the power of the Club members to offer any return to their supporters; but they desire to show in a practical way that they appreciate what is done for them; and the method in which they show their appreciation is this: they endeavour to brighten the lives of others who are less fortunate than themselves (applause), and it is the hope of this Society to give performances of this kind in many of the great hospitals and workhouses of London (applause), and in this way to follow the excellent example of social kindliness and helpfulness set them by the supporters of their Club. (Loud applause.)

We glanced covertly at our medical friend who was standing at our elbow. He caught our eye; 'Well,' he murmured, 'may I be vivisected!'

Sometimes parties from the Club are invited to spend half-holidays at country houses within reach of London. We were happily instrumental in procuring an invitation of this kind to the house of a friend who lives sufficiently far from London to be in the heart of the country, but not far enough away to make the journey a severe tax upon patience or pocket. Like many another man, our friend gave the invitation in haste and repented at leisure. 'My dear fellow,' he said despairingly, a few days before the visit was to be made, 'What on earth am I going to do with them? I suppose they'll want some tea or something of that kind, but what'll they do afterwards? Of course I'm delighted to give them a chance of an afternoon out and all that kind of thing, but they will frighten me and I shall bore them to death.' His countenance took a deeper shade as he continued, 'Sometimes parties of what they call beanfeasters drive through the village, and they always have a fellow who plays a cornet hideously out of tune. I do hope none of your men will play cornets. And I know the vicar will call on me and say that if I encourage that kind of thing I can really have no serious objections to entertaining his Sunday school treat in my gardens.' But at this point we interrupted, for when our dear friend gets on the subject of the vicar he is apt to wax prolix. (We have never had the privilege, by the way, of hearing the vicar expand in mellow moments on the subject of the Squire.) 'Oh, they'll be all right,' we said hastily; 'give them a big ham and a round of beef and plenty of cake and jam, and then let them amuse themselves. They're awfully good chaps when you get to know them. You needn't trouble about entertaining them, they'll entertain themselves and you too.' We spoke hopefully, but we confess to a sinking in our hearts, for we had had no more experience in such matters than our rashly philanthropic friend, and, should things go wrong, the responsibility rested eventually upon us, and we should hear more of it from his wife and daughters.

The day arrived, and, after a sweltering railway journey, we set out upon the two-mile walk that lay between the station and our destination. We never knew before what a bad walker your true Londoner is. It took nearly an hour and an infinity of coaxing to escort fifteen men over those two miles of road. At

last the journey ended, and a hot dusty party was welcomed by a nervous host. But their evident needs broke through his shell and appealed to the humanity beneath. 'Come and have a wash,' he said, and the ice was broken. They washed till they shone with polish, and then they sat down to tea in a shady part of the garden. As we had foreseen, they took their host under an expansive wing. Our keenest politician happened to sit next to our entertainer, and proceeded, in the intervals of ham and beef, to enlighten him. Now our host is himself by way of being a politician in a philosophic way. He never stood for Parliament, it is true, nor does he ever take the chair at public meetings, but his library is stored with blue books on every conceivable subject. He generally considers, too, that he can hold his own in argument, but he was not allowed a chance that afternoon. His facts, figures, and theories were contemptuously brushed aside, and he was deluged with talk till he took refuge in silence. We feared that he would be mortally offended, but, to our relief and surprise, he said at the end of the meal (which lasted till the table was bare), 'Well, I don't accept a single one of your arguments, but I don't mind confessing that you have suggested a new point of view to me and given me something to think over. Perhaps I have been inclined to look at these things a little too much from the point of view of my armchair.'

The party broke up and sauntered round the grounds in detachments. The host and hostess had thoughtfully provided long churchwarden pipes and plenty of tobacco, so that wherever you turned you met long pipes in full blast. Like most men with country houses our friend knew a good deal about flowers, and he was immensely surprised at the knowledge displayed by the two young men whom he was escorting. He carried them off to his greenhouses, but even there he could find scarcely a plant which was unknown to them. 'You have a wonderfully good knowledge of horticulture,' he said at last; 'pray where did you learn it? Were you brought up on some estate in the country?' 'Oh no, sir, we work in Covent Garden Market, and there are very few flowers which you don't see there.'

Day was slowly fading into evening, the rooks were holding solemn conclave in the great elms, and the shadows were lengthening when the party began to reassemble. Some had been simply basking on the lawns, some had been splashing about in the cool ponds, some had found a swing in the woods and had

been enjoying themselves with riotous merriment, some—the true cockneys—had been hunting for August birds' eggs. Now all were led by some mysterious instinct to the rose garden, where they lay down on the grassy walks by the old sundial on which was carved the inscription '*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*' Somebody struck up a plaintive plantation ditty, the rest joined in the chorus, and the blended voices fell softly on our ears where we sat some way apart with our host and his daughters discussing many things.

'Its effects won't be altogether visible in your day or mine, perhaps,' he said in conclusion, 'for the old aristocratic instincts die hard, and England is still conservative to the backbone. But none the less there is a social revolution going on under our eyes, and the tendencies are at present towards democracy. There may be, doubtless there will be, reactions. Then, when the present movement has spent itself perhaps some of Wells's anticipations will be realised, though not, I fancy, precisely in the form which he foreshadows. However, that is looking a long way forward. Meantime let us hope that the inevitable changes will come with friendliness and good feeling, and not with bitter class strife and hatred. I wish I could see some way in which we wealthy men could get into closer touch with the masses and be friends with them without any thought on either side of soup-tickets and charity blankets. . . . Such an afternoon as this, for instance. . . .'

One of the party came up, hat in hand, to express the fear that it was time for a start to be made towards the station. 'Some of the chaps say, sir, that they wouldn't mind spending a week here; but that wouldn't suit you and it wouldn't suit our employers. So, good-bye, sir, and thank you and your good lady for all your kindness.' Hearty farewells were exchanged with many expressions of mutual goodwill, and so we found ourselves tramping gaily to the station in the midst of a band of men, every one of whom flourished bunches of flowers with his hands, wore a long clay pipe stem downwards in his buttonhole, and shouted the chorus of the song which pleased his fancy most.

All the journey home was enlivened by the murder of music. When we reached the London terminus we slipped quietly and unobserved away, while the rest of the party, wild with excitement, danced the can-can through the moonlit station yard.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

X. MEDICINE.

THE profession of medicine offers many attractions to men of active minds, kindly dispositions, modest aspirations, and moderate means. It is a profession access to which is not over-expensive, particularly in the provinces and the sister kingdoms; it is one in which it is always possible to secure at least a subsistence, even from the outset; and it is one in which, perhaps more than any other, a man is the architect of his own fortunes. A fair start in it may be obtained with but little capital, or even with none at all, and success is only in a small degree conditioned by private or social influence.

On the other hand, the great prizes in medicine are few, and less in value than those to be found in the Church, the law, engineering, or the Army; the work of the profession is for the most part arduous and incessant, and there are practically no 'arm-chairs' in the shape of snug salaried positions for the medical man to drop into who is wearied of the open market. Having entered on the struggle, he must make up his mind to pursue it to the end.

The control of legal admission to the profession is shared between the twelve universities and the nine professional corporations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and a 'General Medical Council,' which is mainly constituted of their representatives. To obtain admission to the 'Medical Register,' or roll of the profession, which is kept by the General Medical Council—that is to say, to become a legally qualified medical practitioner—it is necessary to obtain a degree or diploma, or a combination of several, implying proficiency in the three branches of medicine, surgery, and midwifery. Degrees in medicine and surgery can only be obtained from the universities; diplomas, possessing equal legal validity, are granted by the corporations, which are partly linked in each division of the kingdom for the purpose of granting qualifications in complete form. The entire system of examination for degrees and diplomas is under the inspection of, and subject to an ill-defined control by, the General Medical Council, and the results are more uniform than might have been

expected from such a loose and cumbersome piece of public machinery.

In all cases the aspirant to a legal qualification must have spent a minimum period of five years in professional study; but as professional study is held to include not only anatomy and physiology, but the introductory sciences of physics, chemistry, zoology, and botany, candidates for certain diplomas are at liberty to count one year out of the five while still at school, provided that the school be one recognised for the purpose and the curriculum include these subjects. The five years, it must be remembered, is but a minimum; scarcely the majority of candidates, for English diplomas at least, qualify within that period; for the degree of an English university it is safe to reckon six or seven years; and with the exception of the introductory stage above mentioned the entire curriculum has to be followed in a recognised medical school.

In all cases, before entering on the curriculum at all, the candidate has to give evidence of adequate previous education, by passing some one of a large number of 'matriculation, university 'local,' or other examinations recognised for this purpose by the General Medical Council. The standard required is such as an average fifth-form boy might be expected to reach. If study in London is contemplated, every parent should take care that his son is put through the matriculation examination of the London University, as otherwise his avenue to a university degree is barred at the outset.

The selection of a medical school out of the five and thirty existing in the three kingdoms is too large and too delicate a subject to enter on in this place. The medical curriculum proper embraces two well-defined parts: the first couple of years being given to Anatomy and Physiology, the remainder to the scientific and practical study of disease and its treatment. Many students take one part in one place and the second in another. A large number take the first part at Oxford or Cambridge, proceeding to London or some other populous centre for the remainder; and this is unquestionably the most advantageous course for those who can afford it, for both the degrees and the associations of the old universities are of great value to a professional man. The University Colleges which have sprung up all over the country during the last half century are now absorbing an increasing proportion of students, many of whom complete their

education in the hospitals of the great towns in which the colleges are seated, though some still resort to the capitals in their later years of study. In London each of the great general hospitals supports a complete medical school of its own, though vigorous efforts are being made to concentrate the teaching of Anatomy and Physiology and the preliminary sciences under the University of London. In Scotland and Ireland the universities have from the first kept their hands on medical study more effectually than in England, and the Scotch or Irish candidate generally commences as a matter of course by matriculating in a university.

The popular mind is still so far under the influence of the masterpieces of Early Victorian literature that it may not be useless to say that a medical school in the present day, whether conducted by a university, a college, or a metropolitan hospital, is a very serious and highly organised academic institution, spending vast sums on its museums, laboratories, and class-rooms, and carrying on its work by the help of a large staff of lecturers, demonstrators, tutors, and clerical teachers. The modern student, if he wishes to qualify at all, is one of the hardest worked young men to be found. From lectures to practical observation in the laboratory, from the laboratory to clinical study in the wards and out-patient rooms, thence to class-examinations, and home to master his text-books, his days are spent in a ceaseless round of duties, and his vacations are cut shorter and shorter as he goes on. Mr. Robert Sawyer, it may be once for all understood, is as much like a contemporary 'Guy's man' as the 'Saracen's Head' is like the Great Central Hotel. A modern medical school is no place for an idler, and idlers are sooner or later requested by the authorities to 'move on.'

After five or six years of such work, then, the aspirant gains his legally recognised diploma or degree and enters his name on the Register. Before we follow him into practice, let us understand what his legal position really is. A qualification is sometimes described as a licence to practise; but no licence to practise is needed by English law; anyone who pleases may both practise medicine and take fees for doing so. An unqualified practitioner, however, is in an awkward position if his patient dies; for his certificate cannot be received as evidence of the cause of death, and the Coroner may have to be appealed to. He is in a more awkward position if charged with having caused either death or injury by his treatment; for the onus rests upon

him of proving that he acted with the adequate degree of knowledge that a legal qualification is taken to imply. He is in addition prohibited from assuming any style or title such as 'Dr.' or 'Surgeon,' which might be held to signify that he was a duly qualified man. Admission to the Register, therefore, though not a licence to practise, is a necessary recognition by the law of the admissee's competence to do so. Only licensed practitioners, it is needless to add, are eligible for public appointments.

The popular notion still lingers in places that a legal qualification implies some sort of standard of 'orthodoxy' in medical opinion, or an obligation to treat patients according to certain generally accepted methods. This is entirely erroneous; the qualifying bodies are categorically forbidden by law to exact any test of opinion from their candidates; and every medical man is at liberty to form any opinion, use any remedy, or adopt any theory or system of practice that tradition, reason, or faith may lead him to, so long as his practice is guided by good faith, conducted with due care, and informed by a reasonable degree of knowledge of the matters he is dealing with. Liberty of conscience in medical matters is otherwise recognised in its fullest extent.

The cost of a medical education falls under three heads—school fees, examination fees, and incidental expenses. The last may be briefly dismissed; the necessary text-books and the few pieces of apparatus the student has to buy are easily covered by five-and-twenty pounds. Examination fees vary from fifteen pounds to forty guineas, the latter being the fees for the conjoined diplomas of the London Colleges, the highest of all. School fees also vary considerably. At the best London schools the curriculum for the college diplomas costs about 160*l*., that for the London University degree about 190*l*. In Scotland and Ireland and in the provincial schools the charges are less. In one case the complete curriculum can be had for as little as eighty guineas. The expenses of a medical student at Oxford or Cambridge are practically those of any other undergraduate.

For the right to pursue their studies after graduation few schools make any charge at all to their own students. The expenses, therefore, of proceeding to the higher degrees of the universities or to the superior diplomas of the colleges, which are necessary for the best classes of practice, are limited to the fees paid them for examination and admission.

Having been legally admitted to the profession, there are three

courses open to the quondam student according to his abilities, his ambitions, and his means. He may embark in general practice, he may enter one of the public services, or he may qualify himself for 'consulting' work.

The great body of the profession are engaged in general, or, as it is sometimes called, 'family' practice. The general practitioner settles in a particular district and undertakes the entire medical charge of individuals and families, and often of clubs or associations, within practicable reach of his house. Whatever the case may be—injury, accident, acute or chronic illness, childbirth, mental trouble—the general practitioner is prepared to deal with it, at any rate in the first instance. The areas over which such a practice extends and the nature of the work and responsibility it involves necessarily vary very greatly, and the remuneration varies in equal degree. One man's practice may be in a fashionable health resort, where the patients are near at hand, fees are high, and consultants in easy reach to share the responsibility in unusual cases. Another's may be scattered over long miles of thinly peopled country, where every responsibility has to be faced alone and only scanty remuneration can be asked in any case. One man's lines may be laid in the poorest quarter of a great city, another's in a pleasant hunting country, among country houses both agreeable and profitable. But, speaking generally, it must be frankly said that the life of the general practitioner is on the average a hard one, and by no means well remunerated as the general value of skilled professional services goes. Some few general practices may be reckoned as 'fat livings;' the great majority mean but a bare competence in return for constant and anxious work. The appearance of affluence among medical men is far commoner than the reality, for appearances are part of the medical man's stock-in-trade, and the style of his private life a necessary form of advertisement. There is no sound reason why the remuneration of general practice should be so inadequate and precarious as it is. What is the cause of it? Perhaps it is as well that the truth should be for once spoken openly. The great difficulty of nearly every general practitioner's life is *bad debts*. The number he makes would be barely credible to the uninitiated. It is seldom that he can venture on the extreme measure of suing his patients for his fees, and far too many are ready to take advantage of his enforced forbearance. The delays he encounters every year in collecting his fees, and the number

that remain for ever unpaid, are a constant source of anxiety and drag upon his resources. In the minds of a large section of the people, and, it must be said, of every class alike, 'the doctor' is the last man whose services need be paid for at all.

There is more than one way of entering general practice. The 'good-will' of an established practice is a vendible asset, and may be acquired either through a partnership, or outright from a retiring practitioner or from the heirs of one lately deceased. The price to be paid varies according to circumstances, but in general may be stated at from one to two years' gross income of the practice or portion of a practice purchased. The transfer of a practice is, for obvious reasons, a somewhat uncertain process, and very often gives rise to sad disappointment in the result; a partnership, for equally obvious reasons, is more to be relied on than a purchase outright. Much care is always needed in entering into these delicate transactions, and proper legal assistance should always be invoked. Assistants may be employed in private practice, and many principals prefer engaging an assistant to contracting with a partner. To enter practice as an assistant needs no initial capital, but the salary of an assistant is never a large one, and the only hope of promotion is the rather uncertain prospect of being eventually taken into partnership, or of retaining a portion of the practice independently in the event of the principal's retirement.

Many young medical men, therefore, with some command of means, prefer to play a bolder and more independent game: to select a likely 'pitch,' take a good house, put up a brass plate, make themselves known in the district, and wait for practice to come. The growth of practice under such circumstances is likely to be slow, and it does not always come at all; but if it succeeds, the independent method is generally the most satisfactory in the end.

It is not every one who goes directly from his medical school into private practice. Those who are not in an especial hurry to settle down may advantageously spend a year or two as house-surgeon or house-physician to a hospital, or as medical officer to a steamship, or as private attendant to a travelling patient, while they wait for an opening. These employments offer no permanent career, but they afford a temporary livelihood, and much useful experience is gained in them, which adds to the market value of the man, whether he is seeking an assistantship or embarking on practice alone.

For a capable man without much capital, who is not imme-

diately contemplating matrimony, there are few better openings than the naval and military services. Admission to them is by competitive examination; candidates must be already qualified practitioners, and not over twenty-eight years of age. For many years before the outbreak of the recent war, thanks to the policy then in favour at the War Office, the Army Medical Service as a career had fallen into discredit that was by no means undeserved, and candidates were far fewer than the vacancies to be filled; but under Lord Roberts's *régime* all this has been altered, and the Army has now no difficulty in getting its pick of some of the best men in the schools. The selected candidates receive commissions as lieutenants in the Royal Army Medical Corps, which are confirmed to them after a few months' special training in the Army Medical School and at the depôt of the Corps at Aldershot. The pay of a lieutenant, which begins from the time his commission is issued, is 14*s.* a day. Promotion to each successive rank up to that of lieutenant-colonel is gained by qualifying examination, and carries an increase of pay. A lieutenant-colonel's pay is 30*s.* a day, besides allowances, and he may be promoted to the further grades of colonel, with 2*l.*, and surgeon-general, with 3*l.* a day of pay. The remuneration in the Service, it is true, does not err on the side of liberality; it is not easy to marry while in the junior ranks, and the Army officer has to be ready to take his turns of service abroad; but, on the other hand, the life is a varied and interesting one, the career carries a pension or allowance on retirement, there are prizes of value in the shape of Staff appointments, and officers are eligible for titular honours in recognition of special merit. In the dark days of discontent much was heard of alleged social difficulties in the Army, and of slights and snubs which the medical officers were said to receive at the hands of the combatants. The smoke may not have been altogether without fire; where official relations are strained personal unpleasantness is apt to occur; but on the whole it may be fearlessly said that a medical officer who is a gentleman will always find himself treated as such in the British Army or the British Navy.

The regulations of the Naval service are in most substantial respects similar to those of the Army. The successive ranks are those of surgeon, Staff surgeon, Fleet surgeon, deputy inspector-general, and inspector-general, the pay rising from 255*l.* 10*s.* to 1,300*l.* a year, besides allowances. Pensions or retiring allowances are granted after eight years' service and upwards.

A more ambitious career is offered by the Indian Medical Service, and the competition for it is generally a rather severe one. The rate of pay is a little higher than in the British Army, beginning at Rs.350 per mensem, and rising to Rs.2,700 per mensem, besides allowances and prospect of pension.

But the military pay and allowances are only a part of the emoluments of the Indian service. There are few European practitioners in India besides its members; private practice is allowed to them, and after a period of service with the troops they may be appointed to civil surgeoncies, which in many stations turn out to be highly lucrative positions. With an ample pension and the accumulated profits of a good civil practice, it is not surprising to find many officers of the Indian service returning to England in middle life in affluent circumstances.

The sanitary service offers an increasing number of openings to capable and business-like members of the profession. A candidate for this service should have, in addition to his medical qualification, a special diploma in public health, which may be gained after some twelve months' special training. Sanitary appointments are held under local authorities, under the Local Government Board, and in some cases under private employers. Some are of small value, and are held as supplementary sources of income by local practitioners; in other more important cases the full time of the occupant is demanded by his employers and the salary may run into as many as four figures. For lunacy appointments no special diploma is needed; the superintendence of large asylums is generally reached through the channel of an assistantship, and, though the chief appointments are well paid, promotion is slow and the emoluments of an assistant but small. The prison service is under the control of the Home Office, and appointments are made to it on general grounds. A large number of appointments to Colonial surgeoncies in the Crown Colonies and Protectorates are made by the Colonial Office. The salaries are generally small, but Colonial surgeons are allowed to supplement them by private practice. A British qualification, it may be incidentally remarked, is valid in any British colony, but in the self-governing colonies medical practice is, as a rule, already fully occupied by colonials, a large number of whom come to England and Scotland every year for some part of their professional training.

The most ambitious career the profession offers has yet to be considered. The highest prizes, in the way of income, of reputa-

tion, and of titular distinction, fall to the lot of the 'consulting branch.' What the 'consulting branch' is, is difficult to define in a single phrase. A 'consultant,' in the simplest sense, is a man who makes a business of consulting with others in difficult or doubtful cases. This may fairly apply to the consulting physician; but the 'consulting' surgeon is often resorted to more for exceptional operative skill than for diagnostic acumen; and consultants in 'special' branches may similarly owe their fame and fortune to their dexterity of manipulation or to their extensive experience of the details of certain forms of treatment. Perhaps the most obvious *differentia* between the consultant and the general practitioner, apart from the size of his fees, lies in the fact that the scope of the former is œcumenical rather than local, that he looks for his practice wherever his fame may reach and not especially in his own immediate neighbourhood. The consultant, too, must of necessity be more or less of a specialist; the physician never practises surgery, the surgeon at least professes to leave medicine to others, and both relinquish the practice of midwifery to the general practitioner, or to a third and separate class of consultants.

It must be understood that there is no such legal distinction between consultants and general practitioners as there is between solicitors and barristers. The difference is purely one of function, not of rank or of order; any medical man may term himself a consultant, and act as such if anyone is pleased to consult him; and between consulting and general practice there is no absolute line. Much of a consultant's work is indistinguishable in kind from that of a general practitioner, and in the smaller towns there are many general practitioners who are habitually consulted as physicians, and still more who make a speciality of surgical operations. The public and the profession are alike free to carry their difficulties and doubts to any quarter in which they think a solution is likely to be found; and this freedom is protected, not circumscribed, as the public so often imagine, by the rigid code of honour which debars the medical man from making use of his 'consulting' function to 'filch' the patient of a brother practitioner.

But in the main the public and the profession alike look for the higher lights of medicine and surgery in certain well-defined quarters—namely, in those who have had the special kind of experience and the opportunities for exact study that are furnished by the practice of a large hospital, and which are most likely to

be developed in connection with the work of a medical school. The avenue to consulting practice, with few exceptions, is a position on the staff of a hospital, and particularly of a hospital which is associated with a school, and such positions are in consequence eagerly sought for, without reference to immediate remuneration. The capital, it is hardly necessary to say, offers the widest and most lucrative field of consulting practice (though Edinburgh runs it hard), and the great London hospitals, particularly those that maintain their own schools, profit largely by the situation. Thanks to the competition that exists for hospital positions, they are able to command from year's end to year's end the assiduous and devoted services of their large staffs of highly trained visiting physicians, surgeons and specialists, and of a brigade of junior officers waiting for promotion and eager to prove their parts, practically without paying anything at all for them. It has been plausibly estimated that the existence of the medical schools, most of which are in themselves self-supporting, virtually adds the value of 50,000*l.* a year to the charitable resources of London, and the estimate is probably within the mark.

The other side of the picture is less agreeable to contemplate. A career which has to be approached by many years of practically unremunerated work is necessarily barred to the majority even of the ablest men. Few venture on it unless possessed of a private income; though some have managed to struggle through by taking pupils or carrying on literary work in such leisure as their hospital and school duties left them. Even when a position on the hospital staff is obtained, it must be remembered the critical stage of the career is only beginning. In medicine, as in other similar careers, some indefinable qualities besides industry and ability are needed to 'capture' a public; it may be years before consulting practice begins to flow in; it may never flow in at all. To the really able man, however, who is not greatly concerned about the means of livelihood, few professional careers offer more personal attractions than that of consulting medicine or surgery in London. In his earlier years his work is full of the deepest interest, his later may bring him the prospect of fortune and honours; fortune that may be reckoned large, though not to be compared with the profits that law or commerce can afford. But it is hardly a career to recommend to anyone who is not possessed either of some degree of competence or of exceptional

powers of endurance and self-denial. Surgery, obstetrics, and the 'specialities,' it is true, bring their rewards at an earlier age than medicine, but even in these branches a long period of waiting has always to be taken into account.

But London is not the only field of consulting practice, and in the English provinces success may still be looked for at an earlier age. In the great towns which are the seats of rising medical schools this condition is doubtless only temporary; the provinces are learning more and more to look to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and the other large provincial cities, rather than to London, as their centres of medical consultation; and, for the physician and the specialist at least, neither the development of modern locomotion nor the increased efficiency of the general practitioner has altogether abolished the place they have traditionally filled in the medical economy of the average county town. Educational Scotland has its own academic way of managing such matters, and the road to the highest prizes of the profession north of the Tweed is far more in the keeping of the universities than we find it in the south. Of Ireland, the same, with some qualification, may also be said.

It is now many years since the obstacles which debarred women from entering the profession were removed, and the prejudice which the idea of a woman practising medicine aroused a generation ago is now well-nigh extinct. In London, in the North of England, in Scotland, in Ireland, and in Wales alike, the door is open and women have no difficulty in finding the best of professional education. In the University of London, as well as in Manchester and in the universities of Scotland and Ireland, a surprising number graduate each year and acquit themselves as creditably as their masculine *confrères*. Some reserve, however, must be observed in recommending the medical profession as a career for women. India has undoubted need of women doctors and absorbs a large proportion of each batch of graduates; but, so far, there are few signs that any large public demand has been created for them in their own country. This is written in no hostility to the progress of medical study among women; the writer has always been a consistent supporter of the movement. His present object is but to warn intending students to make careful inquiry as to the prospects of the career before finally deciding to embark upon it.

THE CHRONICLER OF THE BAGLIONI.[1]

He (Matarazzo) seems unable to write about them without using the language of an adoring lover.—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

OLD Matarazzo of Perugia—young Matarazzo he was once—has left us the story of the Baglioni: of their lusts, their courage, their beauty, and their inhuman crimes; but his own story, and how he came to be the humble chronicler of that great house, he has not told. And yet there have been shrewd guesses. Bontempi speaks of his early attachment to Simonetta of that hated race. Graziani has recorded how the gossips whispered that Matarazzo had been crossed in love. And lastly, there is Frollieri, who definitely states that it was Simonetta Baglioni herself that dealt the fatal wound. It was, however, reserved for Ariodante Fabretti to piece the whole episode together. In his 'Biografie dei Capitani Venturieri dell' Umbria' he not only devotes four stirring chapters to a recapitulation of Matarazzo's narrative, but he also explains in detail how that worthy scholar became the slave, the echo, and the very Boswell of 'his "magnificent Baglioni"'—'*dei suoi "magnifici Baglioni."*' And there one may read the story of Simonetta, and how Matarazzo would have won her had he been taller and of a stouter heart.

He came to the palace on the great square when Perugia, that proudest of Nature's strongholds, so valiantly is it set above old Tiber and the Umbrian champaign—stood defenceless before her brood of nobles and their insolent *bravi*. Biordo and Braccio Fortebraccio, those splendid adventurers who had taken the city by force and from without, had each met with a violent death; the old Papal sway was a thing of parchments and superstitions unbacked by steel and sinews; and now this jewel of Umbria lay at the mercy of whichsoever among her noble houses might stamp out the others and crow in solitary state from out this bloody cockpit, whose wealth, whose turbulence, and whose learning were paradoxically eminent in an age that is the paradox of history. Arcipreti, La Staffa and Corgna had been swiftly exterminated, down to the last bastard and bastard's son; and, when Matarazzo came to the grim palace facing the Duomo, but

[1] Copyright in the United States of America by Albert Kinross.

two families remained to wrestle for supremacy, the Oddi and the terrible Baglioni.

Matarazzo entered the Palazzo Baglioni, there to be clerk, scholar, librarian and general instructor, as his patron, Ridolfo Baglioni, might direct. For he was full of the new learning that had given Italy a second life; a 'Renaissance,' we call it, aptly enough, this reinfusion of Greek and Roman blood that stirred the eager pulses of three masterful generations, climbed Europe, and transformed the world. A notable figure was Francesco Matarazzo, even in a city of scholars; one that had braved the voyage to Greece and come back laden with precious manuscripts. He would babble you of Plato and Suetonius, of Aristoteles and Seneca, of Virgil and Epictetus by the day. Here he would dispute most hardily and in the face of numbers. But for actual fighting he had no stomach. And the lovely Simonetta was his pupil, she that went later to Florence and was drawn by Sandro Botticelli on a panel that is now lost, for all the inscriptions one may read and all the conjectures of the specialists.

Her Matarazzo loved with a great love and a silent. For who was he to aspire to the hand of old Ridolfo's daughter? Learned he might be and wise beyond his years, yet in fortune, in family, and in person he was mean; and well he knew that La Bella Simonetta was for none of his breeding. By the sword he might have conquered her; and here, again, his few inches and feeble spirit did him a disservice. Still he had good cause for rejoicing. Daily he stood in the presence of his beloved, and daily she listened to him with a certain fierce fondness, though he spoke but of philosophies and the lives of men who had adorned dead empires. She was a willing pupil. Her stature, her quick brain, her supple beauty, delighted him. In much she was unlike the other women of her house. Her long limbs and flaxen hair were uncommon in the Italy of that day. She had the blue eyes of the North, and when Matarazzo pondered on these things he called to mind that her granddam was the daughter of Sir John Hawkwood, sometime Captain of the Florentine forces, an Englishman and a soldier of fortune, who had descended in all his northern vigour on those parts—a giant, fair-haired butcher, whose light skin was tanned to a deep red that had become proverbial; so that 'red as Hawkwood' was a figure much in use wherever he had shown himself on his great war-horse.

Now La Bella Simonetta was not backward to perceive the

quiet passion that she had inspired in Matarazzo; and, with her, to see was to speak out. Mayhap she had a fondness for the dusty scholar, half motherly, half boyish, as these large-limbed women sometimes entertain. It was in a week of oft-dealt anguish that she approached him, of deadly strife on the piazza and stabbings by night-time in the narrow streets. Thirteen of her kin had fallen in half as many days. Of the Oddi but two had been slain outright, and the whole palace was making ready for vengeance.

'Francesco, I am weary of thy books,' she said, on the morning that her cousin, young Grifone, was brought dying through the iron-studded gateway. 'Thou lovest me; is it not true?'

Matarazzo flushed a deep olive, stammered, lost his tongue, but his eyes were eloquent.

'As I love life,' he said at last.

'I am thine if——' and here she stopped short, left him for a space, and then returned bearing a long, two-handed sword.

'Take it,' she said, offering the weapon to Francesco Matarazzo. 'Bring me the heart of Niccolo degli Oddi spitted on this blade, and I am thine—the heart of Gianpaolo, of Pompeo—the heart of an Oddi for my heart! Thus am I won.'

Matarazzo stood there, his two hands clasped on the great sword that reached close to his shoulder.

'Thou askest much, Simonetta,' he answered slowly. 'What can I do? I am but a poor scholar, weak of body, yet ardent of soul. For thee I would face death; but, did I take up this challenge, what were my end? Not death—that were lightly borne. Worse than death, Simonetta; for you would make of me a laughing-stock, a motley fool. Niccolo, Pompeo, and all that swarm were indeed undone did I attack them—but from laughter! They would beat down my sword with their clenched fists, or ply a staff on me; and the whole city would learn how they had brushed me off like some unwieldy wasp that tried to sting but knew not where to settle. Am I not right?'

He had spoken bravely, as one who sees his insufficiency and dare confess it.

'Francesco, I have named my price. I will ask thee no questions, believe me.' And with that she left him, he still clutching the long lean weapon that she had placed in his hands.

Over her parting words he pondered a full hour. 'I will ask thee no questions'—what was her meaning? Assassins could be

hired for money, and there were apothecaries that dealt in subtle poisons. Such craft might help him. But no, he durst not stoop to such an infamy; nor were the Baglioni among those who slew by stealth. The bleeding wounds of young Grifone had unsexed her, he reflected. Yet before vespers she was to look down helpless from her turret window and see how old Ridolfo, her own father, was hacked to pieces on the cathedral square below.

'Who could withstand such things?' thought Matarazzo, watching through that night.

In the palace hard by the Duomo there was little sound of mourning. At dawn every one of the Baglioni was in steel, and by sundown no Degli Oddi breathed within the city walls. And Matarazzo stayed indoors with women and young children, and Simonetta scorned him.

The weeks went by, and she relented. On a memorable afternoon she brought him Pulci's new poem, the 'Morgante Maggiore,' and bade him read it with her. Another day he was her escort to the studio of Pietro Vanucci—*il Perugino* they called this artist in Florence and in Rome; and even in France and distant Spain men spoke of him and praised his gracious saints and the blue hills that he had seen from the stone bastions of his native city. Beside the master worked a fair-haired lad, beautiful as an angel. Raphael of Urbino he was called, and, later, Raphael Sanzio. To-day he was colouring just such a landscape of blue hills as Perugino's patrons demanded. And all there knew that among these hills waited Niccolo degli Oddi and his fellow-exiles—the remnant that had escaped the wrath of the house of Baglioni.

Till September 17, 1495, for three months and eight days, Perugia was at peace. Then Niccolo, who had long lain ready in the dark, discovered his opportunity. The Baglioni had at last relaxed their watchfulness. It was the day of Adriano's wedding, and the whole family had gathered to a great feast in the palace of Guido Baglioni, that stood on the far side of the town. Only Simonetta, who hated her cousin's bride, was absent, urging in excuse that she still wore mourning for Ridolfo. Niccolo's sudden assault, therefore, was well timed.

Unchallenged he rode in at the city gates and began breaking the iron chains (*serragli*) that barred the streets against advancing cavalry. Simonetta heard the marching of the Oddi,

the beating of the hammers on the chains. Swiftly she sent a messenger to disturb the marriage feast; and then, looking round, she beheld Francesco Matarazzo. No other man was with her in the palace.

Francesco had marked the eager light in her eye, the quick straightening of her young body as she caught the tramping of the horsemen, the iron ring of iron meeting iron. Nearer and more distinct with every minute grew that sound—nearer and ever nearer.

'The Oddi—it is the Oddi!' she had cried.

Per Dio! She was beautiful, free and untamed as a sculptured Amazon; ay, one of those rare marbles he had seen in Greece, thought Matarazzo, as she stood there hearkening to that horrid sound—the hoof-beats and the hammers! He dwelt on her, lost in wonder, heedless of aught else but the fierce loveliness, the splendid womanhood that moment had revealed. And Simonetta read him.

On his shoulders she placed two firm, white hands.

'Your sword,' she cried; 'now is your hour, Francesco! One man may hold the piazza till the Baglioni are armed. I have sent word to the Old Palace. Guido will be here, and Astorre and Adriano and Gismondo and their men; but now, Francesco, it is our turn. Stay, I will be your squire!'

For the second time she placed that long, bright weapon in his grasp—the great two-handed sword.

'Now go!' she cried. 'I shall look down on you from the turret window; I shall see—your wife should you live, your widow should you fall!'

Matarazzo drank in her words, the proud, fine figure that she made. 'An Amazon of Greece, a splendid Amazon,' he murmured, supporting the long blade with his trembling hands.

The tramp of Niccolo's men was drawing nearer.

'You delay, you delay, Francesco!' she exclaimed, and stamped with her foot upon the floor.

Matarazzo browsed, stock-still and mild-eyed as an ancient sheep.

'Must *I* go?' she cried.

But Matarazzo could not move, neither backward nor forward. There was no strength in his legs.

'Listen!' cried Simonetta.

The din without was hard upon them.

Francesco did not budge.

'We shall be too late!' she cried.

He stood there helpless, rooted like a tree, and cursing his faint heart and his unwilling limbs.

'*Poltrone!*' She had dashed her glove across his face. She had wrenched the sword from out his hands. Would she slay him? He dared not meet her now. He cowered, shaking and with downcast eyes, awaiting the dull blow. In the deep silence he could hear the shouting of the Oddi and the hammering at the chains, as in his very ears! And then the rustle of a skirt. The blow had not fallen.

When he looked up, Simonetta was gone and the great sword with her. He listened, irresolute, his soul crying out against his weakness and timidity. Why had God made him thus? Why had he been placed amid such scenes of violence? Why was the earth a field for rape and slaughter? Nearer and nearer grew that clang of iron. The Oddi must be in the narrow causeway that led to the cathedral square. He listened, sick and helpless, his heartbeats striking clear within his breast.

He heard the gateway of the palace open, the wailing of the women down below. The closing of the gateway followed, the rasping of the bolts, the fall of heavy bars. For an instant his legs grew free. He sprang to the window that gave on the cathedral square.

A figure was crossing it, a solitary figure, running as one possessed and bearing a great sword. It was Simonetta—he would swear it was Simonetta. She had flung off her gown of damask and had drawn on that suit of the young Grifone—that bloody suit, gashed and gaping from a dozen cruel thrusts—the one he had worn when they had brought him dying through the iron-studded gateway. It was Simonetta in the hose and doublet of her murdered cousin. In a trice this change had been wrought. The naked sword was in her hands, a buckler on one arm. Alone she had rushed forth, bareheaded, her fair hair knotted on her neck, sleeves rolled to the elbow. And Matarazzo watched her; and still his legs refused to carry him from that room. He tarried, his white face at the window, held as by a spell. He watched her and cursed his craven spirit and his feeble heart.

'There at the barrier of the piazza she stood firm and fought against a squadron,' writes Matarazzo, in that old-world chronicle

which has made his name for ever famous. 'She kept her foes at bay,' he continues, 'smiting men-at-arms to the ground with the sweep of her tremendous sword, and receiving on her gentle body wound on wound. While thus at fearful odds, the noble Astorre, mounted on his charger, spurred swiftly to her side. Upon his helmet flashed the falcon of the Baglioni with the dragon's tail that swept behind. "Grifone—'tis Grifone—dead Grifone!" he cried aloud, recalling those torn garments splashed with blood. "Hail, cousin Astorre!" answered him Simonetta. And when he saw that it was she thus terribly disguised, he sought to edge his mail-clad steed between her and the foe. But she evaded him and still fought on. And soon came in hot haste Troilo and Adriano and Gismondo and Marcantonio; and it was the last that dragged Simonetta back from the barrier and bade her tend her wounds. And now that gentle lady was all foredone with sweat and toil, and so weary was she that scarcely could she any longer breathe,' writes Matarazzo. And he concludes: 'It was then that she looked round and was ashamed.'

Matarazzo waited to see no more. Shamefacedly he slunk from the palace, and nor threats, nor rewards, nor cajolery would ever win him back to the presence of the beautiful Simonetta. Yet from afar he followed her and hers, day by day, and recorded their minutest actions with a fidelity and an affection whose origin were unaccountable, did one not know what had passed between him and his dear lady, and how he had watched from the turret window when Simonetta kept the square alone.

The Oddi, too, are in his debt, for Matarazzo it was who piously set down the dying lament of old Pompeo, the last of his great house to perish in that ruthless duel whose guerdon was Perugia. 'O unhappy house of Oddi,' are his words, 'once so famous for its condottieri, its captains, cavaliers, knights, prothonotaries and abbots; that on a day has mustered its forty-and-two men of whom I am the last. In me is extinguished the name of the magnificent and famous house of Oddi, which in this world will never more be mentioned.'

Matarazzo has falsified that bitter prophecy.

ALBERT KINROSS.

Speed—
Speed and its heroes,
Its priests and apostles—
The millionaire, mummy-like,
Swathed in his sables,
Masked like a headsman,
Glaring through goggles,
Puffing a corpulent
Weed, an *Intimidad*—
Urging his engineer
On to annihilate
Space, and to possibly
(Pardon my splitting
A harmless infinitive),
Lower the record
That somebody else
Has set up, by half
Or two-thirds of a second.
Speed—
Panhard-Levassor,
Wolseley and Napier,
Daimler and Darracq,
And numerous other
Ingenious makers
Of [illegible] **motors**

Speed—
Speed and the joy of starting!
Scattering urchins
Who play in the roadway;
Bustling the bicyclist
Into the gutter;
Grazing the sandwichman,
Filling old ladies
With fearful flustration;
Fright'ning the horses
(Obsolete quadrupeds);
Running *amok*
Through suburban thoroughfares—
Camberwell, Brixton,
Possibly Peckham—
Then with the hoot
Of an angry gorilla,
Leaping in glee
As we gain the country,
On the yokel who trudges,
Patiently plodding,
With dragging footsteps
Home to his supper—
Scaring the squirrels,
Bashing the butterflies,
Stirring the peacock
To strident approval,
But drowning the voice
Of the thrush and the nightingale.

Speed—
Speed, and a world of new raptures.
Speed, and the leafy
Devonshire lanes,
The cloisters of Nature,
The fragrant solitudes
Turned to a race track,
Deafened with uproar,
Choked with a dust cloud
Steeped and polluted
With odours mephitic

Of benzoline, gasoline,
Petrol, and paraffin,
'With a thrust in the throat,
And a rush in the nostrils,'
That enrapture the bard,
And fill Mr. Archer
With positive ecstasy,
But cause the obscure
Impecunious pedestrian
To choke and to splutter,
And wish that Mercédes
(The singular namesake
Of her, the delectable
Comrade of *Carmen*,
The friend of *Frasquita*),
In spite of her puissance
Of seventy-five horses,
Were hurled into Hades
Along with her owner,
Her leather-clad *chauffeur*,
And all the whole blooming
Confounded caboodle.

Speed—
Speed, and its varied
Voluptuous voices.
Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup—
Thus with an artless
Lyrical fervour
Bubbles unceasing
The blithe motor-bicycle.
Kling-Klang, Kling-Klang—
That is the gong
Which the scrupulous *chauffeur*
Sounds as he passes
The populous crossing.
Honk! Honk!
Eager, imperious
Snorteth the horn,
As who should ejaculate:
'Out of my way,

Contemptible crawlers!'
O marvellous melody
Simpler and sweeter
Than Wagner's and Strauss's –
Pup-pup, Kling-Klang, Honk! Honk!
Pip-pip!

Speed—
Speed and the constable,
Somewhere in Surrey,
Waiting ensconced
At a bend of the high road,
Holding a stop-watch,
Till the motorist, heedless
Of all interference,
Buzzes along
At a rate which the peeler
Promptly pronounces
Excessive, illegal.

Speed—
Speed in the lap of the magistrate,
In the eye of the law,
On the knees of the constable,
Twelve miles an hour!
O England, O England,
In the words of the Laureate's
Immortal effusion,
'Hurry up for pity'
Or I shall be driven
To write other poems
In this tittuping metre.

G MINOR.

STEPHEN DUCK.

ALL students of the literature of the eighteenth century are familiar with the name of the farm-labourer poet whose popularity among all classes of readers from the peasant to the Court was so painful a thorn in the side of Pope, Swift, and the great writers of Early Georgian times. His contemporaries could not approach him in the number of his editions, but they succeeded by a liberal discharge of squibs and lampoons in giving to his fame a ridiculous character which will probably never be dissociated from it. Perhaps no man, even in the eighteenth century, was better abused and satirised. Really, while there is in the spectacle of a poet who is doomed to cultivate the Muse in a barn, and who wields alternately the pen and the flail, a discrepancy which some minds may find humorous, to a sympathetic person the picture has a painfully tragic side, and perhaps in no other period of our history would the success of poor Duck's efforts after higher things have drawn down on his character the sneers and laughter of really eminent men of letters. To such persons as Pope and Swift, however, with their essentially materialistic and 'eye-judging' standards of what was noble and mean, and their quick satirical eye for whatever was incongruous in any life or character that came under their notice, the tragic side did not take such prominence as the comic. Thus Swift celebrated the Queen's patronage of Stephen in such lines as these:

> The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
> The proverb says 'No fence against a flail!'
> From threshing corn he turns to threshing brains,
> For which Her Majesty allows him grains,
> Though 'tis confessed that those who ever saw
> His poems think them all not worth a straw.
> Thrice happy Duck! employed in threshing stubble,
> Thy toil is lessened and thy profit's double.

Pope followed with similar epigrams, and all the lesser wits took up the tale from him, with the result that Duck figures in the ephemeral literature of the period following the year 1730 as the stock type of the aspiring dunce and poetaster.

The object of all this ridicule received the shafts of the contemporary wits with the stolid composure of the class from

which he had sprung. After having passed his youth in labouring upon the fields for four-and-sixpence a week, he could afford, when the Queen had raised him above his former estate by a pension and made a personal friend of him, to receive mere ridicule with equanimity, especially when he knew that it was not unmixed with envy. In all his numerous works there is nothing in the shape of a satire or lampoon in retaliation. He continued the changed operation of 'threshing stubble' with such acceptance that he became unquestionably the most popular poet of the latter part of Pope's career. His first volume went through ten editions in the year 1730 alone, and in 1736 a magnificent quarto edition of his works appeared, with a dedication to the Queen, and prefaced by one of the most imposing lists of subscribers which had ever figured at the beginning of a poetical volume in England.

The story of Duck's career presents us with one of the few instances in which the old system of patronage, however bad on the whole, operated at the right moment and with really useful and beneficent results. No doubt, if Duck had been born and shown his abilities in a sphere one degree higher than that of the farm-labourer, he would have had as little cause to bless the patron as Johnson or Goldsmith. A literary thresher was, however, a rare phenomenon, which appealed to the curiosity of great lords and ladies, and Duck, when once he obtained recognition, never afterwards experienced the hardships which were the familiar companions of many of his greater literary contemporaries. His collected poems abound in proofs of his intimacy with distinguished people, and one who did not know the writer's story would think from the number of their familiar allusions to 'the great' that they were the work of a man of high birth and position.

An account of Duck's life was written in the year 1730, soon after his abilities had attracted notice, by Joseph Spence, the amiable Oxford poetry professor who was to become permanently famous for his 'Anecdotes.' The future poet was born at Charlton, near Marlborough, in 1705, and that village, where his memory is still celebrated by an annual farm-labourers' dinner, was the scene of his labours as a thresher. He was taught only to read and write at the village school, but with the aid of a few odd volumes he so improved his leisure hours in the fields that soon after the time when he would have been leaving school, if

born in more fortunate circumstances, he could write very respectable 'copies of verses' of the kind then in vogue. In different ways, but chiefly by saving from his wages of four-and-sixpence a week, he gradually acquired a library containing Milton, the 'Spectator,' Telemachus, Shakespeare, Dryden's 'Virgil,' Josephus, Seneca's 'Morals,' and Epictetus. He had to read such works originally, Spence says, as school-boys do the works of Latin literature, line by line with grammar and dictionary. The poem by which he first gained the notice of the literary world was a pathetic account of his life as a farm servant, entitled 'The Thresher's Labour,' dedicated to a Wiltshire clergyman who had encouraged his studies. It became one of the most popular poems in the language, both among the cultured class and the great mass of the people, and it is to-day one of the few pieces of minor poetry of the age that can be read with pleasure.

Later on, as he gained more knowledge, associated with cultured people, and wrote 'Imitations of Horace' and 'Epistles to Noblemen and Gentlemen of Quality' in the elegant and artificial manner of the time, Duck used probably to look on this early effort with something of contempt. Its simple and realistic account of the successive labours of the farm, and the obvious sincerity with which it expressed the natural feelings of an honest unsophisticated heart, came upon the Court and polite society of the time, accustomed only to the sighings and Nature descriptions of the artificial Damons and Corydons of the contemporary pastoral, with all the charm of a new sensation.

Duck begins the story of the year with the close of the harvest, when the farmer 'calls his reapers forth' and despatches them to the barns for threshing. Probably he is the only versifier who has ever described the process in the first person :

> Divested of our clothes, with flail in hand,
> At proper distance front to front we stand;
> And first the threshal's gently swung to prove
> Whether with just exactness it will move;
> That once secure, we swiftly whirl them round,
> From the strong planks our crab-tree staves rebound,
> And echoing barns return the rattling sound.
> Now in the air our knotty weapons fly,
> And now with equal force descend from high;
> Down one, one up, so well they keep the time,
> The Cyclops' hammers could not truer chime.
> In briny streams our sweat descends apace,
> Drops from our locks and trickles down our face.

No intermission in the work is possible, as in other labours; 'the noisy threshal must for ever go,' for while

> Their master absent, others safely play,
> The sleeping threshal does itself betray.

Nor may relief be had in conversation, for

> The voice is lost, drowned by the louder flail.

Thought is however possible, says the poor misplaced poet significantly. 'When sooty peas we thresh,' he continues his complaint,

> You scarce can know
> Our native colour as from work we go,
> The sweat, the dust, the suffocating smoke
> Make us so much like Ethiopians look;
> We scare our wives when evening brings us home,
> And frightened infants think the bugbear come.

For some reason Duck gives no account of his winter labours but passes from threshing to the next spring, when the master again summons his men and tells them 'the ripened grass requires their hands.' He proceeds to describe the day's mowing in very graphic and natural verse:

> When first the lark sings prologue to the day,
> We rise admonished by his early lay,
> This new employ with eager haste to prove,
> This new employ become so much our love.
> The birds salute us as to work we go,
> And with new life our bosoms seem to glow.
> On our right shoulder hangs the crooked blade,
> The weapon destined to unclothe the mead;
> Our left supports the whetstone, scrip, and beer,
> That for our scythes and these ourselves to cheer.
> And now the field designed to try our might
> At length appears and meets our longing sight.
> The grass and ground we view with careful eyes
> To see which way the best advantage lies,
> And hero-like each claims the foremost place.
> At first our labours seem a sportive race:
> With rapid force our sharpened blades we drive,
> Strain every nerve and blow for blow we give.
> All strive to vanquish though the victor gains
> No other glory but the greatest pains.
> But when the scorching sun is mounted high,
> And no kind barns with friendly shade are nigh,
> Our weary scythes entangle in the grass
> While streams of sweat run trickling down apace
> Our sportive labours we too late lament,
> And wish that strength again we vainly spent.

At last the weary day comes to its end and the labourers move slowly homewards, resting at every stile. Their wives are waiting at the doors to spy them out in the distance, which done,

> Then from the pot the dumpling's catched in haste,
> And homely by its side the bacon placed.

Next morning the toilers set out, 'not quite so early and not quite so fast' as the first day. A description of a day's hay-making follows. For this work the farmer employed female labour. Duck seems rather indignant at a feminine invasion of the fields, and ridicules the easy conscience and the light convivial spirit which the ladies bring to their task:

> Our master comes, and at his heels a throng
> Of prattling females armed with rake and prong,
> Prepared whilst he is here to make his hay,
> Or if he turns his back prepared to play;
> But here or gone sure of this comfort still,
> Here's company so they may chat their fill.
> Ah! were their hands as active as their tongues,
> How swiftly then would move the rakes and prongs!

Sometimes a storm will come on while they are in the middle of their task, when 'their noisy prattle all at once is done,' and they run wildly for shelter to the hedge. Duck is very fond of similes of the old formal kind beginning with a 'thus' or an 'as when,' and he produces a good one for this occasion:

> Thus have I seen on a bright summer's day
> On some green brake a flock of sparrows play;
> From twig to twig, from bush to bush they fly,
> And with continued chirping fill the sky.
> But on a sudden, if a storm appears,
> Their chirping noise no longer dins your ears;
> They fly for shelter to the thickest bush—
> There silent sit and all at once is hush.

We have called the passage a simile, but Dr. Johnson, if he had included Duck in his 'Lives,' would no doubt have made the same remark on it as he did on the famous comparison between Marlborough and the Angel in Addison's 'Campaign,' that it was not a simile but an exemplification.

Harvest scenes are the last described, and the poem ends with the labourers' harvest-supper and the disillusionment of the next morning:

> When the same toils we must again repeat,
> To the same barns must back again return,
> To labour there for room for next year's corn.

Joseph Spence was one of the first of the influential persons who befriended the thresher poet. He has given in his brief 'account of the author in a letter to a friend,' which was used as the preface to most editions of Duck, an interesting sketch of the man as he found him during a visit to Wiltshire in all the simplicity of his rural home. The peasant's honesty, frankness, and modesty made a very favourable impression on the distinguished professor, who had been prepared to find him a little spoilt by the attention and praise his poems had begun to receive. 'He owns his faults very readily,' says Spence, 'and if he thinks a line of his better than ordinary he will say so without reserve. He seems to be very open and honest in everything he says, and 'twould be very difficult to be with him a week, as I have been, without going away very much his friend.'

Spence gives a detailed account of Duck's literary opinions, all of which were highly intelligent and illustrative of an extraordinarily good natural taste. He used to read aloud to his friend from the few books that the cottage boasted, and was particularly struck by the great sensibility Stephen showed to the finest passages in Shakespeare, for whom, as was natural in a simple-hearted man who had not yet read contemporary criticism, he had the highest admiration. 'He trembled,' says the poetry professor, 'as I read the ghost's speech (in "Julius Cæsar"). As I was reading to him I observed that his countenance changed often in the most moving parts; his eye was quick and busy all the time; and, to say the truth, I never saw applause or the shifting of proper passions appear so strongly in any face as his.'

Spence noticed, however, that the poet himself was a poor unrhythmical reader. 'I imagine,' he says, 'that he does not hear verses in his own mind as he repeats them. He points out an harmonious line well enough, and yet he generally spoils its harmony by his way of speaking it.'

In the middle of the year 1730 Duck's fame reached Queen Caroline, and on September 11 his 'Thresher's Labour' and a 'sacred' poem on the story of Elisha and the Shunammite woman, which he had composed recently at the suggestion of a neighbouring clergyman, was read to Her Majesty at Windsor by Lord Macclesfield. The scholarly Queen was greatly delighted both by the accounts of the honest thresher and his rhymes. She immediately raised him above the necessity of labour by a pension of

30*l.* a year, and settled him in a small house and estate at Richmond. It was this that drew on Duck the wrath of the wits.

His poems were at once collected and published in a shilling pamphlet, with an announcement on the title-page that they had been read to the Queen, and they met with extraordinary favour. It seems certain that on the death of Eusden, which occurred before the end of the year, Duck was Cibber's nearest rival for the laurel. Swift, writing to Gay from Dublin at the time, says, 'The vogue here is that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden.' Pope, who, it is said, had expressed a low opinion of Duck's rhymes to the Queen, published the following not very smart epigram on the situation in the 'Grub Street Journal:'

> Behold, ambitious of the British bays,
> Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays,
> But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
> Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail.
> Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right;
> For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write.

Just before, he had written to Gay mentioning Duck while deploring the state of poetical poverty to which the country had become reduced. 'There may indeed,' he said, 'be a wooden image or two of poetry set up to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain. At present the poor Laureate and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a parson holds forth the emblem of inspiration, and an honest industrious thresher not unaptly represents pains and labour.'

Few men have ever experienced so great and fortunate a change of condition in so short a time as Stephen Duck. The beginning of the year 1730 found him an obscure farm-labourer; at its end he was an author whose works had run through ten editions, a friend of the Queen, and the envy of all Grub Street, the denizens of which were discharging their quills against him in every small journal and magazine. The cleverest of all these assaults was a parody on his poems called the 'Thresher's Miscellany,' written by some one whose signature, 'Arthur Duck,' probably concealed the hand of one of the greater wits. Duck seems from his own dedication to his quarto edition of 1736 to have been annoyed only by the publication of a pirated edition of his works containing a false life and with a number of satirical pieces appended such as the following:

O Duck, preferr'd by bounteous Queen
To cackle verse on Richmond Green,
Wild Duck in genius! you on high
Soar with bold wing; our rhyming fry
Are tame ones and not made to fly.
O sent in mercy to these times,
With vigour thresh our modern rhymes,
Much stalk from little grain withdraw,
And save our pence in buying straw.
No chaffy bard dare thee assail:
There is no fence against a flail.
Our dangerous state we all discern,
And fetch dictators from the barn.

In 1733 Duck was made a Yeoman of the Guard, and married the Queen's housekeeper at Kew. He had been previously married, but had lost his first wife in the year of his fame. The writer of the malicious preface to the satirical edition of his poems describes his first marriage as miserable through the ignorance and ill-nature of his wife. 'When he was scanning his lines,' says this obscure authority, 'she would oftentimes run out and raise the whole neighbourhood, telling the people that her husband dealt with the devil and was going mad, because he did nothing all day but talk to himself and tell his fingers.' Duck is declared to be 'unable to give his yoke-mate that satisfaction and content which a weak mind joined with a vigorous constitution is generally apt to do,' and 'almost damned' by his domestic infelicity. There is no other evidence to support these stories, and they are probably pure inventions of Grub Street. In 1735 he was made Keeper of Merlin's Cave, the Queen's private library at Richmond, where he was continually visited by a number of high-born and distinguished people, among them the great Pope, who, in spite of his former contempt, now condescended to form a friendship with him. In his imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, addressed to Lord Cobham, Pope describes the library as containing no poets but 'Stephen, you, and me.' Duck seems to have regarded his great friend with the utmost awe and admiration. He took him for his chief poetical model, imitated his pastorals and 'Imitations of Horace,' and wrote a long poem on Richmond Park after the plan of 'Windsor Forest.' When Pope read the humbler verse-man's honest tributes to his greatness and goodness the memory of the lampoons of the 'Grub Street Journal' must have made him feel a little uneasy.

Duck had begun to apply himself resolutely to the study of Latin when he received his pension and began to make friends among scholars. His great edition of 1736 gives evidence that he had by that time become a very fair Latin scholar. It contains several 'Imitations' of Horace and translations of other Latin poems, classical and modern.

By the year 1746 he had made such progress in scholarship and general culture that his friend Spence thought he might appropriately apply for orders in the Church. His request was granted, and he was in 1751 appointed preacher at Kew Chapel. A year later, through Spence's interest, he obtained the living of Byfleet, in Surrey, where the professor had settled in 1749. He became a very popular preacher, and to a great extent deserted his old favourite occupation of writing verses for writing sermons. In 1755, however, he composed a long descriptive poem, 'Cæsar's Camp on St. George's Hill,' in imitation of Denham's 'Cooper's Hill.' This was his last publication, for immediately afterwards his mind began to give way. Probably, great as was his fortitude in his early days, he had become morbidly conscious of his humble origin and sensitive to the real or imaginary slights of his well-bred acquaintance when he had risen to some measure of rank and reputation. His end was melancholy, for in 1756 he threw himself from a bridge into a stream near Reading, and was drowned. It is said in an eighteenth-century biographical sketch of Duck that, though he was a man of great natural modesty, he was in his latter days rather spoiled by the excessive praise of his friend Spence. Spence, who was one of the sincerest of men, could, of course, have no motive in over-praising him but esteem and fondness. Only a few years later the amiable professor shared Duck's fate, being taken drowned out of a pool of water near his house at Byfleet.

Alexander Chalmers, in his 'Biographical Dictionary,' expresses regret that Duck was not left in his original state as a farm-labourer. The poet's unhappy death seems to be his chief ground for this sentiment. To express such a regret as this out of pity for Duck's sufferings, whatever they may have been, is absurd, for such a man, as he became conscious of his abilities, would probably have ended his career long before the age of fifty-one if he had been forced to continue drudging among farm-labourers, without sympathy or friendship, for four-and-sixpence a week.

The production of a man of sensitive and reflective mind and high aspiration from the lowest stock and within the impassable limits of a squalid and penurious environment is one of the cruellest and by no means one of the least common freaks of Nature's malignant moods, and one may well rejoice rather than lament over any chance that deprives her of the prey she has thus destined for her slow torture. There is one ground, however, on which a hard-hearted person might wish that Duck had remained a labourer. If he had never known Professor Spence and Alexander Pope he would very possibly have left us, instead of his polished but unpoetical and insincere 'Imitations' of Horace, Pope, and Denham, a few more natural country sketches, such as those of 'The Thresher's Labour.'

As it is, there are almost as few country pictures in the massive quarto volume of his collected writings as there are in those of Swift or Pope. He could never, whatever his condition, have given us any of the warm, spontaneous poetical language, beautiful with the hues of fancy, which sprang from the quick, sensitive spirit of that other peasant poet, John Clare, as he worked amidst the rich beauty of the Northamptonshire meadows a hundred years later; for Duck had nothing sensuous or lyrical in his nature, and was, like most of his contemporaries, essentially a man of quiet and sober 'good sense,' unvisited by any sudden happy inspirations of phrase and imagination. He might, however, have given us a series of simple and natural, if uninspired, descriptions of rural life and scenes, of the same kind as those of Robert Bloomfield, which would have been of some permanent literary charm and would have preserved his fame among other people than students and in other places than his native village. The result of his strenuous pursuit of culture and politeness and of his friendship with such men as Spence, creditable as it is, will never again be read. His chief work is a versification of the story of Avaro and Amanda from the eleventh 'Spectator,' performed not without spirit and a certain amount of literary art. Another long poem, 'Felix and Constance,' is a versification of a tale of Boccaccio's. The idea of this was no doubt suggested to him by Dryden's 'Fables,' an odd volume containing which was among his earliest purchases. Next to his 'Thresher,' the most readable of his poems is a description of a long tour in the South of England, dedicated to Lord Palmerston. He relates in it how he revisited his native village after his

elevation, was entertained by the farmer for whom he had previously worked, and attended the annual feast which Lord Temple had already instituted in his honour. 'Oft as this day returns,' he rhymes prophetically,

> Shall threshers claim
> Some hours of rest sacred to Temple's name;
> Oft as this day returns shall Temple cheer
> The threshers' hearts with mutton, beef, and beer.
> Hence, when their children's children shall admire
> This holiday, and whence derived enquire,
> Some grateful father partial to my fame
> Shall thus describe from whence and how it came:
> 'Here, child, a thresher lived in ancient days,
> Quaint songs he sung and pleasing roundelays;
> A gracious queen his sonnets did commend,
> And some great lord, one Temple, was his friend;
> That lord was pleased this holiday to make,
> And feast the threshers for that thresher's sake.'
> Thus shall tradition keep my fame alive;
> The bard may die, the thresher still survive.

Probably the last work in which any part of his poems was reprinted was Southey's 'Selections from the British Poets,' where six pages are allotted to him. For some reason he failed to secure a place in Chalmers's collection, though, as the old 'Biographia Britannica' asserts, he was as much entitled to recognition there as many who actually gained it. But if he does not figure in that immortal society the strength and thickness of his still numerous old quarto volumes will long preserve his own melancholy anticipation, 'The bard may die,' from becoming absolutely fulfilled.

J. M. Attenborough.

TWO GENTLEMEN COMMANDERS.

In a former number of the Cornhill Magazine it was my privilege to recall the story of a great faction which divided the Navy, in one form or another, for nearly two centuries: a faction which had its origin in the jealousy between the soldiers and sailors of Elizabethan times, and lost none of its bitterness when the Navy, like the rest of the country, fell under the domination of Cromwell's major-generals. I may be permitted to quote again the passage from Bishop Burnet's 'History of His own Time,' in which he describes how the old schism developed a new character after the Restoration:—

> All the great seamen had a deep tincture from their education; they both hated Popery and loved liberty; they were men of severe temper, and kept good discipline. But, in order to the putting the fleet into more confident hands, the Duke (of York) began a method of sending pages of honour, and other young persons of quality, to be bred to the sea. And these were put in command as soon as they were capable of it, if not sooner. This discouraged many of the old seamen, when they saw in what a channel advancement was like to go; who, upon that, left the service, and went and commanded merchantmen. By this means the virtue and discipline of the Navy is much lost. It is true we have a breed of many gallant men who do distinguish themselves in action. But it is thought the nation has suffered much by the vices and disorders of those captains who have risen by their quality more than by merit or service.

Burnet was a bitter critic; he failed to discern, in this action of the Duke, the first serious attempt to provide a permanent force of trained officers for the sea service. The conception was excellent; the execution such as might have been expected of the Stuart period. The crop which was then sown in the form of the 'King's-Letter Boys,' as they were called, was of slow growth; and while it was ripening the Navy remained under the influence of the old sea-officers of Cromwell. It was expedient that they should be replaced, without loss of time, by King's men whose politics were sound whatever their seamanship might be. The Duke leavened the fleet with soldier officers and gentlemen of the Court for political reasons, just as Cromwell had swamped the navy of Charles the First with major-generals and serious-minded colonels of horse.

Some of these well-born amateurs were no less brave, no less

skilful, than the best of the professional seamen. Their promotion was naturally more rapid, their opportunities of gaining distinction more frequent; but their influence upon the discipline and efficiency of the Navy was deplorable, and during the period of their ascendency they brought the great naval service, in whose sentiments and traditions they had no share, to the very verge of ruin. The previous paper sketched, very briefly and imperfectly, the history of four of the great Tarpauling Captains who were seamen by profession and earned their promotion by service. The consideration of the record of two of those Gentlemen Commanders who, having little or no sea-training, owed their preferment entirely to family interest or royal favour, will serve to elucidate, and perhaps confirm, the judgment of Bishop Burnet.

When the Navy of Charles the First fell to pieces, with many other national institutions, in the Great Rebellion, Blake, Deane, Popham, Monk, and other soldiers of the land service, were appointed to commands in that part of the fleet which obeyed the orders of the Parliament; while many Royalist soldiers took service in the semi-piratical squadron which remained faithful to the House of Stuart under the immediate command of Prince Rupert. Among the King's officers who thus served at sea without sea-training was one Robert Holmes; and it is probable, though not absolutely certain, that another was Edward Spragge.

Robert Holmes was the third son of Henry Holmes of Mallow in County Cork. Edward Spragge was also born in Ireland, and was first cousin of George Legge, Earl of Dartmouth. These two men may fairly be taken as typical of all that was best of the Gentlemen Commanders.

When one ship after another of Rupert's squadron was wrecked or foundered at sea—the last but one went down with Prince Maurice and all hands, and the last was accidentally burnt at Nantes—the Royalist officers, scarcely less wrecked than their ships, shifted for themselves. Holmes followed the fortunes of the Duke of York and became a soldier again under Turenne; Spragge went into the Low Countries and married at Brussels some time before 1660.

It is not always easy to trace the early history of the eminent men of the Restoration. Perhaps they did not find it convenient or desirable to publish their record in detail. Many men changed sides at least once. Some who had fought for the Parliament became Royalists after the death of the King, a result which they

had never desired; many more developed a passionate loyalty to the House of Stuart about the time of the Restoration. Many family records had perished in the Civil War; some of those which were preserved had been better forgotten; and it became almost an impertinence to inquire too closely into the antecedents of any man. Holmes and Spragge at any rate were always King's men; but there were probably few memories of their hand-to-mouth existence as exiles which they cared to recall in the time of their prosperity. Whatever those days may have been to them, they kept no record of them for a future generation, and for all practical purposes their history begins with the return of Charles the Second to rule over a nation which assured him that it had been eagerly awaiting him for years.

The Duke of York's first care as Lord High Admiral was to find officers for the King's ships whose loyalty was beyond question, whatever their seamanship may have been; and these two ex-officers of Rupert's half piratical and wholly disorderly squadron were at once appointed to commands in the Royal Navy. Holmes was made captain in the *Bramble*, Spragge in the *Portland*. Then Holmes, by favour of the Duke of York, became Captain and Governor of Sandown Castle in the Isle of Wight; this appointment did not prevent him from sailing with an expedition to the Guinea Coast, for the protection of trade; an employment which, for one of Rupert's old officers, must have had the charm of novelty. On his return he was appointed to the *Royal Charles*, formerly the *Naseby*. He was superseded in November 1661, and summoned to town to explain why he had permitted the Swedish Ambassador to pass him without striking his flag or topsails to the King's ship. Pepys was instructed to report 'what hath been the common practice of making of forrayne ships to strike sail to us'; whereupon that very erudite gentleman fell to studying 'Selden and Grotius and such other authors to that purpose.' Pepys describes Holmes as 'a cunning fellow, and one (by his own confession to me) that can put on two several faces and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this, that a man cannot thrive without playing the knave, and dissimulation!' To the same keen observer Spragge seemed to be 'a merry man who sung a pleasant song pleasantly.' And who should be a better judge of singing than Mr. Pepys, composer of 'Beauty, retire,' which Mistress Knipp (the baggage!)

sang, and made go most rarely; 'and a very fine song it seems to be'?

In 1663 Holmes was again sent with a squadron to the coast of Africa. He was determined not to repeat the error of doing too little. Pepys declares that this time he exceeded his instructions; but Pepys did not love him, and we do not know exactly what those instructions were. He took possession of Goree, Cape Coast, and some other Dutch property, and on his return was committed to the Tower in order to appease the Hollanders. Their case as set forth by Valkenburg differed very widely from Holmes's story, but he was soon released. When the second Dutch war broke out in February 1665, Holmes was captain of the *Revenge*, fifty-eight, while Spragge commanded the *Lion*, fifty-two. The Duke of York, whose flag was flying in the *Royal Charles*, assembled a fleet of 110 sail. Sir John Lawson, in the *Royal Oak*, commanded the Red Squadron; Prince Rupert, in the *Royal James*, was in command of the White Squadron, to which Holmes and Spragge were attached; and the Blue Squadron was led by the Earl of Sandwich in the *Prince*.

In May the Duke stood over to the Dutch coast, where he cruised for a time unmolested, but he was soon compelled to return in order to revictual his fleet. He anchored in Sole Bay, where he was joined by a number of gentlemen volunteers from the Court: a reinforcement of doubtful value, but quite in accordance with the custom of the time when 'to make a campaign' was part of the education of a gentleman. On June 1 the Dutch fleet, of about equal force, under Opdam, the two Evertsens, and Cornelius Tromp, hove in sight, and the English fleet at once got under way to meet them. The Dutch were to windward, with the wind at S.E.; and during that day and the next the two huge fleets slowly manœuvred for position. On the morning of June 3 the English fleet gained the weather berth, with Rupert's division leading on the larboard tack, and at once commenced action. At one o'clock Opdam's ship, the *Concord*, blew up in action with the Duke in the *Royal Charles*, and the Dutch line was broken. After a furious mêlée the Dutch hauled up for their own coast with a loss of some twenty-four ships taken and destroyed, and 2,500 prisoners, beside at least as many more killed and wounded. The English fleet, led by the *Royal Charles*, pursued them, but during the night Brouncker, a gentleman in attendance on the Duke, came on deck and ordered Cox, the

officer of the watch, to shorten sail 'lest the Duke should find himself in the midst of the enemy in the morning, alone.' Cox asserted that he had received the Duke's commands overnight to keep within gunshot of the enemy, as they then were; whereupon Brouncker went to John Harman, the captain; and after much persuasion Harman was heard to say, 'Why then, if it must be, lower the topsail.' And so, according to the account given to Parliament and repeated to Pepys, 'was lost the greatest victory that ever was.' Brouncker was dismissed from the Duke's service, but there was so much recrimination after the action that it is impossible to ascertain the truth. Spragge received the honour of knighthood. Robert Sansum, Rear-Admiral of the White, had been killed in the *Resolution*, and Robert Holmes, who was never disposed to undervalue his own services, conceived that he was entitled to the vacancy. When John Harman received the promotion Holmes was bitterly resentful. He declared to Prince Rupert, his patron and commanding officer, that he should throw up his commission. Rupert informed the Duke of Holmes' mad resolve, and at his request endeavoured to dissuade him; but Holmes persisted 'like a rash, proud coxcomb,' says Pepys; 'but he is rich, and hath, it seems, sought an occasion for leaving the service.' He accordingly delivered his commission into the hands of the Duke, who immediately tore it across. But Holmes soon regained his position. The King, the Duke, and Prince Rupert were all present at the launch of the *Defiance* on March 27, 1666, and as soon as the ship was in the water Holmes was knighted and appointed to the command. Two months later he was made rear-admiral of the Red, over the head of Harman, who was still rear-admiral of the White. About the same time Sir Edward Spragge hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the Blue in the *Triumph*, where Sir Christopher Myngs had just hauled down his flag as vice-admiral. It may be as well to remark that in the old Navy the fleet was divided into three squadrons or divisions, and an officer's first promotion to flag-rank was as rear-admiral of the Blue, or van division, from which he passed successively into the White or rear division, and Red or centre division. Then he became vice-admiral of the Blue, White, and Red in succession, and admiral of the Blue and White; there was no admiral of the Red, because the admiral of the centre division was not only in command of that division, but of the whole fleet, and therefore flew the Union at the main.

In the spring of 1666 the English fleet was fitting out again. The Duke of York was somewhat discredited by his failure to follow up his late success, and George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert, were appointed to the joint command. Michael de Ruyter was out with a fleet of 80 to 100 sail. Louis the Fourteenth had reluctantly promised to send a squadron to assist the Dutch, and about the end of May there came a rumour that this fleet was standing up Channel from Rochelle in order to effect a junction with De Ruyter, who was anchored between Ostend and Dunkirk. Monk was at the back of the Goodwins, holding the interior position between the two. The wind that could bring the Dutch to attack him would prevent the French from coming up; the wind that was fair for them would be foul for the Dutch. Monk could almost certainly count upon being able to meet the attack of either with his whole force. Yet, by an almost inconceivable strategical blunder, he detached Rupert with twenty sail to St. Helens to intercept the French (of whose movements he had no certain information), leaving him with only fifty-seven sail to encounter the whole force of De Ruyter, which was actually within striking distance.

The general opinion was that Spragge was the cause of this. Pepys was informed by Major Halsey, 'a great creature of the Duke of Albemarle's, that Holmes and Spragge do govern most business,' and Sir William Coventry added that Spragge 'put in to be the great favourite of the Prince, and to that end had a mind to have the Prince at a distance from the Duke of Albemarle, that they might be doing something alone.' Meanwhile London was in a ferment. On May 29 the King's Birthday and Restoration Day were celebrated with great disorder and bonfires in the streets; and the strangely-timed festivities were followed on the 31st by a general fast, appointed 'to pray for the good success of the fleet.' On the 30th Monk reported that he had detached Rupert's squadron to intercept the expected fleet from Rochelle; and the same night Sir William Coventry roused the Duke of York out of bed to sign the order for his recall. Yet Coventry only sent this order by the ordinary post express, not by special messenger. When Rupert received it, on Friday, June 1, Monk was already engaged; and Rupert did not get under way till four in the afternoon.

On Saturday, June 2, the King received a letter from Monk, written on Friday morning, reporting that he had sighted the

Dutch fleet on his way to the Gunfleet, and was then clearing for action. There were rumours that the sound of guns had already been heard even in London, fifty or sixty miles away;[1] the battle had begun. Presently Pepys was ordered down to Greenwich to despatch a reinforcement of 200 soldiers to the fleet. When his work was done he went with Captain Erwin into Greenwich Park, and there the sound of cannonading was distinct and unmistakable. Presently the King and the Duke of York came down in their barge to the Palace. They too went up with Pepys into the park to listen to the dull, heavy sound of the distant cannon: those loud-voiced disputants that were arguing out the question whether Englishmen or Dutchmen were to have dominion in the narrow seas; and, as a side-issue, whether the luckless House of Stuart was to go down then and there, or to misgovern Great Britain for another two-and-twenty years.

On the Sunday morning came the first sure news of battle. Captain Elliott, in the *Portland*, had been in collision with the *Guernsey*, and had brought his damaged ship into Aldeburgh. They had begun fighting on Friday; and he had seen one great Dutch ship blown up, and three more on fire. The news spread quickly; the Exchange was crowded with the great merchants of London, come not to buy or sell, but only for news of the battle that seemed so close at hand, upon whose issue depended their fortunes. All London was restless, ill at ease. Wild rumours were current in the streets, and anxious citizens added to them at every repetition. Pepys hurried to Whitehall, and there he learned that Rupert and his fleet had only reached Dover at ten o'clock on Saturday night; so for two long days Monk had been fighting against heavy odds without him, and no one knew what was the result. A letter had come from the *Henry*—the ship that had been the *Dunbar* in Oliver's time, but had been rechristened at the Restoration. She had been attacked by three fireships at once, but John Harman, fiercest of tarpauling captains, had beaten them off, though the *Henry* had been set on fire and the chaplain, with many of the crew, had jumped overboard in panic. Urged by Harman's tongue—and sword—the rest had rallied and

[1] I have been assured that the royal salutes fired at Spithead on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee and Coronation Reviews were distinctly heard at Maidenhead Thicket. Those salutes were fired by few, if any, guns heavier than six and twelve pounders. From Spithead to Maidenhead is nearly the same distance as from the Gunfleet to Kensington; and Monk's guns were thirty-two and forty-eight pounders, fired with full charges.

extinguished the fire. Over a hundred men and many women had been lost in that ship alone. Pepys' brother-in-law, Balthazar St. Michel, was in the *Henry*, 'and God knows what is become of Balty.'

On the next day, Monday, the anxious Clerk of the Acts went into Hyde Park; and there were hundreds of people gathered in the great open space near Kensington Gravel-pits, listening to the far-off cannon-thunder that would not cease. Yet at Deal and Dover they had heard nothing. Major Halsey had been there for news, and at nine o'clock on Sunday morning he had seen Rupert's fleet a dozen miles out, at the back of the Goodwins, hurrying to the battle.

Sir William Penn was sent off to Harwich to despatch every ship he could find to reinforce Monk. Pepys, at home in the afternoon, was called down to speak to 'two men from the fleet,' and he found 'Mr. Daniel, all muffled up and his face as black as the chimney, covered with dirt, pitch, tar and powder, muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum, with a comrade that had endangered another eye.' They had been set on shore in a ketch with other wounded men at two o'clock that morning at Harwich and had ridden up post, wounds and all, in about eight hours. Pepys carried them by water to the Privy Stairs and presently fetched them in to the King, to tell their story. They had left the fleet in the ketch just as Rupert's division hove in sight. De Ruyter had still about seventy ships left, 'and what the consequence of this day's fight will be we know not.' They had not heard of any particular person being hurt. (Though the *Swiftsure* had been taken on Friday and Sir William Berkeley killed, she was falsely reported to be safe at the Nore as late as the 8th.) 'The King did pull out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold' and gave them to Daniel and his companion, 'and so parted, mightily pleased with the account of the fight and the success it ended with, and the Prince's coming.'

Then more news from Harwich, where the *Gloucester*, Captain Clerke, had come in. Monk had been forced to retreat before the coming of the Prince; 'but all this day they have been fighting, so they did face again, to be sure.' Bacon, of the *Bristol*, was killed. Jennings of the *Ruby* and Saunders of the *Sweepstakes* 'are much cried up.' Monk, being to windward, had been unable to open his lower-deck ports on the engaged side, so his heaviest guns had been of little use to him.

There was no news on the fifth; but on the sixth Sir William Coventry received from Harwich the narrative of Captain Hayward of the *Dunkirk*, brought down to the evening of Monday, when the whole Dutch fleet, having had as much as they wanted, had set their course for Holland and never looked back again. The General was well; but Myngs was wounded. Not more than fifty of the Dutch ships, it was supposed, had got home.

The Duke of York ran with the news to the King, who was gone to chapel (it was Wednesday and a common fast-day); and away went Pepys, first to the Exchange to spread the good news, a little vexed to find that it had got there before him. Then to his own church, and it was just before sermon. Swelling with importance because he was the bearer of news, and honestly delighted that the news was good, the little Clerk of the Acts bustled in to whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Penn; and Lord! how all the people in church stared upon him! Pepys himself had good reason to thank God with the rest; but alas! that which pleased him as much as the news was to see the fair Mrs. Middleton at their church. That night also there were bonfires in the streets, and the joy of the City was exceeding great.

But all the joy was dashed next day. That which they had hailed for a victory began to look strangely like a defeat. Many ships had been lost and many good commanders; not one ship of the enemy's had been taken. The *Prince*, the finest ship in the fleet, had been burnt as she lay fast aground on the Galloper, and Sir George Ayscue was a prisoner. The *Swiftsure* and Sir William Berkeley were missing, never to return. Captains Bacon, Tearne, Wood, Mootham, Whitty, and Coppen were slain, Sir William Clerke dead of his wounds, Sir Christopher Myngs dying. Only one small comfort for Pepys—Balty had come back safe, bringing with him glowing accounts of John Harman's behaviour. Young Holmes, who had done wonders, was wounded, and so was Utber in the *Rupert*. So the rejoicing was all over, and there was nothing to be done but to set the fleet out again, while admirals and captains were busy backbiting each other. Coventry wished that Sir Christopher Myngs were alive again, who might inspire courage and spirit into them; but he admitted that Holmes was a great man, 'that he does well, and hath done all the voyage, keeping himself in good order; but a cat will be a cat still, and some time or other his humour must break again.'

squadron had passed on, driving the Dutch to leeward; so he took his station in the Blue squadron under Sir Jeremy Smith—a Gentleman Commander, and his rival in Royal favour—at that time in hot action with the Dutch rear. In the evening this division of the Dutch fleet stood away for their own coast. The main body of the English fleet was in sight ahead; if the Blue squadron held on, the Dutch would be caught between two fires; but Sir Jeremy Smith, being warned by his pilot that he was getting into shoal water, hauled up to windward and allowed the Dutch to escape. Holmes, in a fury of disappointment, fired shotted guns into the *Loyal London* to compel her to stand on, and afterwards accused Smith, in the presence of the assembled admirals, of cowardice. The King ordered a court-martial, and the Court, unwilling to come to a decision, referred the question back to the King. Holmes was of Prince Rupert's party, Smith a partisan of the Duke of Albemarle, who swore that he would not go to sea again unless Holmes was deprived of his commission. The result, it is said, was a duel between Holmes and Smith; but in the meantime Holmes had led a squadron into Terschelling on the 9th of August, destroyed one hundred and sixty merchant ships and two men-of-war, and burnt the town. This success seems to have outweighed both court-martial and duel; Holmes received from the King the grant of an 'augmentation of honour' to his arms; to wit, an English lion in canton, and a naval crown as an addition to his crest.

It is worthy of notice that the first news of the battle on the 25th was brought by Captain Talbot, 'a young genteel captain' who came out of action without damage and without waiting for orders. Pepys' 'Diary' is full of such incidents. Thus in 1669 he assisted at a court-martial assembled to try a case between one Baker, a purser, and Trevanion, a Gentleman Commander. 'Lord! to see what wretched doings there were among all the commanders, to ruin the purser and defend the captain in his rogueries! I confess I was pretty high, which the young gentlemen commanders did not like.' He adds that their proceedings were 'devilishly bad.' Like Nym and Bardolph, they were sworn brothers in filching.

The Duke of York told Pepys that 'while he was there he did keep discipline in a good measure, but that it was lost now he was absent; that he did tell the Prince and the Duke of Albemarle they would lose all order by making such and such

men commanders: which they would because they were stout men. The Duke told them it was a reproach to the nation; as if there were no sober men amongst us that were stout. They did put in an idle fellow, Greene, who was hardly thought fit for a boatswain; they did put him from being a lieutenant to a captain's place of a second-rate ship; as idle a drunken fellow as any was in the fleet.' And he particularly says that though he likes Colonel Legg well, 'yet his son that was, he knows not how, made a captain after he had been but one voyage at sea, should go to sea another apprenticeship before ever he gave him a command.'

When the Peace Conference met at Breda in May 1667, there was no arrangement for a suspension of hostilities; nevertheless the King considered that there was no need to spend money in mobilising the fleet. Therefore in June the Dutch were permitted to inflict upon this country a greater insult than it had ever known before, and to afford a lasting proof of the unfitness of Charles the Second or any other Stuart to rule over it. Chatham and Sheerness were left to the mercy of the Dutch. Spragge, in command at Sheerness, did what he could; but he had no adequate force under him, and was almost as helpless as the Duke of Albemarle, who came to Gravesend on June 11 with a great many lords and gentlemen armed with sword and pistol; but there was no army, there were no ships; and his motley following would have been just as useful if they had remained at Whitehall. Coventry wrote a sharp letter to Spragge, who was no more to blame than the rest; giving it as his reason 'that it was good now and then to tell these gentlemen their duties, for they need it.'

Peace was signed at Breda in July; and six months later, on January 17, Holmes, being in command at Portsmouth, achieved distinction in his own way as second to the Duke of Buckingham in that scandalous duel at which it is said the Countess of Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, held Buckingham's horse while he mortally wounded the Earl her husband. After the bloodthirsty fashion of the time, the two seconds on each side engaged, as well as the principals. Holmes disabled Sir John Talbot by a wound 'all along up one of his arms'; Jenkins, the Duke's other second, was killed on the spot by Bernard Howard, a son of the Earl of Arundel. Nevertheless Holmes was returned to Parliament as member for Winchester two years later, and received his appointment as Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Spragge's best action as a fleet commander was achieved in 1671. He succeeded Sir Thomas Allen in the Mediterranean command in 1670, and in the following April he learned that a squadron of Algerine pirates was lying in Bugia or Bougie Bay, to the east of Algiers. After having been driven back to the coast of Spain by a heavy gale, he arrived at Bugia Bay on May 2. The corsairs were lying close to the beach under the protection of some batteries; at night Spragge sent his lieutenant, Nugent, with a small fireship to attempt to destroy them. Nugent reconnoitred the position in his boat, and having ascertained the disposition of the enemy's ships, went back for his fireship. As he reached her, she burst into flames. The train had been fired too soon to do anything but alarm the coast, and induce the Algerines to protect their vessels by a boom made of their own masts. Soon afterwards the second fireship was ignited by a drunken gunner. On the night of the 8th Spragge engaged the batteries with his ships while a detachment of boats went in and cut the boom. His third and last fireship was steered through the breach and six or eight Algerine vessels were destroyed. Having extorted a treaty from the pirate State, Spragge set sail for England, crowned with complete success.

While he was busy destroying pirates in the Mediterranean the third Dutch war had become inevitable: for Charles the Second, the pensioner of the King of France, was bidden to make it so, and was compelled to earn his pay. In order to snatch an illicit success before the formal declaration of war, Sir Robert Holmes was sent with a small squadron of half-a-dozen ships—all that could be spared—to intercept the Dutch fleet of seventy or eighty richly-laden merchantmen, homeward bound from Smyrna and Lisbon, under the convoy of John Van Nes with six ships of war. Twenty of the merchantmen also carried guns. While lying in wait for them at the back of the Wight, Holmes was spoken by Spragge on his way home from the Mediterranean with his fleet. They had passed the Dutch convoy on the previous day. Holmes, who considered himself strong enough to engage the Dutch without Spragge's assistance, and was unwilling to share his prize-money with any one, told Spragge nothing; and, after compliments, the Mediterranean Squadron continued their voyage. On March 13 the Dutch fleet hove in sight and Holmes attacked it furiously. After fighting all day with indifferent success, he hauled off to refit; and on the next day he went in

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hard-fighting officers, little inclined to follow any leading but their own, seem to have regarded a general fleet action as nothing more than an opportunity to fight out their private and personal quarrel. Under such conditions it is not surprising that no decisive result was attained. On June 4 the fleets encountered again. De Ruyter had been reinforced by a few ships, and attacked Rupert vigorously. Again Tromp and Spragge singled each other out and fought another round of their long battle, while the rest of the fleet fought unheeded around them; and when darkness put an end to the struggle, Rupert retired with his battered ships into the Thames, while De Ruyter returned to his own coast, both beaten to a standstill; but the honours remained with De Ruyter and the less numerous fleet.

For a year nothing was done. Each side was busy refitting its damaged ships and preparing for another exhausting struggle. Men had plenty of time to talk during those twelve months; the mediæval fashion of boasting was not yet gone out of favour. Spragge seems to have been rallied about his long and undecided battle with Cornelius Van Tromp; in modern parlance, he was chaffed about it. Stung by some gadfly about the Court, he pledged his word to the King that when they next met he would bring back Tromp, dead or alive, or he would not come back at all.

They were practically the same fleets that encountered again on August 11, 1673. The allies numbered sixty English and thirty French ships. Against them De Ruyter could bring no more than seventy sail; but the French had proved once and again their utter worthlessness as our allies. Bankert with ten ships was considered quite able to give the thirty Frenchmen as much fighting as they were likely to want. There were 2,000 English troops embarked on Rupert's fleet; and he and De Ruyter flew at one another's throats, sixty ships against sixty.

Spragge and Tromp commanded the two rear divisions, and at once devoted themselves to their personal tournament. Neither seems to have paid any attention to the general battle or the orders of their respective fleet commanders. Spragge backed his maintopsail to wait for Tromp, who hastened to meet him. Each was followed by his division; and their captains, like seconds in a duel, selected each an antagonist and remained to fight him regardless of the commanders-in-chief, who, shrouded in smoke, passed away to the westward in hot action. Meanwhile Bankert had given D'Estrées as much fighting as he cared about for that

time, and, following De Ruyter, had joined him in his attack on Rupert. Spragge's private battle left him no leisure to support his admiral; he had fallen too far astern to assist him in any case; so, far out of reach of the main battle, Spragge in the *Royal Prince* and Tromp in the *Golden Lion* fought their last fight together.

There is a letter extant which was written to Colonel Sir Charles Lyttelton by one 'P. B.' (perhaps Philip Bickerstaffe), a lieutenant in Lyttelton's regiment, who was with the troops in the *Royal Prince*. It was written the day after the battle.

> Tromp was well seconded by several stout ships from which not a gun was fired at anybody but Sir Edward, as long as they could bring any to bear on him. . . . Our ship was disabled sooner than any in the fleet. Sir Edward all the while stood fearless on the quarter deck and did not seem troubled at anything but that for want of wind he could not make closer fight than his enemy would give leave, who would not come within less than a cable's length.

Then Spragge shifted his flag into the *St. George*. 'Van Tromp by this time had also tired one horse and mounted another.' A comparison borrowed from the tilt-yard was curiously appropriate to this mediæval jousting. Soon the *St. George* and the *Comet* were in no better condition than the *Prince* and the *Lion*. Spragge selected the *Royal Charles* for his next courser. 'He called to the next ship for a boat, the *St. George's* boats being all lost before; and stayed a little to take his flag with him, fearing lest he should find the *Royal Charles* unsupplied.' The *Dreadnought* sent a boat, in which Spragge, his personal staff, and his flag embarked to try their fortune in a third ship; but shot, great and small, were flying all around the boat, on which the Dutch concentrated their fire. As the spray was dashed over them by a hailstorm of iron, the nerves of one of the party, already strained to breaking point in two shattered ships, gave way at last. 'His little page begged with tears that the *Dreadnought*, and not that little boat, might take them to the *Royal Charles*.' But neither in one nor the other were they fated to make that passage. A heavy shot struck the boat fairly, and with half the crew baling for their lives, they pulled back hard for the *St. George*, only a dozen lengths away; but the boat sank before they could reach her. Sir Edward Spragge had fought his last fight and kept his word.

It is not surprising that Rupert wrote to the King after the action, complaining that the orders with regard to seconding one another had not been observed.

I was left with my division and some more of my squadron in presence of sixty-six sail of the enemy; the French to windward of them, in an entire body; and Spragge, as far as I could discern, to leeward, engaged with a few ships. . . . I most humbly desire your commands concerning Spragge's place. I hope you will think of Holmes now the other is gone.

Neither Holmes nor Rupert went to sea again. Holmes retained his office of Governor of the Isle of Wight and represented Yarmouth and Newport, in the island, and Winchester in successive Parliaments until his death on November 18, 1692. He is represented on his tomb in Yarmouth Church by a singular monument. The story goes that the figure was originally intended for Louis the Fourteenth; the ship in which it was conveyed was captured by a cruiser within Holmes' jurisdiction. He adopted the classically-costumed figure for his own monument, which is still to be seen, quaintly surmounted by a presentment of the head of Holmes himself, replacing that of the Grand Monarque.

Whatever the faults of the Gentlemen Commanders may have been, there is no doubt that some of them could fight as well as any Tarpauling of them all, though they had never been trained to fight to the best advantage. Such men as Holmes and Spragge were the heirs of the old Navy, not the ancestors of the new. Myngs, Shovel, Harman, and the rest of the Tarpaulings were the precursors of Hawke and Rodney, Hood and Nelson; but the Gentlemen Commanders were the direct descendants of the landsmen captains of Elizabeth, whose controversies with the seamen made Francis Drake 'mad to hear them.' There was in the best of them some strain of the wild knight-errantry that carried Richard Grenville and the *Revenge* into the heart of a Spanish fleet, alone; some echo of the formal chivalry that led Essex to defy the Governor of besieged Rouen to mortal combat: 'that he would make it good upon his body that his cause was more just, and his mistress more fair.' They had more pride than discipline, more courage than conduct; the worst of them were worse than useless; but the best of them knew how to fight and how to die; and for these sailor-like virtues may they rest in peace, whether by land or sea.

W. J. FLETCHER.

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'A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS,'

BEING STUDIES IN ENGLISH AND COLONIAL CHILDREN.

TONY was a young Australian of some ten summers when first I made his acquaintance; a quaint little shrimp-faced youngster, trounced up in stiff flowered waistcoats and other refinements of French tailordom, but carrying a very English, or rather Scottish, heart beneath the linen and the starch.

He soon evinced his British characteristics by administering an effective drubbing to Alphonse, a little French boy of about his age, who chanced to be going to Australia on the same French liner.

For the first few weeks Alphonse had a very poor time. Towards the end of the voyage, however, hostilities appeared to languish; and one morning Tony and Alphonse were seen sauntering arm in arm along the *pont*. On being pressed for an explanation, 'Well, you see,' said Tony, 'mother forbade me to fight any more with Alphonse. So I made peace: that was the next desirable thing.' (Tony loved long words: at nine he had been sent for a year to school in Paris; and it had left this, among other marks, upon his habits.) 'So I presented him with an *orange that was going bad, a top that won't spin, and a ball with a hole in it; and Alphonse is quite delighted.*'

It was the air with which Tony uttered this explanation—accompanied with a slight French accent, and the French tendency to retain the raised voice to the close of the sentence—that made it so irresistible. If, reader, you could see Tony standing there on the deck, with his old-mannish demeanour, his starched waistcoat, and his solemn brown eyes—not, however, guiltless of an occasional twinkle—you would forgive the young rascal as readily as I did.

Tony took to his Latin readily. He had the gift of finding it interesting, and making it a part of his daily life. I had an amusing instance of this, when, supposed to be playing cricket with another small boy on a Melney 'reserve,' he was noticed talking to a ragged little by-standing girl. Surprised at this

conduct (for Tony was in the habit of judging folk entirely by their clothes), I asked the reason.

'I was only calling her "*porcella*,"' said Tony. (He had discovered from his 'First Steps in Latin' that that word signified a 'little female pig,' and apparently thought that a suitable occasion had arisen for its employment.) 'And she said that I was a *porcella* myself. And I was informing her that, *for reasons of gender, that was impossible.*'

Acquisitiveness early made its appearance in Tony's character. At four he put, on one occasion, the sum of sixpence into the plate at church, and abstracted a half-sovereign. The first news his mother had of the occurrence was derived from the stentorian tones of the churchwarden: 'That child, madam, has committed sacrilege!'

Alert to the world and all its interests, Tony was always ready to be shown the pictures in the Melney gallery. As we came out one day he gave expression to the thought which, no doubt, had long been occupying his eager mind:

'I wish,' he said, '*that I had all those pictures.*'

When remonstrated with, 'I don't mean,' he explained, 'that I wouldn't let the common people see them sometimes. I should let them see them *every Wednesday afternoon.*'

True little snob! 'Common people,' too—in Australia of all places, with compact parties of labour representatives holding the balance of power in every colony!

One year Tony was taken to the Wangaloo Picnic Race-meeting. Now, at this meeting there used to practise an insidious monkey, who, on receipt of the requisite number of shillings, drew from his tray a ticket which might entitle you to receive the sum of one pound. On the other hand, it might not. Seeing that the monkey's owner got two shillings in the pound commission either way, he clearly did not mind who received the prize; so it all depended on the monkey.

Now Tony, it appears, found some way to make friends with that monkey. Two young rascals, they probably understood each other. Be that as it may, Tony, unknown to his relatives, invested a shilling; and, after a highly speculative twenty minutes, walked home the proud possessor of between four and five pounds sterling.

'Were not your people cross?' the budding bookmaker was asked.

to that coin-dealer, and sold it hi

But Tony's appalling meanne the expense of his humour and had abnormal stores; bore no gr self as readily as at all the world.

On one occasion, with a instincts, I was encouraging hi Australian Emperor. What woul

'Well,' he said, 'in the first decapitated, and your cap and g relics.'

'What else?' asked I, as well

'Well,' he said, '*you* needn't see *you're* dead and buried.'

So was it that I never learnt as Emperor of Australia.

Tim, who came to work with almost every way, and excelled taste and speed of foot. The lat Tim, proving extremely useful occasionally arose.

Once, when Tim had been sco eccentricity of his spelling—'m as 'macecure,' and 'porzined' sta spelt 'poisoned'—he turned his

delightful little girl; she, for all her furbelows and flounces, was nothing more nor less than a rattling good fellow, a first-rate hand at any manly sport that was going.

Tim's one absorbing passion was a taste for ladies' dress. Those wonderful eyes of his had but to cast one brief glance at a new lady acquaintance—one brief glance, and his mother would learn when he got home all about the dress:—material, style, even, I believe, cost, to within a penny a yard; an abnormal taste and an abnormal gift which suggested the vocation of man-milliner for him. The army was, however, chosen, as presumably the nearest approximation. Amid the gold braid and crimson tassels he will be quite at home; whether among the shots and the bugles—well, after all, he was only ten.

Tony and Tim set little store by their privileges of acquaintance with little Melney girls. And yet Marjorie White would have won the heart of anyone but a schoolboy; Marjorie with her little dainty ways, her gracious manner, her bright hazel eyes, a little Australian Puritan.

'Do you like "Alice in Wonderland"'? I remember asking when we first met.

'Well,' she rejoined, 'you know, I used to like it;' (her ladyship was ten!) 'but now I think it's just a little silly; don't you?'

'No,' said I, fortified by visions of Oxford dons who esteemed even a happy turn for a phrase of Catullus a poor set-off to a really apt quotation from the immortal 'Alice' . . . 'I think "Alice in Wonderland" is one of the great books that one should always like.'

'But surely,' she objected '*not great in the sense that William Shakespeare's plays or Sir Walter Scott's novels are great.*'

And I learnt afterwards this was not a mere childish pose. Just as 'pet Marjorie' used to recite 'King John' to Scott till the tears rolled down his cheeks, herself as moved as he; so this little antipodean Marjorie was never so happy as when forgotten in some corner of the library with 'Kenilworth' or 'Cymbeline' to dream over—only half understood, no doubt; which of us dares to say he more than half understands a play of Shakespeare; and how far are we sure what compensating insight may not be given to the innocent eyes of a child of genius?

Perhaps my brightest memory of Marjorie is when, arrayed in all the silken splendour and wondrous expanse of bonnet of Early

Victorian days, she was taking part, with a set of similarly arrayed maidens, in a charity children's fancy ball at the Melney Town Hall. More than ever 'pet Marjorie' then, more at home in the quaint old-world surroundings than ever she will be, perhaps, in modern, progressive Australia, her eyes dancing with gaiety, her cheeks tinged with excitement, she was yet not altogether pleased with the masquerading. 'I think,' she said to me, as if in confidence, 'I've been making rather a fright of myself.'

Two years after I had first met this quaint and delightful little Australian girl, it chanced that for some weeks I came to give her lessons in the art of Latin. I found her, truth to tell, as disappointing from the schoolmaster's point of view as she was enchanting from every other. With much more knowledge, even of Latin, than most boys of her age, she somehow contrived to use it to less advantage. It was as if Robinson Crusoe had been wrecked with twice his recorded materials, and yet had not accomplished half his recorded achievements. The wit was quicker, the response of the bright girlish intellect to the suggestion far more immediate, than would have been the case with a clever boy. But the faculty of hazarding wise guesses on her own responsibility was, in large measure, denied. She had more knowledge than she could use; the clever boy invariably has less.

Almost as charming as Marjorie to remember are two little New Zealanders (only one of whom had reached her eighth year), at whose mother's house, by great good-fortune, I once found myself rehearsing 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

'Which is the oldest?' I asked, as I looked at the bright-eyed dimple-cheeked 'blest pair of sirens.'

'I,' replied Dorothy at once. 'And,' she added, 'I'm the prettiest, too.'

The addition was not made with any offensive vanity, though subsequent experience inclines me to doubt whether there may not have been a trace of coquetry in the delightful air with which it was delivered. Mainly it was given, and received, as a statement of fact.

Feigning decent scepticism, however, 'How do you know that?' I asked.

'Oh,' was the reply, '*I can see that in the looking-glass, any day.*' . . . 'But,' she continued, 'Sylvie is the bravest, and does needlework best.' On being pressed, she even yielded an assent to the suggestion that Sylvie was the nicest. But it was all said

in a charmingly external way, which, coming with the softest cheeks and the most wonderful eyes that you ever saw, laid me at once a slave at Dorothy's feet.

She soon perceived her victory, being used, no doubt, to such experiences; and in a few minutes, my happily distant 'cue' left to take care of itself, she was riding me relentlessly up and down the pretty Dunchurch garden, her obedient horse. The ride over, just such another was to be given to Sylvie, who was only just less pretty than her more masterful and more radiant sister, a little 'Penserosa' to her 'Allegra.'

Where the horse had stumbled and Dorothy rolled, there I found Sylvie must needs roll too. If I had shied at the fountain and half-shaken Dorothy off into a water-baby, exactly a similar experience must happen to Sylvie.

Presently, the resources of the front garden being exhausted, nothing should serve our turn but a canter round the yard at the back. But alack, there was a serpent in the garden, in the shape of a long coil of treacherous wire, to my prancing eyes invisible. Hence a cry, and a sad grey mark on the little white throat.

No tears, though. That superior bravery of Sylvie must not be too apparent.

Then came quiet, clinging Sylvie's turn. Naturally I was ware of the wire this time, and 'ducked' copiously. But Sylvie was by no means pleased with this arrangement. She wanted the accident too, and held out her throat anxiously, like any glory-seeking martyr to executioner's axe. '*I* shouldn't mind,' she said: 'I'm braver than Dorothy!'

For my refusal to put the matter to ordeal by wire I fear Sylvie never quite forgave me, though the tender little soul was quite incapable of Dorothy's prerogative of sudden wrath.

This I incurred, one subsequent rehearsal, by having Sylvie, it seemed, more than her due time upon my knee.

And I am sorely afraid I committed the sad offence of laughing at the elder sister. The pearl-shell skin flushed carmine and there was the prettiest of sulks; followed by a melting period. Then I was told I was forgiven.

Not guiltless of the male propensity to tease, I neglected the proffered forgiveness, and was rewarded by the following delightful sentence, jewelled in tears: 'When a person . . . says, "I forgive you" . . . you ought to be glad . . . It's not as if I was like